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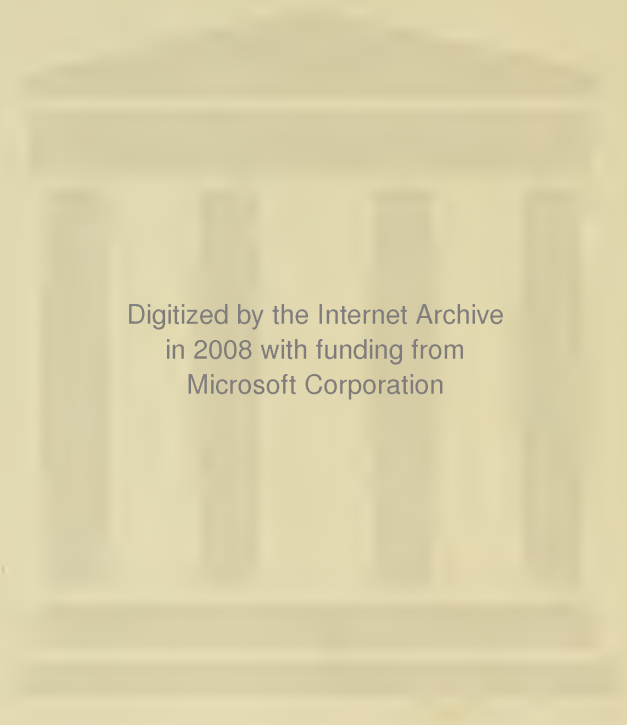

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THE McMASTER UNIVERSITY MONTHLY

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The
McMaster University Monthly
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THE WILD GEESE.

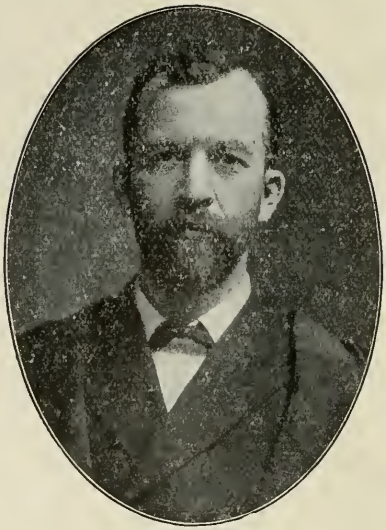
The city streets were thronged with busy men.
The air was filled with hurry and the din
Of countless feet that moved incessantly.
The crimson sky above was dimmed with smoke.
But still shone brighter than the feeble light
Of yellow soot-fogg'd windows.

Up above,
In V-shaped line, with necks outstretched before,
The wild geese flew. The setting sun shone red
Upon their throbbing wings. The evening breeze
Brought down their trumpet honking.

At the sound
A few below gazed up. More, seeing them,
Stood motionless and looked, and looked still more,
Till for one pregnant moment all the street
Was silent, waiting till the wedge grew faint
Against the dark'ning sky.

Then with a burst
The noise swelled up, the bustle ruled again.
But through it thrilled the echo of the call,
Resounding in the saddened hearts of those
Who understood the melancholy cry
And felt the brushing of the forest's wings.

Lee Wilson Smith, '12.



PROFESSOR CROSS.

THE Faculty desire to express their personal regret and their deep sense of loss at the departure from our midst of Professor George Cross, who for the past eight years has filled so efficiently the Chair of Church History in this University.

In Dr. Cross we had a beloved co-worker, whom we honored for his character, scholarship and ability. We esteemed him for his manliness, brotherliness, integrity, high sense of duty and conscientious devotion to it. We admired his intellectual strength, his penetration of mind, the accuracy and widening range of his learning. We rejoiced in his skill as a teacher and his power to arouse and maintain interest in his classes and to imbue them with love for those ideals for which this institution stands.

It is with pleasure we recognize that Dr. Cross's simple faith, unaffected genuineness, soundness of judgment and abiding interest in Christian life and work in the University, among the churches, and out through the great world, made him growingly

influential with our people generally and a tower of strength to the Kingdom of God.

Dr. Cross carries with him to his new sphere of labor our affectionate esteem and our prayerful good wishes for still-increasing usefulness.

A STUDENT APPRECIATION.

EAR MR. EDITOR: I agree with you that the retirement of Dr. Cross from the professoriate of McMaster should not occur without some expression in your pages of the esteem in which he was held by the students and of grateful appreciation of his work during the eight years of our association with him, but it is not without hesitation that I accept the task you have assigned me. I am deeply sensible of the responsibility it involves. It is a difficult thing to say in cold print what we all feel ought to be said, without the appearance of fulsomeness. I know that I shall fail of doing full justice to our appreciation of Dr. Cross. The bond that unites the student to his master, when that relationship is ideal, is a thing that is almost sacred, and one hesitates to attempt to commit it to words. It is with feelings even deeper than gratitude that he regards the teacher who has given him real help. The student has a right to expect much from his professor; he comes to him with powers undeveloped and with a mind and soul that must be adjusted to the great realities of life, and upon the teacher who is to initiate his dawning manhood into the higher realms of human thought, to awaken his latent power, and to pilot him past the shoals upon which so many lives have been shipwrecked, until he can breast the waves alone, rests a responsibility that is given to few indeed. Unhappy the teacher who is unworthy of this trust, and thrice unhappy the student who puts his faith in him.

The student has a right to demand from his professor more than the cold impartation of knowledge; their relationship should

be far removed from any merely commercial basis, and it is because Dr. Cross so nearly fulfilled the ideal conditions of professorship that the students of McMaster will long hold him in loving and grateful remembrance. We doubt not that he has received fitting tribute from the University authorities and from his colleagues in the faculty, but we feel that any appreciation would be incomplete without some testimony from the student standpoint of the impression he has left upon them.

In the first place we valued Dr. Cross because we found the man himself attractive. He impressed us as being a man and a gentleman, one who was broad and sympathetic in his outlook, and who in his daily intercourse with us was always courteous and kindly; he mingled with us on terms of frank friendship; he was companionable and genial without the loss of dignity; we felt the warmth of his ready interest in us personally and in all the affairs of our student life. We found him intensely human, with the spirit of a boy who revelled in the pure joy of living, always in sympathetic touch with nature and with humanity; and the enthusiasm, optimism and humor of his conversation made his society a delight. No doubt our attraction to the man himself rendered us more appreciative of his work as professor.

I know I represent the students when I say that we valued Dr. Cross because we found him above all a Christian man, a man of unshaken faith in Jesus Christ. None of us could doubt the sincerity of his constant endeavor to lead us to a stronger faith and a more sure footing for belief. His purpose was to lead us never away from but always toward the truth. Perhaps this is the thing that most impressed us as we sat in the lecture room of Dr. Cross—his fearless quest of truth whatever the consequences.

We have to thank him for the stimulus he has given us toward independent thinking and research; he was always much more anxious that we should reach our own conclusions along sound and sane lines of inquiry than that we should accept conclusions of his own. No surer testimony could be given to the success of Dr. Cross as a teacher than the fact that he made us

work; he inspired an enthusiasm for his subjects and sent his students in eager haste to the original sources of inquiry. We appreciated his method of co-operation with his students in the classroom, with the *esprit de corps* it fostered and the sense of individual responsibility for the success of the whole.

Of Dr. Cross's scholarship and mastery of his particular departments of knowledge it would, perhaps, be unbecoming for students to speak, but we have this to say, he impressed us as a man who not only had himself thoroughly mastered the subjects in which he taught us, but for whom each hour's lecture had been the object of most careful preparation and arrangement, and we knew that he had put his life into it. We knew that he was giving us his best, and we felt the obligation to give our best in return. We felt always that he had grasped the essentials and from the mass of material had discerned the vital principles.

Perhaps the most lasting benefit Dr. Cross has conferred upon his students at McMaster is this, that he taught us how to study. Whether in History or in Biblical interpretation, he has given us not only a method which, if followed, will lead to positive results, but a zeal for the study itself.

The students of McMaster are grateful that they have known Dr. Cross, the man, and that they have received for eight years the benefit of his work in the University. They will follow him with interest and good-will into the new work which has called him from us.

We feel that we have been separated from a true friend; we know that we have lost a great teacher, but if we have followed him faithfully through the varied history of men and of nations and human institutions we have learned at least this, that no man is indispensable, and so we turn without panic to our Alma Mater again, rejoicing to find that the chair Dr. Cross has vacated has been filled by one so worthy, to whom we are glad to pledge our loyalty and respect.

THOMAS MCCOSH DADSON.

MOONBEAM IN ECHO-LAND.

USKOKA, you know, is the dwelling-place of sweet Mother Nature, and there, in her beautiful palace of hemlock and pine needles, open house is kept for all who can fling convention to the winds and live her life. Withdrawing to her adjoining studio, her guests are permitted every evening to watch her at her work. Just as the fatherly Sun extends his glowing arms in blessing on poor, entreating Earth, Nature opens up her gorgeous paint-box, and, dipping her skilful brush into the pure moisture of the dewy clouds, mixes in the vaults of heaven those radiant colors with which the world is tinted. The Lake is her aptest pupil, and his keen delight is to decorate his glassy robes in closest imitation of his beloved teacher's work. But the encircling forests cower in fear and gloomy foreboding of ill for having gazed upon the naked fingers of the Divine Artist.

Many years ago, Nature's dearest neighbors were a tribe of Huron Indians, whose tents were pitched on the southern shore of this enchanted lake. They existed solely by means of her bounteous gifts, drinking the cool waters of her streams, and breathing daily the pure, exhilarating air she wafted towards them. The aged chieftain had one daughter, Moonbeam, whom Big-Heart loved as he loved his life. After sunset she would appear in her handsome many-colored blanket, with her heavy black hair tumbling to her waist in glistening cascades, and the Indians would gather around the camp-fire to hear her sing. And truly her voice was wonderful! Higher and higher, louder and louder, it would soar upwards to the very pinnacle of endurance; then, trusting itself to the tender-armed winds, it would let itself be wafted gently down—down—down—until it hovered over the fire, sweet and low as the languid lullaby of the drowsy lake softly stroking the pebbled shore. The red blaze lit up the fantastically-bedaubed faces of the old warriors, throwing their high cheek-bones into startling prominence as they crouched

motionless in the presence of one whom they considered more than human.

One night, however, the Supper-fire, peevish at not being fed as usual, squatted disconsolately down on the flat stones, and merely blinked its hungry eyes occasionally to show that life still dwelt within. By-and-bye it closed them forever, and was still. What had happened that it should be treated thus?

The old chieftain's wife had died several weeks before, after a long illness. She was a white woman, and in Moonbeam's Indian nature were scattered several traits of character inherited from her. On her deathbed she begged that her only daughter might be educated like a white girl, and, as Indians are ever faithful to their promises, Moonbeam had kissed her father and Big-Heart farewell, and, wrapping her blanket around her sun-browned shoulders, set out for the strange, unknown world. When evening came again a few stragglers gathered as usual about the camp-fire, but there was no one to sing for them now. They were sad—and the fire went out.

* * * *

It was a fresh September midnight, some months after Moonbeam's departure. Diana, shivering in her gauze-like garments, heard the regular dip! dip! of a paddle, and, calling the Stars to her, commanded in her silvery voice:

"Out with your lanterns, quick, and see who is roaming on the lake this time of night!"

But presently they returned, declaring that their lights burned dim, they could see nothing. Then up the goddess hurried to her tower, and sent the powerful beams of her own searchlight far over the sleeping lake, until her keen eye discerned the dark outline of an Indian girl, dimpling the water's placid cheek as her canoe sprang feverishly forward. It was Moonbeam, certainly; but there was an unwonted gleam of determination in her usually soft eyes as she impatiently exclaimed:

"I don't care! I will not wear this crazy-looking blanket another day, and be different from everybody else. I don't care, either, if Big-Heart does love me in it, and if father still objects

to my dressing like other people, why—why, I shall just run away—and stay!'' and a disdainful glance was cast on the richly striped blanket.

On sped the canoe. Two hours more and she would be home —perhaps for the last time. This one channel to pass through, then merely follow the long, dark shore-line.

The strait was narrow, and the fearsome cliffs frowned ominously, as she carefully guided her canoe between the surface rocks around which the wilful waters sputtered impatiently.

''Oh!'' she screamed, as she barely missed a sharply-pointed one, rising like an evil hand out of the water.

''Oh!'' immediately echoed a voice from the right bank.

''Who's there?'' she called, sitting erect, and glancing apprehensively toward the shore.

''Who's *there?*'' mocked the very hills at her side.

Moonbeam's heart beat violently. She had heard of wicked fairies dwelling in Muskoka forests, but, having never met with one, had almost forgotten the fact of their supposed existence. Mustering her fast-retreating courage, she answered:

''Moonbeam is my name.''

''Moonbeam—what a name!'' and even the opposite hills caught up the cry and reiterated their shrill laughter.

Now, a chieftain's daughter could not possibly be a coward; so, giving her bark a quick turn completely out of the rocks' way, she boldly paddled to the bank and challenged whoever dwelt there to come forth and explain why they mocked her so rudely. But, instead of the expected reply, nothing could be heard save an excited whisper like that which the East-wind hears when neighboring maples embrace lovingly in the happy twilight. Angry for having allowed her feverish imagination to deceive her thus, she was about to push off again, when a tiny brown creature bobbed out from behind a huckleberry bush, peered down at her, then as suddenly darted back again. Courageously stepping ashore, she firmly fastened her canoe to a jutting tree-root and started up the hill.

And what a sight met her wondering eyes! Here, there, and everywhere stood these elf-like people, no bigger than her finger,

and each one she questioned merely repeated in a dazed way her very words, until she came to one who appeared to be their leader, and who beckoned her to follow him.

Mounting the cliff with her tiny guide, she glanced often at the strange swarm of fairies following closely at her heels. Heated with the hurried ascent, she happened to brush from her temple a stray lock of hair, upon which every one solemnly imitated the movement of her arm, although they had very little hair, indeed—in fact, were all quite bald. And such queer little midgets they were, scrambling up the bank, tumbling all over each other, like a family of wee blind puppies! Moonbeam was curious to discover what sort of homes these beings should inhabit, and easily kept up with her guide, who, reaching the summit, pointed to a belfry rising from the glimmering valley below.

The town itself was surely the queerest place in the world. Its one street was lighted by a row of lamp-posts, placed at regular intervals along the narrow walk, on either side of which was a long string of three-cornered dwellings, all shaped exactly alike, and resembling altogether the teeth of a handsaw.

They entered the last house to the right. Now, the doorway being much too low for her tall stature, Moonbeam had to bend far over to get in, and what fun to see these little mimics double themselves up after her, although the opening was several times their height! At the end of the hall a throne was placed, and in it sat Aristocres the One Hundredth, King of the Echoes.

"Surely he will answer me," thought the Indian girl, and, rushing up to him, she fired off a volley of questions that might bewilder a sage. But, as she had hoped, he managed to answer them in a fairly intelligent manner:

This country was Echo-land, of which he was sole monarch. Her guide's name was Newrich, but the others were distinguished merely by numbers, from one to a thousand. They had inhabited these glens since the day of Aristocres the First, when the world was made. And this funny little king ended by inviting Moonbeam to remain with him and enjoy his hospitality.

Now Moonbeam noticed something strange. While their

sovereign was speaking all his subjects stood row after row before the throne, and imitated like parrots every sound or movement he made—coughing when he coughed, grinning like monkeys when he smiled, and even mimicking his bow as he gave his polite invitation. She also observed in the bright light that, although the king's hair had unquestionably disappeared with age, that of the others presented strongly the appearance of being newly shaven; and each one, down to the tiniest youngster, wore, like him, big, clumsy spectacles, which balanced awkwardly on their flat noses.

Soon numerous card-tables were brought in, and they all sat down to play. Aristocres, Newrich and Echo No. 45 took the head table, and Moonbeam was asked to join them and learn to play the game of "Bridget."

"How strange that all should fancy the same game!" remarked she, glancing at the intense expression of the surrounding players.

"Oh, they do not like it at all! It makes their heads ache fearfully." Then, answering her questioning look, Aristocres explained, smiling:

"They pretend to like it only because I enjoy it so."

"How queer!" thought Moonbeam.

Through the entire morning the game progressed, with no apparent loss of interest. Suddenly the ringing of a bell caused each to drop his cards hastily, and, headed by Newrich, disappear like magic, leaving Aristocres and Moonbeam together.

"What's that?" asked she in amazement.

"Someone is about to pass through the channel, and they are always present to mimic any sounds they might hear. It is their only diversion, poor things! Newrich leads the chorus with his baton."

All this seemed very odd at first, but, strangely enough, Moonbeam had not been in Echo-land a week when the beautiful blanket, the cause of her former unhappiness, appeared extremely unfashionable, and she had a tight-fitting brown suit made for her, buttoned down the front like the others. Then she became possessed with an unconquerable desire to shave her

hair in Echo-land's prevailing style, and (would you believe it?) before long she was even wearing spectacles, too, although they made her eyes weep painfully.

She usually accompanied the Echoes to the cliff, and when a voice sounded from the water she would fix her eyes on the odd little leader, and, the moment his baton was raised, join eagerly in the mad chorus.

Thus she rapidly grew accustomed to the habits of Echo-land, and gradually, and quite unconsciously, lost the desire, and hence the power, of doing or saying original things; and her astonishment at finding anything new among her comrades would have equalled yours, dear reader, when Jemima Case copied in detail your pretty spring hat.

Absorbed one early morning in their usual occupation of card-playing, the loud ding! ding! of the bell sent them all scurrying to the hillside. It was a beautiful morning. Phoebus had just donned his scarlet necktie, and was beaming radiantly again upon sweet Earth, who, having washed her face in the refreshing dew-drops, was drying it coquettishly in the warmth of his ardent gaze. But whence came that mournful cry that pierced the clear Muskoka air? It might have been the wail of a lost spirit, so shrill and despairing was the voice calling:

"Moonbeam! Moonbeam! My love!"

Suddenly a birch canoe shot around the curve and displayed the handsome, bronzed figure of an Indian, plying madly his noiseless paddle, and harking intently at every stir.

"Moonbeam, my sweetheart!"

Up went Newrich's baton, and then shouted the wild chorus. But poor Moonbeam's heart beat so frantically that her tongue could not find the words until the rest had finished, and then her beautiful voice softly echoed her lover's call, trailing its pure sweetness through the cool morning air:

"— My sweetheart!"

"That was her voice!" And Big-Heart delightedly scanned the sparkling shore-line. Yes, sure enough, there lay her own little canoe, calmly reflecting its admiring image in the crystal water. Loosening the cord which attached it to the bank, and

fastening it to his own, he drew them both up on a flat rock and scrambled up the cliff, crying:

"Are you there?—I am coming."

"I am coming," faltered Moonbeam, rushing wildly down the hill to throw herself into his dear arms. How big and handsome he looked, with the high coronet of painted feathers setting off his manly brow!

"Where?" called he, looking straight at her all the while.

"Big-Heart, do you not know me? I am right here before you, and I love you so, and want you to take me back home," her heart yearned to say, but her stubborn lips refused the unwonted burden. Surprised that he did not recognize her, she glanced hastily at herself, and found, to her horror, that her once queenly form had shrivelled up, leaving her no larger than the other inhabitants of Echo-land. No wonder he did not know her! and shrinking in shame behind a huckleberry bush, she let him pass, filling the forests for miles around with his shrill cries.

* * * *

Moonbeam is still with the Echoes in Echo-land. Should you wish to hear her voice, call to her from the channel to which I direct you. First, you will hear the mocking reply of her comrades, but listen intently, and there will follow a sweet, sorrowful voice—that is hers. The tones are weak with grieving and answer less promptly than the others because her poor heart is broken.

Gladys D. Jackson, '11.

TOLSTOY: THE PROPHET OF RUSSIA.

PICTURE to yourselves a land for eight months of the year bound by snow and ice. A long, bitter, wild winter there; a short, scorching summer. A country of extremes, with no seasons of moderate warmth or cold corresponding to our spring and autumn. From north to south, the vast plains of sombre grass or glistening snow stretch with monotonous evenness, rising only here and there into hills and table lands. Otherwise these Russian steppes are unrelieved, except where the woods of oak and beech and the thicker forests of birch and pine break the monotony of the vast desert. Withal there is a wild fierceness about this Russian land that seems to have ingrafted itself into the very spirit of her people. See it in the heavy forest lands of Little or Southern Russia; or where the woods of Greater Russia, unwalled on any side by mountains, are swept by the fierce winds from every direction. It is, in a very real sense, a wilderness.

On such a canvas, picture the form of an old man, now in the winter of life, bent with the burden of his four-score years. No land but Russia could have begotten such a character. This wild Russian land has given birth to one who in character and appearance represents her wildnesses, her extremes, her solitudes. He is a Russian of the Russians. He wears the garb of the laboring peasant, rough grey flannel smock of eccentric cut, made for wear and warmth rather than for style; high leather boots; coarse sheepskin hat. His features, too, are the features of the Russian peasant, simple, rustic, with something of severity traceable in the stern, set lines of his face. From under the thick, shaggy eyebrows his keen grey eyes sparkle with the spirit of youth that possesses him. Eighty years of outdoor life have rendered his skin hard and weather-beaten. His forehead, deep-wrinkled even at an early age from the strife that had raged in his own life, now bears the deeper furrows caused by his later sympathies with an oppressed people.

There he stands, like an Ezekiel or an Isaiah, more than a nineteenth or twentieth century reformer. Look on the wild, passionate features of this peasant-prophet, and we cannot but feel that we are in the presence of greatness. Study him, and we must feel that he is studying us, searching out in our own natures all that is there of insincerity and falseness. For, despite his rustic garb, he is more than peasant. This is Leo Tolstoy, the Prophet of Russia!

Yet Tolstoy is not peasant-born; he comes of the very noblest of Russia's aristocracy. Though bereft of mother and father in early childhood, he was accustomed to life in and about the great country house of a Russian noble family. Perhaps it was here that his genuine love of life in the fields and forests first took root; perhaps here that he first found interest in the lowly Russian peasant—an interest that has grown until to-day it is a strong, true love and a firm faith; perhaps at this time that men first remarked that sense of loneliness which has characterized his whole life. We know that, even at this early age, the moral struggle was rising in Tolstoy's youthful mind, so that at times he gave himself up to the most searching introspection. And we look on in pity as we see the boy of ten or twelve noting in a copy-book every little sin committed since his last confession.

It was the desire of his foster-parents that his years of manhood should be passed after the fashion of the gay Russian court. To this end he was sent to the University of Kazan at the age of fifteen. But there was something too strong in this lad's nature to be moulded by any external force. His thoughts were to lead him elsewhere. He was a sceptic before he entered the university. His thinking there further developed this tendency. Thus, to the moral combat in his life was added the intellectual struggle. These questionings occupied his mind to the almost utter exclusion of his regular studies. Leaving the university, Tolstoy tried to lift his rude peasants from ignorance and degradation. But these crushed unfortunates were content with their wretched lives. His first effort to raise them failed.

Seven years later he was drawn by the clash of arms to the Crimea. Never was war more truly hell than then! Terrible in

the loss of life, how vastly more terrible in its devastation of human character! Tolstoy lifts the curtain on the scene of Sebastopol, and shows the actual life of the Russian army. He shows war, "not its scientific, beautiful and glittering order," but with simple strokes, awful in their truthfulness, he pictures the horrors of that conflict and the wrecked lives of Russia's dissolute soldiery. Yet he can sympathize with these men, for in his own life there was mortal strife—a man's lone struggle between what is right and what is wrong—and how near he came to utter moral ruin we can know from his own words: "Lying, robbery, adultery of all kinds, drunkenness, violence and murder, all committed by me, not one crime omitted. And yet," he adds, "I was not the less considered by my equals a comparatively moral man."

Even as thus he strove within himself for character, so he fought the battles of his Fatherland, bravely, nobly. He was a good soldier. But the genius of Tolstoy was not to be spent in feats of arms. His writings from the front thrilled every Russian heart that heard them. For, in magic words Tolstoy told about human life. Other writers had stirred men with the sound of "bugle-call and drum-beat, with waving flags and generals on prancing horses." Tolstoy tells of war "in its reality, in blood, in suffering, in death. These men suffer and die," he says, "because deep in the heart of every Russian there is a great passion, a love for the Fatherland."

A year later he returned to St. Petersburg, honored on every hand, not as a returning military hero, but as a man of literary genius. Russia's "men of letters" received him as an equal. The "higher" Russian society welcomed him into their midst. Better for Tolstoy if Russia's society had left the new-found author alone! Lured away from right living by the false refinement of their pleasures, his fight for character seemed doomed to failure. There is a rare attractiveness in the sinful pleasures of this Eastern world. One who has studied conditions in Russia declares that "there, pleasure comes with Oriental sweetness and gentleness; it rocks the conscience to sleep, while it keeps the passions awake." Had it not been for Tolstoy's ever-accusing

conscience, he too might never have awakened to a sense of his shame.

Tolstoy, the man, seemed to lose himself for the time; Tolstoy, the writer, was steadily growing in power. Years after he used to tell men that "though he had not won his way to be a general of artillery, he had become a general in literature." Truly he had. The day was not long before the name of Tolstoy was on every Russian lip. He was the nation's hero and idol. Not alone in Russia were his novels popular. Russia had at last become vocal—the nations must listen. Thousands in England, France, Germany and other European countries at once recognized that despised Russia had produced a "general in literature." China is reading him to-day; India, too, and Japan. Tolstoy's power with the pen is felt wherever men read.

Men knew that at last Tolstoy had found his true lifework. Tolstoy knew that he had not. For he still thought of Russia's degraded millions, and he knew that he must help them. Deep into his heart of hearts the bitter wail of a burdened people pierced through the sham and shame of Russia's superficial culture. On the other hand, in his literary work he saw that the "paths of glory" led to world-wide popularity. It was the crisis. Whither? Tolstoy chose the moment of supreme honor as the occasion of most utter self-abasement. The artist deliberately lost his life, to save the life of the man. Those paths of glory would have led—but to the grave. The path of service led him to an unending life: Tolstoy will live forever in the hearts of those Russian peasants. Henceforth Tolstoy must be the prophet, not the literary artist. The world of literature holds no parallel to this—that at the age of fifty years a successful writer should abandon literature to take up the role of prophet. Russia's lowly peasantry knew not why he wished to live as one of them—and were suspicious of him. Russia's nobility could not understand such self-denial—and considered him a fool and a fanatic. Russia's writers felt that he had made a mistake—and pleaded with him, as Turgenieff on his death-bed had pleaded: "Friend Tolstoy, great writer of the Russian land, take up your literary work again." The day of Tolstoy's entertaining stories is over.

For the last thirty years he has been the prophet of the peasant, living their life, lifting their lives, giving utterance to the deep things of the Russian spirit. With boldness surpassing that of a Micah, this present-day prophet champions the rights of an oppressed people. He is the one man in Russia who dares to speak his thoughts freely. What modern leader in Russia would dare to fling in the face of the Czar such fiery utterance as this: "No one believes any longer in your sovereign wisdom and your love for the country. You are the first and only enemy of Russia's salvation and the people's welfare." Anyone else would have been hurried off to Siberia. Tolstoy defies Czar and Government. And, much as they hate him, they dare raise no hand against him. Let them do harm to this great Prophet of Russia, and the peasant millions who love him will wreak a mighty vengeance.

Tolstoy loves Russia's toiling class—they have responded to his love. He might have been a very god unto these simple, trusting peasants. He recognized a Greater than himself, and pointed men to Him. Like Mahomet, he could have founded a new religion. But, like that prophetic voice in the wilderness of centuries ago, he makes no claim to divinity. "In my searchings for God I am not a leader, the founder of a new religion; but just such a weak, morbidly dual man as are all the men of my time."

To-day Leo Tolstoy is the recluse of a little village in Greater Russia. He is not attracted by the glamor of life in Moscow or St. Petersburg. Quietly he moves among the simple, believing folk of the countryside, doing good, redressing human wrongs, living the Christ.

Fred. A. McGregor, '12.

A MAIL-CARRIER OF THE YUKON.*

"Men of the High North, you who have known it;
Sons in whose hearts its splendors have abode;
Can you renounce it, can you disown it?
Can you forget it, its glory and its good?
Where is the hardship, where is the pain of it?
Lost in the limbo of things you've forgot;
Only remain the guerdon and gain of it;
Zest of the foray, and, God, how you fought!"

—*R. W. Service.*

OHN MILLER stood in the doorway of his log cabin and gazed long and anxiously toward the broad white ribbon of ice which marked the course of the mighty Yukon.

Indecision marked Miller's whole attitude. As his eyes wandered in survey of the bleak white hills and then turned toward the darkened sky, the look of anxiety deepened. A frown crossed his face; the hands which for the while had been gripping the door-posts, released their hold, and found their way as though by habit to the waistband of the trousers, to which they gave an impatient hitch.

Miller was the United States mail-carrier between Circle City, on the American side of the boundary, and Dawson, in the Canadian Yukon. The last trip before the "break-up" was about to be undertaken; on account of the unseasonably warm weather the ice had been very insecure; hence Miller's anxiety.

As our friend stands framed in the low doorway of his rough cabin we see a typical man of the Far North: fairly tall, somewhat spare of limb, keen of eye, close lipped; possessing a frame not heavy but splendidly put together, muscles like strands of rawhide, an air of independence and quiet confidence in his own powers.

The deep silence of this wonderful land seems to have found its way into his soul. The hardness of nature's conditions have

*This article comes from the pen of a "Sourdough" who is now pursuing a course in McMaster.

been appropriated by the physical make-up of the man and manifests itself in his whole appearance, and yet withal there is a kindliness in his demeanor which saves him and keeps him intensely human. We see a fighter—a man fitted to battle—but one who never quarrels with nature; he co-operates; he is a part of the North; and, like all true children of the North-land, he adjusts himself and his ways accordingly.

It is because Miller seeks to move in harmony with stern, rigid nature that he betrays anxiety. He is wise enough and sufficiently experienced to know that no man may transgress her laws with impunity, only the "Cheechako" will do that, and he but once. Should he survive he does well, for our Lady of the North is the spouse of Death.

So, with another glance at sky and river, and another hitch of the trousers, Miller turns quickly upon his heel, and with the brief, pungent statement, "To-morrow at nine will decide," shuts the door and vanishes from sight.

* * * * * *

The next morning, a few minutes after nine o'clock, the tinkle of dog-bells was heard, and a team of six fine huskies headed by a collie emerged from the open space, more or less narrow and straight, which served for a street between the rows of low, snug log dwellings. In the sleigh the mail-bags were securely fastened and John Miller trotted in the rear.

All indecision is gone. Cheerfulness and alertness are his most noticeable characteristics. The man of action has come into his own. Conditions are not any more favorable to-day than they were yesterday; there is no sign of colder weather, and the trip to Dawson, occupying three weeks at least, must be made. The little advice given in such a cautious way is weighed and sifted, and Miller's mind is made up. He is off. With a cheery "So long, boys," and a vigorous wave of the hand, he begins his journey. Quietly but truly he guides his team down to the river, with a "Gee there, Collie," or a "Haw there, now," and a sharp "Mush on!" he strikes the ice and soon becomes a mere speck to the interested onlookers.

Miller's journey is not only dangerous, but to the uninitiated a long and lonely one. For this child of the wild there is, however, no loneliness; the dogs, the hills, the long, winding ice-covered stretches of river, the "slur-r" of the sleigh, all have their messages for him. Even the great silence—the greatest and most noticeable thing about the Yukon country—is filled with that which makes for communion between the captivated soul of the man and the spirit of this fascinating, this wooing land. Of those who have imbibed that spirit, who have let that mighty quiet sink into their souls, who have come into contact with nature as she reveals herself here, and have partaken freely of her substance, who is there that wishes to sever himself from her? None of her sons are lonely while with her, yea none are truly contented when away from the spell of her presence. Men wonder why they long to return to her, yet in their hearts they know too well—the great, silent North-land has fastened her fingers among their heart-strings and at times almost irresistibly draws them back to herself.

The first three or four days of Miller's journey passed without anything of note occurring. True, there were patches of rotting ice, and now and then an ominous cracking as the great turbulent Yukon, fed by many rivers of great size, rushed its swelling waters toward the sea. On the fifth day, however, there were many halts, much hesitancy on the part of dogs and man, but still good progress was made. Because of the bad condition of the ice it became necessary to make camp when darkness fell, and all idea of travelling after supper had to be abandoned. The dogs were headed landward, a fire kindled, wood gathered, tea made, and the weary mail-carrier crept into his sleeping bag and, surrounded by his faithful huskies, was soon fast asleep in the snow.

For the next two days the trail proved very bad; the ice was extremely rotten, though the weather turned colder. Just before noon Miller's sharp eye failed to detect a bad stretch of ice; the dogs stopped, but their driver urged them on. They plunged forward across the weak spot, but Miller, who was travelling behind, went through to the knees; his quickness in throwing

himself upon the handles alone saved him from a worse wetting. Toward the shore he sped his team with all haste; a fire was quickly made, the wet moccasins and stockings were removed, a swift application of snow and dry garments put on. This mishap served to show the mail-carrier that time was precious, for the ice was decaying fast. So on he pushed, making all possible speed and sternly urging the dogs forward when they showed any inclination to turn toward the land.

A few more days of keen anxiety passed and hope again filled the weary traveller's breast. Would he make it? Would the ice hold? Or would he be compelled to take to the shore and there have to abandon his mail and perhaps perish? A few more days of good ice and he would be satisfied.

On the twelfth day, however, the much-dreaded event happened. The trail led well out toward the centre of the river; the dogs were moving rapidly, and all seemed well when, without warning, the ice gave way beneath Miller's feet. With a shout and an oath the man disappeared in the surging waters of the mighty river. Miller thought his last hour had come; but, preserving his grip upon the handles of the sled, he determined to hold on and give the dogs a chance to draw him out. The swirling icy waters beating fiercely against him threatened to break his hold; the ice held him under, and he felt his struggle must be brief. Everything depended upon the dogs, and the noble animals were truly making a splendid fight. When the ice gave way the huskies, quickly realizing their own danger, sprang forward with mighty leaps; snapping and biting at each other, they struggled for a foothold. Soon settling themselves for a steady pull, they slowly but surely drew the half-drowned man from the angry water and out of the jaws of death.

Once more John Miller stood upon the ice, his dripping clothes fast becoming hard and stiff, the cold penetrating to his very bones. Straight for the shore the dogs went, Miller running behind, doing his best to keep his body from freezing. Rapidly he collected some wood and, using a match from his waterproof case, he soon had a fire. Stripping his garments from him, he replaced them with dry ones, but, try as he would,

he could not prevent his feet from freezing. Vainly he rubbed them in the snow; the frost had secured too good a hold and there was nothing to be done but to make the most of his time and reach Dawson as quickly as possible.

From this point out the ice was, if anything, better, yet progress was slow; for a day or two the pain was slight, although Miller knew that his feet were turning black. The mortification was spreading rapidly, and the feet were becoming more tender every hour. Owing to the length of the journey and the rapidity of their travelling the dogs were playing out, especially as they had been hauling Miller in the sleigh since the accident. Things looked dark for the stricken mail-carrier. He knew that he must reach his destination within a few days or he would be a dead man; he knew also that the tired dogs could not drag him through in time to save his life. What then must he do? It did not occur to him that he would be justified in abandoning the mail. Was he not the mail-carrier? No mail-carrier ever came in without his mail; that was an unheard-of thing. No, the mail must go on until he dropped. There was but one thing to do—get out and "mush" behind the sleigh and so relieve the dogs.

For the next two days John Miller ran behind, riding occasionally to ease his frozen feet, biting his lips and clutching the handles of the sleigh wth an iron grip that he might endure the awful agony, until his extremities became raw, blackened masses of flesh. Still the brave fellow pushed on, his face pale, his jaw set, a look of desperation in his eyes. Seldom did he stop to eat now; every moment was precious. The used-up dogs were tenderly nursed along, encouraged by the kindly words of the man, and the devoted creatures, seeming to understand the difficulties of the situation, did their best until one day the citizens of Dawson beheld a weary dog-team draw their disabled master through the streets of the town and finally stop before the post-office door. The man sat still, but the unconquerable spirit shone from his eyes, and the close-shut lips parted in a faint smile as men gently lifted him from his sleigh. Waiting until he had witnessed the safe deposit of the mail-bags and

given instructions regarding the care of his faithful huskies, then, and then only, did he consent to his removal to the hospital.

* * * * * *

In the spring, two days after the ice went out and when the river was again running free, the down-river steamer lay at her dock ready for the first trip of the season upon the waters of the glorious Yukon. Upon her deck stood our friend John Miller, and as the lines were cast off a voice from the wharf cried "Whereaway Jack?" "Back to Circle, pard," replied Miller, "to mush the mail back to Dawson when the good old Yukon freezes up again."

This was the longest and most eloquent speech John Miller ever made.

Judged by some standards our friend may not have been very great, but judged by the standards of the Yukon he was the "real thing."

JAMES STRACHAN, Theol.

FAREWELL TO MISSIONARIES.

CASTLE MEMORIAL HALL was crowded on the evening of Tuesday, 26th September, when a representative audience assembled to bid God-speed to Rev. John B. McLaurin, B.A., B.Th., and Mrs. McLaurin (daughter of Rev. J. R. Stillwell), recently appointed by the Foreign Mission Board, who sailed for India from Montreal on the Virginian, October 1st.

Dr. J. G. Brown acted as chairman, and after the opening prayer by Rev. J. J. Ross, referred briefly to the appropriate coincidence in the fact that forty years ago the pioneer missionaries, bearing the same names as the outgoing missionaries, John and Mary McLaurin, had left Canada's shores for the coral strand. Rev. John McLaurin, Sr., and Mrs. McLaurin occupied seats on the platform, and Dr. Brown's quotation was peculiarly fitting. "Instead of the fathers shall be the children."

That the most cultured, most loved and most able were not too good to lay the foundation for a Christian India was the statement of Dr. S. S. Bates, representing the Foreign Mission Board. It was the policy of the Board to seek such qualified workers, and he believed that in Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin this end was realized in abundant measure. Mr. McLaurin's devotion to and success in his work in Dufferin Street Church had proved his worth and justified the confidence and high hope reposed in him.

Dr. Sowerby, President of the Baptist Ministerial Conference of Toronto, in his own genial and humorous way paid tribute to the splendid manhood and clear religious conviction of Mr. McLaurin. He was followed by Dr. Farmer, representing the Faculty of McMaster University. In words of chaste eloquence, vibrant with feeling, freighted with reminiscence, he spoke of the rich romance of Providence that was woven around the names of McLaurin, Stillwell and Bates. When, more than half a century ago, John Bates, himself unable to enter the foreign work, consecrated his daughter Mary to this noble service, was it a mere and unmeaning thing that she should become the wife of Rev. John McLaurin, whose glowing soul and flaming zeal have burned their way into the hearts of the Telugu people? And now the son of these ardent spirits was departing to perpetuate their efforts in this holy task. The son was, Dr. Farmer said, possessed of fine intellectual insight and uncommon mental vigor.

Miss Thrall, of Moulton College, referred in the highest terms to the scholastic attainments and Christian influence of Mrs. McLaurin, who is a recent graduate of Moulton.

On behalf of the students of McMaster, Mr. C. S. Edwards, B.A., affectionately bade the missionaries farewell. He spoke of delightful comradeship with Mr. McLaurin, and as in conclusion he tendered the best wishes of the students, the semi-barbaric McMaster slogan pealed forth in no uncertain testimony to the reality of the feeling voiced by Mr. Edwards.

Rev. Mr. McLaurin then addressed the gathering. His boyish face surely inadequately indexed the virility of his speech

as he frankly and modestly expressed his unworthiness of the encomiums that had been heaped upon him. His decision to go to India had not been hastily rendered. He was not unmindful of the opportunity and need in Canada. Upon his graduation in Arts in 1905 journalism had appealed to him strongly, so much so that he had at one time completed arrangements to enter that field. A mental struggle ensued, during which the call of the Nazarene to the fishermen of old, "Follow Me," oppressed him, until he realized that it was a summons to a more direct service than even that of the press. He served in the direct ministry in the church at Minesing, and later in the Dufferin Street Baptist Church, Toronto. While here the feeling of India's need grew within him, and he decided to offer himself to the Foreign Mission Board, by which body he was accepted. Those who heard Mr. McLaurin's beautiful word-painting of the glories of the Ottawa valley, where the greater part of his life had been spent, could not doubt that it was not without an intense and intelligent appreciation of his own native land that he turned his face toward the Orient. His words glowed with the warmth of natural feeling. Looking toward the work in India, he recognized the great readjustments in truth through which the Indian mind must be guided, and he saw the opportunity for educational and evangelistic effort. The problems to be faced were formidable, but inasmuch as we live by faith, and this faith has ever been triumphant, he entered heartily and hopefully on the great task, confident that his obedience to the leading of God would be honored by ultimate success.

The service was brought to a close by the singing of the McMaster hymn, "Jesus, Wondrous Saviour." Rev. Dr. Elmore Harris pronounced the benediction. The large audience dispersed slowly, a host of friends and well-wishers remaining to give a final greeting to Mr. and Mrs. McLaurin.

H. H. McG., '10.

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Editorial Notes.

1909-10. *Voilà*, the avenues of academic activity and delight again open before us. It is the ardent hope of The Monthly staff, from consulting editor to sophomoric reporter, that the present college year may prove the "best ever" for the University, the Board of Governors, Faculty and Student Body, and for this "*vox universitatis*," The McMaster Monthly.

Unto you, then, O ye grads. of McMaster, we look for ready aid in the furtherance of this our earnest purpose. From the busy workshop of the world send us a message, ye city editors, preachers, missionaries and educationists. Give Alma Mater a passing thought and let us be treated to a sprig of verse or a potent page from the log of your ship of fortune. Hark back to the days when the trembling goosequill was guided through the first *fresh* scribble of student effort. Be ye not forgetful nor yet unwilling, and may ye prosper and grow great in the land.

And ye, undergrads., be not unduly lax in enjoying the ministrations of the college muse. From near and far have ye fared

to join the *camaraderie* of McMaster. Let not the profane pigskin exhaust your store of energy, nor the preparation for lectures completely consume the nightly dole of oil. Yield us of the fruitage of memory and grant us to glimpse—if that be expedient—into the by-paths that have converged towards our foregathering.

We talk and write anent the *atmosphere* of a geographical location, a brook, a play, a church, a political organization, and in present-day usage the term has come to be invested with a subtle meaning. If Plato was right in likening the development of a human being to that of a plant, how significant is the function of atmosphere in educational progress. In college life the rencontre of students, professors and educational appliances should surely be of such a nature as to make possible to the student purer tastes, more worthy and intelligible ideals, and wider usefulness in the expenditure of personal power.

In "Ballads of a Cheechako," the new book of poems by Robert W. Service, much may be condoned because of the fact that the writer has portrayed for us real men and women. Canada's literary history contains many and exquisite poetical dissertations on garden plots, potato patches, *et al.* Our poetry needs an influx of the "human-true," of drama, "of men who played the game and lost or won."

Good language should be found, if anywhere, in the life of a university. Too often, however, the ruder forms of expression prevail. Slovenly speech and careless diction creep frequently into the college cloisters. Canadian academic utterance is in little danger of assuming the pedantic. Our life is too strenuous for puristic niceties of articulation. Let us beware lest inattention to language lead to egregious blunders in intellectual workmanship. "Most fundamental falsehoods are errors in language as well as in philosophy," writes a well-known English publicist.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. McGREGOR, '10.

"Resign the rhapsody, the dream,
To men of larger reach;
Be ours the quest of a plain theme,
The piety of speech."

E regret to report—eheu! that our first official utterance should be prefaced by words so manifestly apologetic. Let not the reader rashly anticipate a maudlin, self-deprecatory prologue to our assumption of the editorial toga. Our plaint is quite other than this. We regret to report—that the Editor-elect of this department, L. D. Jackson, B.A., has allowed the fascination of his first love to lure him from McMaster's studious cloister into more georgical pursuits at Ontario Agricultural College. THE MONTHLY has lost a capable editor. Henceforth it will be our pleasure to consult him as authority on matters porcine, equine, bovine and anserine.

The staff of "Around the Hall" will endeavor to hold up the mirror before our life, and record the image faithfully. Our speculum may sometime appear convex and the image abortive: for such freaks we crave indulgence. We may fail to train our glass on the most significant objects: criticism of such negligence will be appreciated.

It is difficult to theorize where basal facts are lacking, and while we shall give some rein to our speculative and imaginative faculties when the data are scant, we expect the activities of the students to furnish the inspiration for our pen. Your co-operation is invited. If yourself or your neighbor has accomplished something deserving of a wider notoriety, don't be bashful about reporting the incident to the staff. Save your best jocular efforts until you are confident that you are within earshot of a reporter.

And now to bizz,
For weighty matters have of late ariz.

CHESS REDIVIVUS.—The disappearance of the ancient and honorable game of chess from the recreative side of our college

life is deplored by the Chancellor. Two ardent and skilful exponents of the game have been in our midst and we knew it not. Examine the following record of two games played very soon after the last commencement exercises. To mate in four moves is admirable playing. The game had progressed but four moves when le Roi acknowledged checkmate before the *blanching* fire of the Queen's attack. He soon pawned his aerial Ph.D. castles for the lily hand of the triumphant Queen, whose *escutcheon* he now wears in his manly breast. But this victorious defeat is, from a purely technical standpoint, eclipsed by the accomplishment of the Knight yclept Domicilius, who only last spring guided his partner to the solution of the problem "Mate in two moves." At the critical moment a trunk line was laid to secure unobstructed passage for the bishop, but upon the arrival of the ecclesiastic at the base of operations complications set in and his presence hastened the honorable capitulation of the stalwart Holmes.

Surely the cry "Ichabod" is not yet referable to our checkerboard activities!

A sturdy senior, bronzed with summer's sun,
And scarred by many battles fought and won,
Returned to college halls with fell intent
To slaughter freshmen everywhere he went.
The second flat, room number twenty-four,
Disclosed a stranger, never seen before.
"Ha! Ha! young freshie," quoth our senior brave,
"Methinks I look upon an arrant knave."
A shake, a shiver, "Let me hear your name?
What passport have you to these halls of fame?"
"My name," the stranger faltered, "is no mystery,
For I am here to be your Prof. in History."

"It is a wise son that owes his own father," parodied the genial junior as he drew a ten-spot from a paternal epistle.

"Brandished knife,
Sanguine eye!
Vicious thrust!
Ghastly sigh!

"Tragedy?
Fie! Fie! Fie!
Just a freshman
Eating pie."

The Freshmen.—We have entered our "teens." T-h-i-r-t-e-e-n. This seems a ripe age, an advent which we should hail

with joy. But the ominous mystery that attaches to anything or anybody having connection with this fateful number misgives us with regard to the auspiciousness of the occasion.

> "And forward, tho' we canna see,
> We guess and fear."

But these superstitious dubitations are dispersed into thin air by the entrance into our University of a body of young ladies and gentlemen who, with a noble abandon of spirit, dare to undertake the frustration of the malignant influence and render the word once more pure and wholesome.

Year '13 held its first class meeting on October 1st for election of officers. G. E. H. P. had in mind an excellent chairman, namely, G. E. H. P., and on the assumption that the will to be constitutes the being, attempted to take charge of proceedings. He was promptly deposed to make way for a regularly elected chairman. The election: Honorary President, Professor I. G. Matthews; President, H. W. Quinn; Vice-President, Miss Curry; Secretary-Treasurer, J. G. Ryrie; Musician, Miss Hooper; Bard, W. E. Morrow.

At this juncture the sophomores determined to have some part in the exorcism of the "13 hoodoo" and introduced the skeleton to invite the habitation of the troubling spirit; the demon could not but retire into the hulk. A gentle spray of water of purification filtered through the air, and the choosing of officers was concluded: Representatives, to Student Body, A. Haddow; Y. M. C. A., E. S. Clifton; Literary Society, E. F. Willoughby; Debating Society, M. R. Hartley; Athletic Association, B. V. McCrimmon; Track Captain, C. W. Willis.

Mr. Gordon Jury's Resignation.—We were all very unpleasantly surprised upon our return to the Hall to learn of the resignation of our High Kakiak, Mr. Gordon Jury. Mr. Jury has concluded not to be in residence this term, and, as it is necessary for the Kakiak to "room in," the school must regretfully undertake the election of another to this important office. Many are the expressions of regret heard around the halls, for we all felt that when Mr. Jury was placed in the "place of power" the choice had been a very wise and happy one.

Registration.—We have always claimed that McMaster is very much alive, and, after all, growth is the surest evidence of life. At the time of going to press there is a creditable advance in the registration as compared with that of the same date last

year. In the graduate courses thirty-three are registered in M.A. and four in B.D. This is already an advance over the whole of the registration in graduate courses of last year. Two hundred and fourteen are registered in undergraduate courses, an advance of about twenty over the registration to a corresponding date last year. Of this number over eighty are new students in Arts and Theology. The registration in undergraduate courses is divided as follows: Year '10, thirty-nine; Year '11, twenty-three; Year '12, forty; Year '13, fifty; partial students, fourteen, and Theology, forty-eight.

Choosing a Leader.—Class '12 held its first meeting of the term in the Science Building on October 1st, only to realize the fact that they were "as sheep having no shepherd." F. A. McGregor, who was elected President last April, has decided not to return this year. Nominations were then called for, and in the election that ensued the reins of power were transferred to H. R. H. Silcox, who has always proved himself an energetic member of the year.

At a later meeting of the class the following vacancies were filled: Rugby Captain, F. G. Poole; Musician, P. N. McGregor; Rep. to Lit. Society, A. C. Bingham; Rep. to Athletic Association, Ed Whan; Rep. to Student Body, F. F. Shields; Leader of Mission Study Class, H. Saunders; Rep. to Y. W. C. A., Miss M. Fairbairn.

Convocation.—The Autumn Convocation was held on Friday evening, October 8, in Castle Memorial Hall. Both the gallery and the main body of the building were well filled with students and the more intimate friends of the University and many visitors. The opening exercises were conducted by Prof. Keirstead. In beginning his address the Chancellor referred to the many nationalities represented in the college. Not only were there McMaster students from every province of Canada, with the exception of Prince Edward Island, from many of the United States, and from Great Britain, but from Bulgaria, India, Burmah, and even Japan and Australia. Alluding to the future projects of the University, he hoped at an early date to see the ground broken for a thoroughly modern and well-equipped gymnasium; and, passing to matters of more general importance, he trusted soon to see consummated an affiliation with McMaster of the Western, and possibly of the Eastern, Baptist colleges, which could not fail to be advantageous to the University and to the colleges.

The distribution of the prizes and scholarships followed,

Among them was the Robertson Memorial Scholarship in Social Science, this year awarded for the first time. The Chancellor next introduced the new members of the faculty, Mr. Wallace, Lecturer in History; Mr. Pratt, in French and German, and Mr. McNairn, in Mineralogy and Geology; all of whom united in thanking both students and faculty for the hearty welcome which they had received. The Convocation address was then delivered by Prof. G. H. Campbell. After briefly justifying the study of Latin, Prof. Campbell introduced his subject, "The Women of Rome," by pointing out that the position of woman in ancient Rome was not so servile as the laws of that time would lead one to think. The women of antiquity, he said, were sufficiently independent to form clubs exclusively their own; and not only did they exercise a powerful influence on public affairs through their husbands and relatives, but, on one occasion, they even assailed the Senate in a body in order to bring about the repeal of a certain law. In so doing we might say they established a precedent for suffragettes. In conclusion the lecturer commented upon the fact that in Rome, as in France to-day, woman maintained a devotion to formal religion long after man had cast it aside. After the singing of the National Anthem the gathering dispersed.

The first chapel service of the college year, held on Monday afternoon, September 27, was largely attended. The devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. J. J. MacNeill. The Chancellor, who was greeted with hearty applause, then warmly welcomed the old students back to the Hall. He next welcomed the incoming students to the lectures and other privileges of the University, inviting them to identify themselves with the Literary and Debating Societies, the Athletic Association, and the various other student organizations, and advised them to share in every phase of the University activity and to make their life in McMaster as broad and varied as possible. He then introduced the new members of the faculty. In conclusion he referred in a very fair and tactful way to some of the new regulations.

How doth the little busy soph
  Improve each shining minute?
By setting many a wily net
  And snaring freshies in it.
How cheerfully he seems to grin!
  How neatly spreads his claws!
And takes the little freshies in
  With gently smiling jaws!

"Naughty-Nine."—You are gone "Naughty-Nine" and from our hearts we say it, we miss you very much. Around our halls and in our class-rooms there is a "something" which reminds us of that which is absent. It is not only the faces of your year that we miss, but there is an influence—yes, a spirit distinctive, yours alone, that is gone; and in its place is a haunting memory.

No doubt each departing year leaves behind it an influence strong and helpful. Sometimes in the still vividly remembered past we may have wished that you were not so strong; not because we envied you or were jealous, but because we thirsted for the honors your valiant sons and stately daughters brought to you. The glory you have brought to McMaster has left its glow upon you, and your spirit is richer because you so singularly contributed to your Alma Mater's renown. "Naughty-Nine" you have led our stumbling footsteps in the honor-strewn path of debate; you have caused us to tarry perhaps more patiently at the fountain of learning, and have inspired us to lift with greater eagerness to our lips that cup the contents of which satisfy only with an increased longing; you have shown us the rough, arduous way of athletic success festooned with trophies of inter-year championships; but, above all, "Naughty-Nine" you have revealed to us the spirit which makes all things to live, and we rejoice in the possession you have bequeathed to those who in a measure hope to follow in your footsteps. May succeeding years emulate the spirit that you have exemplified.

The Library.—The Library continues to be one of McMaster's most valuable assets, and one need only notice the constancy with which it is used to judge that it is appreciated by all. It is gratifying to notice that every effort is being made to keep it well apace with the advancement of the University. Since last spring over sixty-five volumes have been added to the shelves and these are only a fraction of a contingent of books which was ordered during the summer. Many of these books had to be procured in England, hence some of them have not yet been received, but it is expected that before the end of November they will all be in their places ready for use. All departments in Arts and Theology have been well remembered in this valuable addition to the Library, and each professor will undoubtedly now feel free to invite the students to indulge even more than ever in the pleasures of side reading.

The custody of the Library has been placed in new hands. After some years of faithful and efficient service Miss Wellinger

has resigned to enter the teaching profession, and the position of Librarian has been entrusted to Mr. E. J. Farmer, B.A., a graduate of '03. Mr. Farmer's reputation while a student here and since his graduation bespeaks his success in this new position. The assistants in the Library are Mr. C. W. Perkins, '10, and Mr. T. E. Richards, '10.

It seemed a clear case of debasing the coin of the realm, but when I questioned him he explained that he was merely bisecting his scholarship medal. The obverse will be returned to the Registrar, to be retained until the second instalment of prize money is doled out after Christmas. The innovation of withholding until next term one-half the value of the prizes won last year, may be necessary, but is decidedly unpopular.

High Kakiak Elected.—A meeting of the Student Body was held in the chapel on October 11th to elect a successor to Mr. Gordon Jury, resigned. Mr. E. E. Sayles, '10, was chosen to fill the position of President of the Student Body. Hereafter he will grace the head table in the dining room, and will wield the gavel to the dismay of refractory freshmen.

Dear Mr. Editor,—Have you noticed the multitude of energetic fellows plying their way "around the Hall," busier than a one-armed man with a bad case of hives? If you have not had occasion to meet these industrious creatures you have been most fortunate, and rest assured that in your case " 'tis folly to be wise."

These are the organizers, or rather the disorganizers, of the different societies. They are very pleased to meet you, and after a due explanation of all the benefits arising from a membership in their society and how it is impossible to work out your salvation without their aid, they break the ice—now you have tumbled to it all—you have touched rock-bottom—the surroundings are very chilly, but you might as well get into the swim, so you endorse your last cheque from home.

But this is not all—it is unfortunate that some of our societies in choosing men for this important duty are so thoroughly engrossed with other affairs that they forget entirely what the qualifications of a good collector are. But stop. What would you think of one of these shameless mendicants who is so confused by the multitude of his newly-made acquaintances that he returns a second time to torment his benefactors? Perhaps if we would allow our friends to earn what they are seeking they would remember that they had met us before.

"It is what we think and what we do that make us what we are." Around the Hall we have heard much of the McMaster spirit. What does it mean? Has it passed away forever from our midst? We are now beginning another year, and with us everywhere in our daily exercises are those who are just making their debut. It is our duty to see that these men are made acquainted as soon as possible. "If you would have friends, be one." If any man see a need let him supply it, for there is a true *societas* wherever one hand meets another helpfully. Mutual helpfulness makes for mutual happiness, and this is the only morality. DIOGENES.

NEW MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY.—At Convocation three new lecturers were introduced by the Chancellor. W. Stewart Wallace, B.A., is lecturer in History and temporary assistant in Greek. Mr. Wallace graduated in 1906 from Toronto University. He was lecturer in History at Western College, London, during the succeeding year. Later, being chosen Flavelle scholar, he studied at Oxford, receiving his Bachelor of Arts degree with first-class honors in History. Mr. Wallace is a son of the Rev. W. G. Wallace, of Bloor Street Presbyterian Church.

Our new lecturer in French is A. W. Pratt, B.A. (Cantab.). Mr. Pratt comes to us from Birkenhead Institute, where he was lecturer in Modern Languages. Previous to his connection with Birkenhead he was lecturer in English at the Royal Technical University, Stuttgart, Germany.

Owing to the expansion of the Science Department it has been found necessary to appoint a lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy. The Board of Governors has been fortunate in securing the services of W. H. McNairn, M.A. Mr. McNairn graduated from Toronto University in 1899, after a distinguished course in Mineralogy and Geology.

To fill the chair of Homiletics and Pastoral Theology, made vacant by the readjustment of the Theological Faculty, the Rev. Thomas Trotter, D.D., LL.D., was called from his present pastorate in Toledo, Ohio, where he has served for the past two years. A review of Dr. Trotter's previous career shows him to be essentially a Canadian. A graduate of Toronto University and Toronto Baptist College, he served in the direct ministry of the Church for a number of years. For five years he was Professor of Homiletics in McMaster University, which position he resigned to become pastor of the Baptist church at Wolfville, N.S. Subsequently he was chosen President of Acadia University, whose destinies he directed for ten years. Thus he brings a rich culture and experience to serve the educational propaganda of the Baptist denomination.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS JACKSON, '11.

"That's the way to begin, Samivel; come to the pint at once."

NO doubt many remember reading in this magazine some time ago the "Letters of a Self-freshened Freshman to His Father," being the paternal correspondence of William Green during his first year at McMaster. Poor Willie's sad, untimely end right in the midst of his scientific triumphs coaxed a tear from the most hard-hearted theologue. Later, when the news spread abroad that his little sister Emerald was to register here as a freshette in the autumn of 1909, we immediately set about to secure all necessary rights to publish her letters home. We take, therefore, much pleasure in placing before our kind readers little Em's first letter to her mother:

McMaster Hall, October 6th, 1909.

My Dear Mummy,—Something tells me I am really here, but it keeps me pinching to realize that it isn't a horrid dream, from which I am going to awake in a jiffy to find myself calmly peeling potatoes or scraping a sticky old porridge-kettle at home in Greenton. Do you think you will manage to run things all right while I am away? It will likely be hard at first to remember where the dishes and things go, but after a while you will get along fine. And if you don't know about anything, just write to me.

The girls seem to like me, and I am going to get along dandy here just as soon as I learn to distinguish one room from another, one girl from another, one freshman from another, one professor from another, etc., etc., and vice versa. Also crosswise. It is a good place. Every single morning we have chapel service, and the girl I board with is treasurer of the Y. W. C. A., so you see there is nothing for you to worry about. The Women's Literary Society meets every other week to study into deep historical questions.

Whenever I think how afraid you were to let me loose in a co-educational college, I have to laugh. Why, mummy—there's so many men here that whether they are in one heap or standing around the hall in bunches nobody needs to bother about them.

Just like the old maids in Greenton—they're really too common to be paid much attention to!

Say, you can't guess who called on me last Sunday? Old Half-a-dollar Jones! He is studying Political Economy here, and has his moustache amputated. I told him it was a bare-faced shame to do it, and I thought he would die laughing.

Mind you, we are sent to the board for French, so I shall have to get some new collar-pins after all. The old ones look frightful from the back. As for those three Psyche puffs Maud was so envious of, tell her she is perfectly welcome to them. They are a sight! To tell the truth, in the way of accessories, I've got to reach up high to touch rock-bottom. Now, mummy dear, you will have to explain all about it to dad, for a man never understands how many things a girl has to have. And you're just the best mother ever was.

Something else has been bothering me a whole lot. Lately I have been asking my roommate so many questions about things that to-day she said I must use an encyclopede, that nearly everybody did around here, that I could get one from the librarian. Whatever shall I do? I've tried and tried for years to ride that old one of poor William's, and could never steer the thing straight. However, with practice I may learn.

Well, I must close now and do some Cicero (Latin, you know).

Love and kisses to all,

EMERALD.

P. S.—Let's spell our name with an "e" at the end. It looks ever so much more distinguished than plain "Green." I'm scared to a crisp about initiation. Never mind, if anything awful occurs, I am going to tell on them. You just see! How did the charm work on Jimmy's warts?

P. S. again.—Oh, dear! I forgot to tell you about the bread I set away for Maud's luncheon on the bottom shelf of the stairway cupboard behind the cheese. Use it for pancakes.—EM

Y. W. C. A.—The first meeting was held on Wednesday, October 6th, and was led by Miss Annie Grierson, '10, in the absence of both president and vice-president. It was arranged this year to dispense with the separate study classes and to devote instead every third meeting to the study of missions. Of the two intervening meetings one was to be for Bible study and the other devotional in character. Miss Grierson also spoke of the organization of mission work. Mr. Singer has opened a club house with the object of keeping children off the streets by interesting them in the games and books there furnished. Our

help may be by giving either money or time. The Flower Mission work is begun, also visiting the "shut-ins," as last year.

W. L. S.—Our very newest members were "Johnny on the spot" for the opening meeting, and showed a fine healthy interest in all the proceedings, especially when permitted to second a senior's motion, or to "signify in the usual manner." It was decided to save both time and expense by adding our forces to those of the Y. W. C. A., and holding together one grand reception. There are to be no more inter-year debates; neither are we to indulge this year in the usual play. This latter news was particularly disappointing, but, like many other unhappy things, it must be decidedly "for the best." Miss Gladys Murray's piano solo was appreciated by all, as was also the reading given by our kindest of critics, Mrs. Arnton.

A Problem in Mathematics.—Take the sum of 1 wagon, 1 fragrant barrel of cider and 1 vigorous horse; to this add 1 ricketty seat; divide the aggregate weights of 1 senior, 1 sophette, 2 juniors and 1 oh-you-make-me-so-shy farmer of eighteen summers. Subtract $\frac{1}{2}$ weary mile and add $\frac{1}{2}$ mile of solid (?) comfort. This same aw-don't-look-at-me-or-I'll-blush young man knows what came very near being the answer!

One day a mysterious notice originated in the usher's office, and appeared on the ladies' room door, coupled with a generous strip of McMaster ribbon. It ran something like this:

> "We know not the owner's name;
> We have not learned what year she adorns;
> But we distinctly remember the color of her eyes!"

Strange to say, both ribbon and notice were almost immediately claimed. Oh, fie, sophettes! Is this the result of our careful training?

The Luxury of Being a Freshette.

2.15 o'clock.

Here, freshies, pin your mushrooms on, and we will have a picnic, 'pon my honor! Hold the baskets, dears, while I just wipe away those tears. And we will sit upon your knees; we're heavy, sure, but we can't squeeze in here beside you. Now that yell you know first-rate, and it is well, for Lambton Mills is now in sight. Say, freshie, hold that basket right!

3.30 o'clock.

We're here at last. Well, I should say! And you're so weary you could lay yourself on that green mound and rest,

I have no doubt; but we must test your strength a little further yet. There's lots and lots of wood to get to build that bonfire for the corn. Well, I confess you look forlorn; but if you'd work a little faster, you'd be more worthy of McMaster.

4 o'clock.

You're finished now? Now, let me see!—come entertain the company. A kindergarten song or two (for that's the best that you can do as yet) would be right welcome to my ear. Don't say you're tired—that's a mere detail. You know, we're breaking laws so fast to-day that if you pause, and cheat us out of one hour's mirth, we won't get half our money's worth.

5.20 o'clock.

What time's it now? Five-twenty? Oh, 'twill soon be time for us to go. But we will let you roast an ear, if you will promise not to smear your faces black. Now aren't we nice to give you grapes, and half a slice of Webb's own bread? You might well show your gratitude by bowing low.

But "Mum's the word!" My little chickens, if you dare peep, we'll get the ——!

Was Dr. Cook the sole discoverer of the North Pole? Ask the audacious freshman who came near squeezing his fingers in a certain forbidden doorway what he thinks about it.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS, '11.

"My counsel is for open war."

NCE again the old halls are resounding with those well-known sounds that tell of strenuous athletic activity. Our athletic life at present seems, as the preacher would say, to follow along three main lines. The chief of these is football. Every day our energetic Rugby captain is on the campus, trying to round up from out the herd a line-up that will shatter the Varsity II. line on October 9 and start us on our way towards "the silverware." "Lee" is himself playing the same old game, of which his "star punting" is still a feature. "Fuzzie" is as hard to locate and make sure of as ever. Of him it might be said that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Among other stalwarts "Rainbow Bill" and "Fog Horn" are playing the game again this year. The Woodstock contingent, too, brings some good material. That Association football has still a goodly number of devotees was shown by the large turnout to practice on October 7. The school has an exceedingly capable captain this year in Fred Poole. What we need now is a place in some league, to add interest to the game and quality to the playing by giving the players something definite to work for.

The majority of the fellows are chasing the pigskin in one or other of its shapes. For a few, however, the track "hath charms." The Varsity track is open for the use of members of the McMaster Athletic Association, and with Field Day less than two weeks off a few McMaster men may be seen each afternoon among the motley throng of those training for various coming athletic meets. The indications are that there will be keen competition in most of the events at the McMaster meet on October 20.

We hesitate to apply such a dignified term as athletic activity to what we have called the third line of McMaster's recreative life. What we refer to is the rather dangerous practice of walking down Yonge Street after four. We disapprove of this form of athletic activity, not alone because of the personal risks to which the one who indulges in the practice exposes himself, seeing that Yonge Street is a much-crowded thoroughfare, but

more especially because the team which represents the school in the C. I. R. F. U. needs as many men as possible on the campus every night to give it practice. As an Arts graduate said in the dining-room one evening, "It is a shame" that there are not more men turn out to give the first team the practice they need. This is one very practical way in which, though not members of the team, we can help to decorate "the silverware" with the green and black this year. And freshmen and theologues! *Please pay up the* $2.00 *fee to the Athletic Association;* and don't forget when there is a game on, and your representatives are straining every nerve to bring the honors to McMaster. Give them some support and encouragement by being present, not in spirit alone but *in voce*.

Varsity II. 16, McMaster I. 13.—On Saturday morning, October 9, McMaster I. lined up against Varsity II. on McMaster campus in the first game of the intermediate C. I. R. F. U. Varsity started the scoring by kicking the ball across McMaster's dead line; but before the end of the quarter McMaster had been credited with a safety touch. In the next quarter Varsity added six points to their score, one by a kick over the dead line, and the other five by bucking over for a try. By the middle of the last quarter Varsity had made the score 16—2 with three rouges and a converted try. But the wearers of the green and black could stand this no longer and decided to shut down on it at once and try their hand at scoring. They scored eleven points in eight minutes. Two rouges in quick succession were a good start. A drop on goal from the twenty-five-yard line by Leon was another step in advance. Then the next thing we knew Ed Whan had got the ball from a Varsity man who tried to pass it and was lumbering down on the Varsity goal. Nothing could stop him when once he had got well under way until he had arrived at his destination immediately behind Varsity's goal posts. The conversion of the try by Ashmore was the last of the scoring, leaving the score 16—13 in Varsity's favor.

McMaster line-up: Back, McKay; halves, Ashmore, McCrimmon (captain), Crowe; quarter, Firstbrook; wings, Wearing, Robertson, Whan, Poole, Veals, McKechnie; scrimmage, Haddow, Sayles, Gray.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: K. A. CLARK, '10.

THE long, trying siege of spring examinations made us all feel as though our only hope of peace and satisfaction lay in putting as great a distance as possible between ourselves and the scene of our strenuous endeavors. Each went his way to employ his time until duty would again bid him back to that from which he so eagerly fled. But the change in environment, the return to a natural, regular life, brought again normal thoughts and feelings. We felt once more our wonted pleasure in dwelling upon the memories of our college life. The associations which arose at the thought of our classmates, our professors, our university and all else, which, vibrating in sympathy in each one, makes possible that lofty spirit which causes McMaster to be to all under its influence what it is, caught us up in their current and made us look forward with restless expectancy to our return to the halls that have come to mean so much to us.

It is the realization and recognition of this bond drawing all to a common centre that is the secret of the close unity and fellowship among McMaster students. In any such union one always finds in the members a keen interest shown in one another's welfare and a desire to be in touch with every one, no matter where individual interests and duties may take them. To facilitate the fulfilment of this wish is the mission of this department of THE MONTHLY. Through the medium of its pages we hope to be able to keep in touch with the progress of "Our Graduates."

Our first duty will be to look up the members of '09. For quite a while back they stayed around our halls, making their presence felt wherever they chose to compete. Successful '09 has run its course and has scattered. Where? Let us see.

Not all have turned their steps away from their Alma Mater. G. S. Jury, O. E. Rutledge, H. S. Mullowney, A. L. Brown, C. Harris, J. L. Sloat and T. Wearing have come back to pursue their studies in Theology. W. J. Haydon is here, too, following an M.A. course in Biology. P. J. Pilkey also is back taking special lectures.

Miss E. Kennedy is teaching in Rouleau, Sask.

Miss M. E. Farmer is in New York qualifying for a nurse.

Miss F. A. Edy is attending the Alberta Normal School.

Miss E. R. McLaurin, Miss H. A. Gray and Miss L. A. Tapscott are taking a teacher's course under the Faculty of Education, Toronto University.

Miss G. W. Murray is at present at her home in Parkdale, Toronto.

Every company of students has its share of Meds. Of '09 E. P. Lewis, W. J. Robinson and W. A. Scott are attending the Medical School, Toronto University.

The same could be said about lawyers. J. O. Robinson, J. H. L. Morgan, A. Granatstein and S. M. Mehr have entered Osgoode Hall. S. E. Péron is studying law at McGill University.

C. A. Detlor is at the Dental School, Toronto.

A. Bisset may be found in Edmonton.

The Faculty of Education, Toronto University, has claimed by far the largest share of last year's graduates. Besides Miss McLaurin, Miss Gray and Miss Tapscott, the following are in attendance there: B. E. Leckie, J. L. McLaurin, J. C. Doherty, A. H. Hutchinson, A. F. Smith.

With so many of our students preparing for work as teachers one regrets being compelled to recognize how inadequately members of this worthy profession are appreciated and rewarded. A graduate of McMaster recently received an offer from a small Western university giving degrees of B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. to take full charge and be responsible for all the sciences there taught. For such services he was offered the munificent salary of $600 per year.

L. D. Jackson has received a Fellowship in Chemistry at the Guelph Agricultural College.

T. E. Layng has been appointed Master of Sciences, Woodstock College.

C. T. Holman is preaching in Bracebridge, Ont.

S. McMullan pursues post-graduate work at Chicago University.

J. L. Sloat is the only man that "went and done it." In August Mr. Sloat was married to Miss Blanche Shields, '07, M.A. '09. He is now pastor of the Alexander Memorial Church, Weston, Ont.

The following McMaster graduates are in attendance at Chicago University: T. H. Cornish, '00; H. Proctor, '99; A. C. Watson, '01; N. A. Harkness, '04; D. Buchanan, '06; N. J. Ware, '08.

C. E. Burke, '07, has received the appointment to a Fellowship in Chemistry in the University of Illinois, and will marry *before very long.*

W. S. Fox, '00, formerly Professor of Classics in Brandon College, has been made Fellow by courtesy in Johns Hopkins University in the Department of Classical Archaeology. During the year he will take the place of Prof. D. H. Robinson in undergraduate classes in Archaeology during that professor's absence in Athens.

D. H. Macintosh, '06, is teaching Science in Okanagan College, British Columbia.

J. F. Calvert, '03, Science Master of the Orangeville High School, has been appointed to the Science staff of the London Collegiate.

E. C. Jordan, '05, has been made Assistant Principal of the Collegiate at Arcola, Sask.

D. A. McKerricher, '02, has been appointed Inspector of Schools in Southern Alberta.

Rev. A. Imrie, '96, of Immanuel Church, Eagle Place, Brantford, has resigned his pastorate and is now filling a place on the teaching staff of the Toronto Bible Training School.

Rev. D. Bovington, '99, formerly pastor of the church at St. Thomas, Ont., and latterly a student in Rochester Theological Seminary, has been appointed assistant to Principal Strong.

The Graduates' Supper.—On Friday, October 8th, at 6.15 some sixty-five of McMaster's old girls and old boys visited the college dining hall. A disappointment to many was that the ladies enjoyed each other's society so much that all sat at the same table to the exclusion of the men. They probably had much to say to one another—and they said it. One advantage of the evening, however, was that there were no disturbing seniors present to call upon the hungry visitors to speechify. After supper the President of the Alumni Association, Mr. J. H. Cranston, '05, introduced the subject of the evening. For some time the Association has been adding books to the University Library. Many, however, considered that something more substantial should be done, both because of the opportunity open

along certain lines to give help to the University, and because of the indebtedness which the graduates felt towards their Alma Mater. A number took part in the discussion, and various proposals were offered. It was suggested that a fund should be raised and given either as part of the salary of a lecturer or else used without restriction by the University. Another suggestion was that the fund be used to bring some noted man to the University to give a series of special lectures and to have these published in book form. The following were appointed as a committee to consider the matter and report at a subsequent meeting: J. H. Cranston, '05; W. P. Cohoe, '96; C. H. Schutt, '98; A. J. Thomson, '99; W. E. Robertson, '00; A. L. Huddleston, '02; Wm. T. Graham and Prof. Gilmour.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITOR: ———

E are getting down to work, and we hope to get over forty per cent. and a place on the team. The year promises well in attendance and in every other way. Sports are well started, and already we are playing off some of our Rugby matches. Initiation passed off in the usual happy style. An hour and a half was spent pleasantly in our dining hall. After disposing of the good things on the well-laden tables we enjoyed a menu of song and music and speech. The innocents were then led to the gym. Blindfolded and submissive, they were then conducted by labyrinthine passages to the lower regions. Here in this nethermost abyss the sacred and awful rites of initiation were duly performed and the freshies were in proper form incorporated into the body politic of this college.

SPORTS DAY, notwithstanding some "Scudding drifts" and "Rainy Hyades," was an occasion much enjoyed by all who were present. Amidst the enthusiastic cheers of their friends the many successful ones received their prizes at the hands of fair ladies in the chapel. Fred Sykes and Gordon Lees won the senior and junior championships respectively.

The first Rugby match of the season was played off with London Collegiate on Saturday, October 9, when, to the surprise of our team and of our friends, we scored a sweeping victory. Our opponents, however, were handicapped by the absence of three of their best players. But after this we will be of good courage as we look forward to other games. The line-up for College was as follows: Full-back, K. Renfrew; half-backs, Professor Layng, F. Sykes, R. Hewson; wings, A. MacDonald, D. A. Clarke, R. Warne, W. Ecclestone, W. Haight Reiseck; scrimmage, E. Renno, Cullen, Murray.

Our two new masters, Messrs. Layng and Daimelhuber, are already very much appreciated, though we do not forget Mr. Burke and Mr. Edwards. Mr. Layng is a strength to our football team and Mr. Daimelhuber has organized a singing class. In connection with our faculty we regret to chronicle the impending loss of Mr. Brown, who withdraws in the near future to take up collegiate work. We are sure that under his tutorship the collegiate pupils will become mathematical experts, and we wish him success wherever he goes. We believe the Principal has his eye on a worthy successor.

Along religious lines our School promises well. The prayer-meetings are well attended, and we believe that much good will be done.

Here and There.

Editor: N. St. C. McKechnie, '08.

T is with no little misgiving that the Editor of "Here and There" takes up the pen laid down by his worthy predecessors in office. He had always admired the way in which their work was done. His admiration is now increased many fold as he contemplates the easy grace with which they bowed and introduced themselves to the readers of their columns. Who could have suspected, from the graceful efforts of former editors, how difficult a thing it is to make a really graceful bow! One of our editorial ancestors, finding opportunity in the absence of exchanges, boldly steps forward and makes a neat speech on the need and importance of an Exchange Department in college monthlies. Another, with all the ease of an orator, comes forward, manuscript in hand, and tells of autumn with her mellow sunshine, rich harvests, many-tinted trees; of bronzed students returning to their college halls, and of editors taking up their pens once more. Yet another assures all whom his criticisms may touch that all such criticisms shall be offered in no captious spirit, but rather for profit and correction. What is left for us to say?

But in truth we look forward to pleasant hours to be spent in perusing the best literature of the students of this continent. We hope to profit as we thus come in touch with student life in other great student centres. We hope to make this column profitable to the readers of our own magazine by bringing to them the best from our exchanges. And we humbly hope to make this column slightly profitable to our exchanges by kindly criticism or merited commendation. Graceful or otherwise, our bow is made.

Five Evidences of an Education.—"These five characteristics, then, I offer as evidences of an education—correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue; refined and gentle manners, which are the expression of fixed habits of thought and action; the power and habit of reflection; the power of growth; and efficiency, or the power to do."—Nicholas Murray Butler in *The Columbia Monthly.*

THE OCTOBER CALL.

" The last lone mile is paddled,
And the last portage is made,—
And we're packing up our knapsack for the train:
The ashes of the camping fire
Are on the embers laid,
And we're off to old McGill, boys, once again.
So good-bye to the lone Northland,
Good-bye to the old survey;
For loudly calls October
And we've struck our camp to-day.

" There's a score of fellows hung'ring,
Their summer tales to tell
Of wondrous doings, done and heard and seen;
There's a thousand throats a-thirsting
To shout the college yell
When the " pig-skin's " chasing madly up the green.
Then here's for care-free student days,
And hearts that fear no ill,—
For loudly calls October,
And we're off to old McGill."

—*The Monocle*, '07, *in the McGill Martlet.*

Foul plot discovered in first year class: Prof. ——: "After Christmas we will take the life of Burns."—*Manitoba College Journal.*

We find our table covered with magazines which accumulated during the vacation months. The majority of them bear a marked resemblance one to another. Nearly all are filled with graduating essays and addresses, valedictories, class histories in prose and—poetry, class standings, and all the other material which goes to make up a commencement number. One magazine among them attracts our attention however. This is the June issue of the *Ontario Agricultural College Review.* An editorial draws attention to the fact that this is a special edition, an "educational number." We feel that it merits special mention. The aim has been to give the June number a general, cultural value as well as a scientific value. It contains an excellent article on "Man's Growing Control of Nature," by President Falconer of Toronto University; an article on "Pictures and Painters," by Dan. H. Jones; as well as several other articles of an instructive and interesting character. In addition there are several contributions of a more technical character, which are, of course, of most interest to the students of the O. A. C. We think that the editors of this paper are to be congratulated upon the excellence of the June number. We believe, furthermore, that in bringing such a magazine to its peculiar constituency the editors are performing service of real value.

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THE POET AND THE NATION.

HAT this age of ours is obsessed by a spirit of rampant commercialism is a fact which may well give us pause. From every side the discordant noises of factory and foundry strike upon our ears. The natural adornments that long ago won for Niagara a proud place among the wonders of the world are in our day ruthlessly stripped from her and hurled into the greedy maw of this industrial Moloch, who now reigns supreme in many lives. The holiest temples of our sylvan deities have been invaded by the vandals of commercial competition, and we see the glowing beauties of our Canadian landscape despoiled on every hand by flaunting, parvenu advertisements. Go where we will, there is shamelessly dangled before our eyes some prosaic product of our competitive industries.

Writing last spring in the *University Magazine*, Professor Leacock reminded his readers of the aesthetic loss consequent upon this utilitarian tendency. "We cannot listen to the midnight blast without thinking of the horsepower that is going to waste. The primeval forest only suggests to us a good site for a sawmill, and when we see the leaping cataract we instantly want to erect on its banks a three-storey, red-brick, hydro-electric building to make it leap to some purpose."

Although we must admit that in this intensely practical age poor Horace is very often let go without his blanket, yet it cannot be averred that the muses are altogether deserted and

unattended. There still abides a tender regard for select spirits who, having sought the blissful bowers of Mount Helicon and wooed the beautiful sisters of the Hippocrene fountain, come back to our workaday world with songs that lighten life's burdens and send us on our way with the lovelight of truest joy and freedom shining in our eyes. In our hearts yet linger those vibrating chords which are wrought into mystic harmony by the "concord of sweet sounds," and in our better selves we yield a glad response to the messages that the singers of the world have given to us in their melodious numbers.

Throughout the ages of this world's progress a wondrous Trinity has gradually revealed itself to the perception of mankind. Emerson indicates the three members of this Trinity as the Knower, the Doer, and the Sayer, and they represent respectively the love of the True, the Good and the Beautiful. The poet represents the Beautiful. He is the Sayer, the Namer.

> "The poet's eye, in a fine frenzy rolling,
> Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven,
> And as imagination bodies forth
> The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
> Turns then to shapes and gives to airy nothing
> A local habitation and a name."

The sovereign of this spiritual Trinity is the poet, and his interpretation of the Beautiful comes to us in pleasing variations of rhythmic utterance. He reads the riddle of the universe, his soul is attuned to the harmonic symphony of human joys and sorrows, the sweep and swing of mankind's progress enter into his being, the music of the spheres rolls majestically throughout the wide spaces of his inner consciousness and the still, small voice of the Eternal whispers subtlest secrets into his attentive and reverent ears.

Poetry is the Queen of the Fine Arts. It is at once the most potent and the most lasting. The admiration of thousands has been evoked by the architectural magnificence of the Athenian Parthenon and the Taj Mahal of Agra.

> " . . . . . That floating dream
> Inwrought in virginal, translucent stone."

Many eyes have feasted with delight upon such specimens of the sculptor's art as the Athena of Phidias and the Aphrodite of Praxiteles. The matchless paintings of Polygnotus the Greek, Raphael Sanzio the Tuscan, Turner the Englishman, and Millet the Frenchman, have brought multitudes of devotees to the shrines of these great masters. Yet these noble works of art have appealed to but few in comparison with the mighty throng which in every age and clime has constituted the audience of the poet. In the minstrels and bards of primitive peoples, in the Greek Homer, the Roman Virgil, the Italian Dante, the English Shakespeare, the German Goethe and the French Victor Hugo, it is the poet who has sung his songs to the peasant in the darkness of his hut and to the king in the fierce light that beats upon his throne; it is the poet who has reached far beyond the trained eye and the superior intellect and has swept the elemental chords of passion lying deep in the hearts of all the children of men. When the rule of the architect, the chisel of the sculptor and the brush of the painter rest useless forever in the cold fingers of their dead masters, the voice of the poet joins the choir invisible, and through all the following years maintains its power to stir the human soul and make the hearts of men throb with a divine ecstacy.

What is the place which the poet occupies with regard to the nation? Is he not, to use Matthew Arnold's phrase, "the inspirer, the prophet and the comforter."

> "God gave all men all earth to love,
> But since our hearts are small,
> Ordained for each one spot should prove
> Beloved over all."

With equal truth it might be asserted that Divine Providence has ordained for each one tongue should prove beloved over all. In this province of language, through all the changing scenes of a nation's development, it is the poet who has proved a mighty unifying and harmonizing agency by voicing that nation's triumphs, its aspirations, its joys and its sorrows in the potent speech of the common people of the land.

What has the poet done for the nation? He has given it a

voice. A nation may be pre-eminent in conquest, in territory, in institutions and in commercial enterprise, but if it cannot give expression to itself in the spoken and the written word, is it not but a dumb and a useless thing? "Yes, truly, it is a great thing for a nation that it get an articulate voice; that it produce a man who will speak forth melodiously what the heart of it means," writes Carlyle, and these words strike the very secret of a nation's contribution to the spiritual progress of the race. It is the poet who embodies in matchless symbols the natural and spiritual environment of a people speaking the one tongue, who sings of its struggles and its conquests, who heralds its hopes and its achievements, and in so doing, sends the nation's message ringing far over the centuries in deathless song. The highest invention, the purest taste, the noblest thought, the deepest passion and the keenest insight of a nation are crystallized by the poet into wondrous gems of utterance that sparkle forever on the outstretched finger of time.

Homer sang of the incomparable beauty of the human form, the glorious deeds of ancient heroes, the launching of a thousand ships, the burning of the "topless towers of Ilium," and the Greeks, with the music of his eternal epic throbbing in their hearts, climbed such heights of literary, artistic and intellectual grandeur as have proudly defied the approach of each succeeding generation. Someone has said that Virgil, in his noble hexameters, has for all time "demonstrated the fact that poetry is superior to any other mode of artistic expression in embodying and perpetuating the true ideal of the national imagination and the deepest vein of national sentiment." In his poetry, the Latin love of power and order and symmetry is vividly reflected. His exquisitely polished measures glitter with all the splendor of imperial Rome. The beauties of the radiant landscape in old Italia are flashed out to us in many a golden phrase, and through all his music we hear the triumphant chorus of the Pax Romana which has so marvellously enriched the heritage of the human race.

More than any other modern that is known to us, Shakespeare, the greatest word-artist England has ever seen, provides

an illustrious example of the fact that the poet, above all else, is a voice sounding forth its evangel in clearest notes of song. The critics tell us that we have no letter of his writing, no record of his conversation, and no character sketch of him drawn with any fulness by a contemporary. Yet in that voice of Shakespeare's what a breadth of interest and intensity of power are readily revealed! Wonderful messages has that voice proclaimed to the nation. From these messages the English people have learned that the great virtues of invincible fidelity and unwearied love at last triumph over the dark passions of the human heart. From that voice, wherever it has been heard, people have been apprised of the eternal value of true nobility and sterling worth. Truth crushes falsehood into the dust, love conquers life and even death, and loyalty shines untarnished to the very end.

Mark the potent warning in "The Tempest," that last message ere the chill touch of death sealed forever the lips of the sweet singer. How the transience of earthly life, the vanity of human pride and the fickleness of worldly pomp and display are brought into true perspective as the voice of Shakespeare's settled wisdom gives note in those stately measures:

> "The cloud-capp'd towers, the gorgeous palaces,
> The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
> Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
> And like this insubstantial pageant faded,
> Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
> As dreams are made on; and our little life
> Is rounded with a sleep."

England and Shakespeare, the English people and the English poet, what power can ever break the loving bondage by which the twain have been united? The nation is transfigured, immortalized in the poet.

> "On his forehead climb
> The crowns o' the world, O eyes sublime
> With tears and laughter for all time."

Coming to the Victorian era of poetry, we hear the songs of Tennyson and Browning. From the maze of scientific doubt,

the dullness of sordid materialism and the carking care of industrial expansion, they lifted their fellow-countrymen and inspired the hearts of Englishmen with a new delight in life, with fresh hope and love and faith and trust by trilling sweet melodies like that of little Pippa,

> "The year's at the spring,
> And day's at the morn:
> Morning's at seven;
> The hillside's dew-pearled:
> The lark's on the wing:
> The snail's on the thorn:
> God's in His heaven—
> All's right with the world."

Do we not recall the thrill that swept the hearts of the English people throughout the world when Rudyard Kipling a few years ago launched forth the burning words of his "Recessional."

> "God of our fathers, known of old,
> Lord of our far-flung battle line,
> Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
> Dominion over palm and pine—
> Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
> Lest we forget—lest we forget!"

Before leaving this subject, let us turn for a moment to consider the poet and the nation in our wide Canadian land. In this our day we stand upon the threshold of a truly remarkable era of national advancement and prosperity. The rising of Canada, this bright star of the West, is now attracting the gaze of the nations all over the globe. Our forests, our mines, our wheatfields constitute a rich heritage for the development and enjoyment of Canada's sons and daughters. It appears to be almost universally conceded that the twentieth century belongs to Canada. May it not be then that this century holds for our nation a Homer, a Virgil or a Shakespeare. Who shall say us nay if we prophesy that from the mighty commingling of races within our borders there shall arise a poet who will send forth the message of our nation to her sisters, "the Queens of the East and the South."

While we rejoice in the bright future that is opening up for our Dominion, while we look forward hopefully to the day when a truly great epic or drama shall find place in Canadian literature, let us not neglect our Canadian poets of to-day. We hear sweet fragments of lyrical song in many parts of our homeland. In Carman and Roberts, we hear the surge of the tides along the Atlantic seaboard, the murmuring of the pines in the Acadian forests and the joyous carolling of the birds in the swift-fleeting summer. In Campbell and Lampman, Nature calls us "out from the troubled, toil-ridden city" to her fields and forests,

> "Where the voices of grief and of battle are dumb,
> And the whole world laughs with the light of her mirth."

In the French of Louis Frechette and the habitant dialect of Dr. Drummond, we listen to the songs of our light-hearted, generous, and intensely loyal French-Canadian brothers and sisters. In Service there come to us the elemental voicings of man in his fierce wooing of the Mistress of the Northland. With Robert Stead the ever-expanding prairie life of the Western plains is finding sweet and vibrant utterance.

Shall we not hearken to the call of Canadian lyrists in the poetry of to-day. Turning away from the counting-house and the market-place, "from the din and the glare of the street," closing our eyes to the tinsel and foppery of mere worldly advancement, let us become as little children with our poets, that we may behold with rarest delight the utter loveliness of nature's adorning in this fair land of ours; that we may apprehend the undercurrent of human love and loyalty in the hearts of our Canadian sons and daughters, and that into our daily life may come the eternal spirit of wisdom, guiding us to the attainment of such ideals of truth and beauty and righteousness as shall ensure a glorious destiny for our Canada, the homeland that we love.

THOMAS WEARING, '09.

TOOTH AND CLAW.

N the cold, clear grey of the winter's dawn the naked, icy branches of the trees shivered rattlingly. Out from among their trunks a red fox trotted, with ears pricked, nose high, and tail waving jauntily behind. The chill wind brought to him, from a snow-encrusted brush-pile, the scent of warm, living, furry meat. He lowered his head and crept stealthily up wind.

Almost instantly four hares burst from their covert, like fragments of a bombshell. Three of them, unpursued, speedily lost themselves in the underbrush, while the fourth, with ears laid back and eyes wide, scudded away from the fox.

For some time he fled, apparently without aim, among the trees. Arriving finally upon a runway, he turned and sped along it, the snow spurting in cloudlets at every bound. Under spreading and snow-laden spruce, over drifted and hidden logs, through barbed and naked blackberry, he flew. The woods grew more open, the beech and birch gave place to ash and tamarac, and suddenly the hare shot through a clump of brush and out over the frozen surface of a marsh.

The runway led straight across the bog, and the hare, a tiny fluff of white down, almost indistinguishable in that broad expanse of snow, ate up the miles in bounds that left a triangular group of footmarks every twelve feet. In an incredibly short space of time he had crossed the marsh and had plunged through the tamarac which skirted the shore.

It was uphill work and told cruelly. As he reached the top of the hill, a bare, wind-swept rock, his spirits flagged. He threw a glance over his palpitating shoulder. Across the marsh, now sparkling in the light of the newly-risen sun, the fox was skimming, his tail floating gracefully on one side. The hare dashed forward with renewed vigor.

Some distance in front of him there was a rude H made of unbarked lengths of sapling. On either side of the runway rose an upright connected by a crossbar held in place by two deep

notches cut in the uprights. A stout sapling was bent over the crossbar, fastened by a thread of copper wire, while below the bar a noose of wire hung free. In the pink light of morning the wire glistened like threads of gossamer.

Over the hilltop sped the fox, and at the sight the hare's flagging energy redoubled. From a mound of snow on one side of the path a startled grouse whirred to the shelter of the trees. The hare gave no heed to it, but plunged forward in fifteen-foot bounds. Straight between the uprights he flew. Instantly the noose tightened, hurling the hare high into the air with dislocated neck, wrenching the crossbar loose, and freeing the sapling, which straightened smartly. For a moment the hare kicked spasmodically, then hung pitifully limp, swinging slowly back and forth upon the wire.

The fox stopped short with a ludicrous yelp. He sniffed the air, then lowered his brush, and trotted off to investigate the partridges which the hare had started up. Soon there was no motion along the runway save for the stiffening figure that swung slightly upon the wire.

Of the three remaining hares one had imprudently ventured to cross the marsh. He bounded slowly, drifting like a snow-cloud over the glistening surface of the swamp. From a tall dead tamarac a large white bird which had been perching like a lump of snow in the branches detached itself. With noiseless, swiftly pulsing pinions, it drew near. Suddenly it spread its wings and swooped down. The hare gave a long leap forward, then flattened upon the snow. The owl's feathered talons swept above him and it flapped up into the air to swoop again. The hare scudded ahead. Thirty or forty feet he gained before the snowy death above him shot down a second time. Again the hare flattened and again the owl missed, its sharp, cruel hooks furrowing the snow.

The hare made the best of the miss. His long, low leaps carried him swiftly toward the cover of a tiny island of spruce not a hundred feet away. By the time the owl was again in position the distance was reduced by half. Again the broad wings were spread and the fierce yellow eyes and terrible curved

chisels shot down upon the flattening hare. When just above him the owl extended his cruel talons. Two red furrows they ploughed, then gripped, and the hare, squeaking feebly, was borne into the air, his legs trailing short lines in the snow.

For a time the two remaining hares gambolled in peace. Then from out the dark of the trunks a lithe ermine bounded, its form, save for the ebony tail-tip, almost indistinguishable against the snow. As before, the hares separated, but the cruel red eyes had marked their choice, and the sinuous, snake-like body wound rapidly in that direction. In a few seconds both stoat and hare had disappeared amid the snow-encrusted brushwood.

The one unhunted hare dodged in and out among the thickets. Passing beneath the snow-laden branches of a stunted spruce, he came upon the runway, along which he loped in a leisurely, innocent fashion. The path led almost directly under the branches of a lifeless oak. Flattened upon one of the gnarled limbs lay a dingy beast of a stained and dappled grey, with tufted ears, and glinting yellow eyes bent fiercely and hungrily upon the approaching hare. As the little animal drew nearer the lynx slowly drew in its forepaws and arched its back. The claws sank into the bark, the short tail quivered, and the body became rigid because of the tense steel muscles.

The hare stopped uneasily, as if instinctively aware of danger, and then ran a short distance ahead. The slanting sun cast across his path the shadow of the oak. Hardly had he crossed it when, like a grey bolt, the lynx shot downward. There was a thud, a vicious crunch, a smothered squeak, and the great cat half buried itself in the snow. Then he arose, caught the lacerated body in his mouth, and trotted off to enjoy the meal in the denser woods.

For a long time the woods were silent. The short yellow twilight faded to grey and the grey deepened into darkness. In the gloom strange noises began to make themselves heard: the rattle of tiny claws against dry bark, the weird creaking of frozen trees, the distant harsh cry of a jay, and faintly the whirr of a startled grouse. With a sudden sweep of velvet wings an owl swooped over the path and into the dark.

A gaunt, shaggy shadow slipped beneath the trunks, sniffed, turned a pair of gleaming green eyes upon the disordered snow, and passed beyond. A deer tripped daintily across the runway and into the darkness of the forest. From the distance a prolonged and melancholy howl shuddered through the night.

Through the dark a soft, regular crunching became audible, grew, and resolved itself into the mingled click, creak and shuffle of snowshoes. A moment later a lightly burdened trapper stepped out from the trees, paused over the tumbled pit of snow, stooped, and prepared with practised swiftness to set a trap.

Far down the runway labored the last of the four hares. For a space he sped directly along the path, then turned about abruptly, toiled back, crouched, and hurled himself, with all the might of his heavily-muscled hind legs, to one side. Recovering himself, he ran between the trunks to a hollow log half hidden beneath the snow, in which he crouched panting. Hot upon his trail bounded the weasel. For a time he nosed about the runway, then darted forward upon the hare, which, seeing himself discovered, burst, too late, in a cloud of snow from his covert. The next instant the lithe, snake-like neck of the stoat curved and, unbending, brought the cruel head down upon the hare's neck.

Meanwhile Pierre had all but finished his task. Hidden beneath the snow, crouched the cruellest engine in the wild—the steel trap. As Pierre bent over it, to put the finishing touch, his quick ear caught a faint patter upon the runway. A moment later the rabbit, dazed by the blood-sucking little fiend clinging to his throat, staggered, pitched, and fell almost within reach of the trapper's hands, while the stoat, unawed by the presence of an enemy it scarcely knew, clung vampire-like to its helpless victim. Pierre caught up his axe and swung it down, back foremost, upon the weasel. Then, as the hare struggled to its feet and made off, he smiled pityingly, and stripped the downy white skin from the ermine's body. A moment later, swinging his pack to his shoulders, Pierre recommenced his homeward tramp; and before the swift crunching of his snowshoes had died away into the silence of the night the hare had dragged himself exhausted to the shelter of the brushpile.

Lee Wilson Smith, '12.

WENONAH.

HE stood beneath the shadow of the dark, rugged pines that for long ages had guarded the land of her fathers. She was beautiful. The setting sun's roseate rays shimmering through the trees and playing in light and shadow about her, gleamed on her shining black hair, glowed on her dark cheeks, and shone like fire in her deep luminous eyes. She was a child of nature. From the merry streamlets and the wild, rapid river she had drawn her youthful buoyancy; like the flowers of the forest, she had grown lissome and graceful; from the ancient, rugged pines she had caught the spirit of fearless, unshrinking resolution. Beautiful, indeed, was Wenonah, the pride of the Ojibways!

Suddenly she started and listened. Yes, someone was coming. Smoothing back her hair that the wind had ruffled, her dark eyes bright with eager expectancy, she waited. Intuitively she knew the footsteps, and her voice rang out through the evening air in a glad song of welcome to the hunter returning with his spoil. Homeward, through the shadowed glade, with great strides, came a tall, stalwart figure, almost gigantic in the twilight. The feathers and skins of his costume, and, much more, the stalwart strength, the fearless eye, and the very bearing of authority and command bespoke a man of no mean rank. It was Paumaujewong, the skilful hunter, the great warrior, the fearless young chieftain of the Ojibways. As he saw Wenonah the beautiful waiting there to welcome him he quickened his stride until he had reached her, and humbly laid the spoils of the day's hunt at her feet. Then, turning, he revealed to Wenonah the presence of a stranger, whom she, in her eagerness to welcome her chieftain, had not noticed.

At the same time, at the sound of voices, there emerged from a wigwam in the shadow of the trees an old man. His body was bent under the weight of years; his face bore the marks of many

a battle, and his eye gleamed yet with the fiery pride of his youth, when he had been a proud Ojibway warrior. The old man glanced affectionately at his granddaughter and her betrothed; then, as he noticed the stranger, his face expressed the same wonder and curiosity as did Wenonah's. Surely this was one of the pale-faces, of whom they had lately heard but never seen!

Paumaujewong, in answer to their unspoken enquiry, replied that he had found the stranger wearily, hopelessly wandering about in the forest, and had brought him to the camp that had never failed to give of its hospitality to a stranger in distress. Scarcely less had been the wonder of the stranger as he gazed at Wenonah. How surprising to find in the depths of the forest a creature so beautiful! His admiring gaze as Wenonah welcomed him in her sweet language and then left them to prepare the necessary hospitality, did not escape the keen eyes of Paumaujewong.

That night, and many nights afterward, when the red men assembled around the camp-fire to see the pale-face who had come into their midst, he told them, in their own language, though brokenly, many stories of the white men who had come from a great country far across the sea, and who were going to build great cities in the Indians' country. Ever, as he talked, his eyes would turn to the beautiful Wenonah. She fascinated him. There was a mysterious glamor for him about this lovely Indian maiden in her wild surroundings. And Wenonah felt her eyes drawn irresistibly to his face, as if he cast over her a kind of spell that made her shudder and fear this man who seemed to take away her blithe freedom and make her his unwilling captive. Yet she scorned this pale-face. She was proud of her strong warrior race, and proudest of its chief, her brave Paumaujewong. This pale, weakling stranger, what was he?

Day after day passed, and still the stranger lingered, until the old warrior grew wary and watched him with suspicious eye; until Paumaujewong stealthily, jealously observed the ill-concealed, passionate admiration for Wenonah; until Wenonah grew anxious, even terrified under his watchful, bewitching eye.

One evening they sat as usual around the camp-fire. A

shadow, a feeling of constraint, seemed to have fallen over them. Suddenly, as the flames illumined the face of Wenonah, Paumaujewong saw the terrified expression, and, instantly divining the cause, started up in wrath to strike down the author of it. Before he had reached the stranger, however, the old grandfather cried out:

"Peace, Paumaujewong. Wouldst thou kill one who came to us in distress, and is now a guest of mine? Peace, I command thee!"

Paumaujewong obeyed, but the stranger knew, from the fire in the young chief's eyes, that it was but nominal obedience—the Indian would but bide his time!

The next morning great was the relief when it was discovered that the white man had gone. Gone with him were all the constraint and anxiety of the last few days. Once more the old man sat outside his wigwam in the bright morning sun, and watched Wenonah's joyous, light movements as she fulfilled her simple duties or wandered light-hearted, light-footed through the glade. Once more, Paumaujewong went forth gladly to spear the fish and hunt the deer.

One bright morning Wenonah tripped along beside her lover as he started off for a day's fishing down the Otonabee River. When they reached the river Paumaujewong began to load the canoe. Wenonah, as she watched him, suddenly shuddered. A strange terror seized her. Involuntarily she started and turned, almost expecting to see near her the white man who always before had inspired such a terror. And he was there! Surrounded by a band of white men, he was standing within a few feet of her and pointing a gleaming weapon at the unsuspecting Paumaujewong. There came to her the sudden remembrance of the last night around the camp-fire, and the realization that the uplifted weapon meant danger for her lover. Instantly, resolutely, she stepped directly between the two enemies. At the same instant there was the report of a gun. Paumaujewong, startled, turned, just as Wenonah fell at his feet. He saw the face of the white man horrorstruck at his own work; then, furious, unmindful of the fact that he would be one amongst

many, he sprang fiercely at his enemy. But one stroke, and the pale-face was pale indeed, with the ghastly pallor of death! Then, swift as an arrow from his own swift bow, Paumaujewong darted into the forest. He heard the branches break behind him as the avengers of the white man pursued him. The fleet-footed Indian youth sped deeper and deeper into the forest and left his pursuers to give up the chase in the apparently hopeless attempt to find their way back to the river-side.

After some time the death-like stillness recalled to him the scene he had just left. Like a wild, hunted thing, in his mad flight he had lost all thought of aught besides his self-preservation. Then, again, he saw Wenonah, his beautiful, gladsome Wenonah, lying silent, motionless, her life given for his. In that thought he forgot his personal fear; and his love for her, greater than his former concern for his own safety, urged him on.

When he reached the river-side the scene was desolate. The pursuers were still wandering in the forest. On the beach lay the pale-faced stranger, dead; near him, the wounded Wenonah, just as she had fallen when the bullet struck her. He lifted her with infinite tenderness, and with weary footstops bore her up the glade to the wigwam, and laid her at the feet of the old warrior.

That summer day was long for the two who watched by the unconscious form of the Indian maiden. When the setting sun lighted up in glorious splendor the red man's paradise, Wenonah heard the call of the Great Spirit and gladly departed to the Happy Hunting-ground.

When the sun had set, the glory, the light, and the joy had gone from Paumaujewong's heart. Out of the wigwam into the darkness he glided. Immediately he was seized and surrounded by his pursuers of the morning. They had given up the pursuit as hopeless, and had rightly divined that they would find him with Wenonah. They had expected resistance, but that night he was passive; his life and strength were broken. The explanation by one of the officers that he was arrested for murder came to ears that heard not, a heart that cared not. The silent trip with the pale-faces, down the dark, wild Otonabee; his imprison-

ment in the strange little military town of Presqu' Isle; his removal to another town far up the lake, were to him as the events of a dream. Then, when the summer was over, they told him that he would have to be taken back to be tried in his own district.

So, one autumn day, there set forth from the village of York a sailing vessel with an unusual list of passengers—judge, jury, prisoner, witness, and the whole court retinue. The prisoner sat apart, wretched, lifeless. On the last night, when they were within a few miles of their destination, the harbor of Presqu' Isle, a strong north-west gale, the first storm of the season, swept down over the lake. Then for the first time, when the storm raged, in the blackness of the night, Paumaujewong woke from his stupor. In the voice of the wind he seemed to hear the Great Spirit saying to him, "Thou shalt avenge the life of Wenonah; the life of Wenonah shalt thou avenge!"

All on board marvelled at the change that had taken place in the prisoner. They were terror-stricken in the storm; he seemed fearless, even rejoicing in the peril. If only they could once enter the harbor they would be safe; but it was difficult to do that, even in calm weather. There was only a narrow channel at the south-east, where the long arm of Presqu' Isle almost reached over the mainland; and on both sides the shores were desolate and rocky.

Suddenly there was a commotion on the ship; the pilot had lost his bearings. In their despair they remembered the Indian's almost infallible ability to find his way in the darkest night; and they trusted the helm to Paumaujewong. Why did they not see the terrible revenge that gleamed in his eye? He guided the helm, and that night a ship and all on board were lost. As Paumaujewong heard the roaring of the wind, the surging of the waves, the crashing of the ship on the rocks and the shrieks of the drowning, he heard above all the voice of the Great Spirit, "Thou hast avenged the death of Wenonah; thou mayest seek her in the Happy Hunting-ground."

Olive A. Cross, '12.

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Editorial Notes.

Prize Story Competition.

The Monthly herewith announces to graduate and undergraduate readers its Sixth Prize Story Competition. Last year proved very successful in both the number and quality of literary contributions in connection with this competition. We expect even greater things during the present year. In order to encourage the younger generation of graduates the competition is limited to those who have graduated since 1896.

Appended are rules governing the contest:

1. All stories must be in the hands of the managing editor not later than January 1, 1910.

2. The writing must be legible and on one side of the paper only.

3. Stories must not contain more than 2,500 words. Competitors must certify that their stories satisfy this condition.

4. Prizes will not be given in any case unless stories submitted are deemed worthy of publication.

5. The Board reserves the right to publish any or all of the stories submitted.

First Contest.—For graduates in Arts and Theology, of a year not earlier than 1896, and any others who have been in attendance at McMaster University: 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars.

Second Contest.—For undergraduates in Arts and Theology (not including graduates in Arts now registered in Theology): 1st prize, ten dollars; 2nd prize, five dollars; 3rd prize, three dollars.

It is largely true that in the university courses of this continent there is at present a tendency to lay too much emphasis on the practical and too little on the cultural. In this city of Toronto hundreds of students are hurrying through a college curriculum and choosing only those subjects which to them hold promise of a substantial competence within a very few years after graduation. Such a procedure inevitably makes for intellectual narrowness and self-complacency. The doctrine of formal discipline is long ago laid in the dust. A university training should leave the student with accurate information in some special field of intellectual research, coupled with an intelligent comprehension of the general advancement of human knowledge.

The visit of Mrs. Emmeline Pankhurst to Toronto this month is significant of the widely spreading agitation for woman suffrage. The sponsors of this movement no doubt deserve hearty commendation for zealous enterprise and fearless militancy, yet the *modus operandi* of the general propaganda would appear to warrant severe criticism. The mob method is not calculated to win the approval and support of a sane, enlightened citizenship in this country or elsewhere.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. MCGREGOR, '10.

"The last red leaf is whirl'd away,
The rooks are blown about the skies."

UTUMN has come to us again. The sun has lost his accustomed genial warmth in the passage through snowy puffs of cloud. The pale Lady of Heaven, unheeding of mortals, silently, persistently, ploughs her path through the steel-grey canopy overhead. Below, earth takes to her bosom the same chill spirit: the ground congeals, the leaves drop and decay, the wind dismally moans, the birds are gone. The ivy garland of our walls has felt the icy touch, and its benumbed fingers have released the glowing leaves, until nothing but a trellised framework remains. Desolation reigns without.

But within the College walls no such dreary feeling is in evidence. Perhaps the inhospitable conditions outside have driven us to fraternize more closely; if so, the elements have performed a real service. For there is a danger that in our sojourn within the Hall we may neglect to cultivate the social instinct in the endeavor to win too many "firsts." It is good to put away, now and then, our self-absorption, and enter sincerely and sympathetically into the other fellow's life. Hear these words from the Sage of Boston: "Good dressing, quiet ways, low tones of voice, lips that can wait, and eyes that do not wander—shyness of personalities, except in certain intimate communions—to be *light in hand* in conversation, to have ideas, but to be able to make talk, if necessary, without them—to belong to the company you are in, and not to yourself. I should say this was a fair capital of manners to begin with."

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

Culture does not come to us when worried to distraction over essays, lectures, examinations. We can learn much in this regard from the habit of Old World university students. Not so much

hurry and bustle. We need to take time to "knit up the ravell'd sleave" of our multitudinous activities, and so achieve the completer, more meaningful life.

Here endeth the first reading (and last, we opine!) of our preachment.

The Reading Room.—The reading room of McMaster is more inviting and interesting this year than ever before. Encased in a conspicuous position opposite the Kerr Challenge Shield is R. L. Kerr's permanent trophy to the McMaster Literary Society, for having won three years in succession the Kerr Inter-College Debating Shield. This trophy is in the form of an embossed shield, with a background of ebony and a silver scroll over the top. The names of McMaster's debating champions are also inscribed upon it, namely: 1906-07—R. C. Bensen, B.A., J. B. McLaurin, B.A., H. R. Nobles, B.A., F. S. Beddow, B.A. 1907-08—W. A. Scott, '09; M. H. Long, '08; R. C. Bensen, B.A., J. B. McLaurin, B.A. 1908-09—N. S. McKechnie, B.A., A. Ward, '11; W. A. Scott, '09; G. S. Jury, '09.

To the left of the Kerr Challenge Shield is exhibited another debating trophy in the form of a cup, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by Arts' 09, to McMaster University Debating Society for inter-year debating competition. 1908-09, won by Arts, '10." The men who represented Arts, '10, in winning the cup were R. C. Crowe, Joseph Wearing, Roy Weaver, J. E. Anderson.

The reading room has also the addition of new tables, chairs, reading ledges, newspaper racks, together with some new periodicals.

The professor who enjoined a student in Homiletics to read Colossians *again* surely paid a very graceful compliment to the student's acquaintance with Scripture.

Department of Physics.—An outstanding feature of the policy of the University is the continued importance that is being given to science. This year the Physics Department especially has received attention. A new optical laboratory has been equipped with a complete optical bench, giving ample opportunity for an accurate examination of such interesting phenomena as the interference, diffraction and polarisation of light. Many other valuable instruments have been added, such as a photographic lens tester, a micrometer microscope, a Lummer and Gehrcke parallel plate spectroscope and an interferometer,

while surpassing all these in quality of workmanship and varied adaptability is a complete spectrometer—the best that can be procured—comprising the ordinary spectrometer, spectrograph, polariscope, together with an attachment composed of quartz lenses and prisms for examining ultra-violet light. Nor is the optical department receiving attention to the neglect of other branches. During the present term Professor Hogg expects to have installed a storage battery, a dynamo and generator, as well as a metal turning lathe and carpenter's bench; while a year from now will very likely find the department with a new electrical laboratory well equipped for advanced study in that field. Progressiveness and stability are evidenced by the fact that the University prefers to obtain fewer instruments of the best quality of workmanship instead of littering the laboratories with a multitude of inferior apparatus.

Professor in Economics (after hearing for some time the echoes of a freshman class meeting in the room above)—"If those fellows had as much in their heads as they appear to have in their feet they would be a smart lot."

Amazonian Warfare.—John Ruskin has said this of woman: "Her great function is Praise; she enters into no contest, but infallibly judges the crown of contest." It was a custom in ancient chivalry that the knight's armor should be buckled on by his lady's hand before he entered into conflict. We will not argue whether circumstances alter cases, but merely record the change in custom marked by the entrance into the annual Soph.-Freshmen Field Day jousts, of female belligerents, who

> "Like Amazons come tripping after drums,
> Their thimbles into armed gauntlets change,
> Their needles to lances, and their gentle hearts
> To fierce and bloody inclination."

He Had Been There.—A student was somewhat laboriously reciting the lines, "Tears, idle tears." He struggled on in hesitating fashion till he came to the line, "Dear as remembered kisses after death," then his voice took a more lifelike tone, his look became reminiscent as he said, "Dear as remembered kisses after dark."

The Student Volunteer Band.—The first meeting of the Student Volunteer Band for the year was held on October 15th, with an attendance of twenty. E. J. Chave, B.A., the President

of the Band, outlined the plans for the year. It is proposed that the meetings be arranged to help solve the problems of each member. This is to be accomplished by round-table discussions, devotional meetings, and by consultation with those who have been in active service.

The subject of the meeting held October 22nd was "The Call of Foreign Mission Work." Following two opening papers, four new members told in a helpful manner how they had been led to volunteer for foreign work.

Mr. P. A. McDiarmid, B.A. (McMaster, '03) gave a very helpful talk at the meeting of October 29th, to which everybody was invited. Mr. McDiarmid has for some time been a missionary in the Congo. In his talk he emphasized the necessity of thorough preparation before entering upon foreign work, and urged that the mental phase of preparation should not be minimized, but that great attention be paid to it, even if planning to work among comparatively unenlightened peoples.

"The Sun Do Move."—Realistic methods of teaching are being introduced into Fourth Year Astronomy. At a recent lecture, while the Professor remarked that "the *sun* moves slowly along the ecliptic," by design, devilment or destiny, his son, for once tardy, entered the lecture room and moved slowly to his accustomed rear pew.

Debating Society.—That the debating spirit is just as buoyant and enthusiastic as ever was evidenced by the banner attendance at the opening meeting, which was held on the afternoon of October 30th.

President E. T. Newton opened the meeting with a few remarks which emphasized the intrinsic value of this Society, not only in promoting the art of debating, but in cultivating ease in impromptu speaking.

The subject, "Resolved, That Canada should contribute directly to the British navy instead of establishing a navy of her own," was argued on the affirmative by J. E. Anderson, '10, and on the negative by R. Weaver, '10. Messrs. C. R. Duncan, B.A., and A. Ward, '10, acted as judges and decided in favor of the negative. Professor G. H. Campbell acted as critic, and his kindly but incisive comments on the matter and style of the speeches were greeted with appreciative applause.

Music Hath Charms.—That the freshies are susceptible to music was shown by an incident in the Field Day parade. So

overwrought were their emotions by the pathetic harmonies of "Dulce Domum" that their line reeled perceptibly, and only recovered when the band struck up the coaxing, mirthful strains of the Funeral March.

Auction Sale.—The annual sale of magazines by the Literary Society was held on October 21st and 28th. Mr. Thomas Wearing acted as auctioneer to the very evident satisfaction of all. His ready wit created much laughter and fun, amid which the periodicals were disposed of at varying prices. It is rumored that a bid was received from a freshman, but it should be explained that this unusual occurrence was due to the fact that the article for sale was a *Saturday Night* in the Ladies' Room.

At one time a somewhat heated discussion took place between the auctioneer and the "Bard of Avon" as to whether the latter had bid five or ten cents for the *Western Baptist*, but the auctioneer finally arrived at the highly cogent conclusion that after all the discussion was really vain, as the aforesaid Bard had only five cents, and the paper was accordingly declared sold to him at that price. The total receipts amounted to $46.65, which will defray almost the entire expense of the Reading Room.

Dear Mr. Editor: "If any man see a need let him supply it." In accordance with this, his own request, we beg leave to reply to our "Socialistic brother" Diogenes, who appears to be one of those fellows whom he himself describes as "a one-armed man with a bad case of hives," or, in other words, one tickled to death with himself. It is evident to all who took account of that bald, disjointed chat of his that he was attempting to elicit sympathy for his own delinquency rather than to point out the injustice (falsely so called) of the various societies. Despite his long dissertation on true morality, we would consider him ethically unsound, for "tumbling through the broken ice and being unable to swim, touching rock bottom," "when he passes away forever from our midst," how could he do otherwise than pass in his last check, and how could the action be said to have any moral worth? It may seem strange that a man of such high ideals as Diogenes has never been called upon to manage one of these societies.

Let it be borne in mind that men who collect the fees appeal to loyalty first; when that fails, and it sometimes does, they appeal to selfishness by showing "that it is impossible to work out your own salvation without their aid." Let us not forget

that it is what we think "not" and what we do "not" that makes us what we are.

Finally, Mr. Editor, in the beginning of his harangue instinct said, "But stop!" Why didn't he?

JUNIUS JUNIOR.

THE OLD CLOCK ON THE STAIRS.—This interesting phenomenon is visible at certain times with the aid of a powerful dark-dispelling telescope. When thus seen, some slight calculation is neeessary before standard time can be computed. Here is the rule: When the hands point to 9.12 and the gong sounds, it is highly probable that true observatory time is nearer 9.45 than 9.30 o'clock.

MR. EDITOR: May I ask a few questions? *Inter omnes constat* that he who asks questions says nothing; and he who says nothing cannot be accused of saying anything which does not come within the narrow confines of truth; nor can such an one be accused of saying that which will offend anyone. Accordingly, I shall ask questions.

First, are the comments or suggestions which we so often find written (neatly or otherwise) upon the margin of magazine or newspaper articles meant to be instructive, or are they the result of a day-dream upon the part of the author's self-appointed critic? If they are meant to be instructive, would it not be better to make them what they are intended to be; if written in a day-dream, would it not be possible for the dreamer to form the habit of pulling out his note-book when he feels the first symptoms?

While every new popular song which appears is being hummed by every student immediately after its first "appearance," how is it that, if in chapel a hymn is announced which has not been sung at least twice—perhaps oftener—during the last three weeks, there is sure to be a "break-down" before the end of the second line is reached? Is there no remedy? Who will volunteer?

Perhaps some do not know that it is customary for a person leaving the table to excuse himself; if so, is it *ever* too late to learn? Moreover, if there is something at the other end of the table which is desired, would it not be better to ask for it than to reach for it? Is it not probable that the fellow next you has the same tastes as yourself, and would appreciate your passing the good things along?

DIOGENES.

The "Lit."—With the opening session of the Literary Society on October 15th the machinery of the University is again in complete working order. The Society's President, Mr. R. C. Crowe, addressed the congregated student body with much fervor and enthusiasm. After honoring '09 for their splendid efforts on behalf of the "Lit.," he welcomed the newcomers, inviting them to avail themselves of the advantages the Society offers. A piano solo, masterfully rendered by Miss Ruth Denovan, '11, opened the enjoyments of the evening. The programme was continued by a vocal solo given by Miss Kellock, '11, which was heartily applauded. The President announced an intermission of twenty minutes to give opportunity to the freshmen to acquaint themselves with co-education *in actu*. While our Don Juans with dauntless courage mingled amongst the multi-colored throngs of co-eds, the freshmen held themselves aloof and only the bravest of the brave amongst them were persuaded to join the galaxy. In a few minutes tête-à-têtes were formed, and refreshments served. Only too soon the allotted time passed and everybody was much disappointed when the President asked W. L. Iveson, '10, and A. T. Mercer, '10, to delight the audience with a trombone duet, which ended the evening's program.

S. S. Picnic.—The stately Seniors' picnic was a huge success. The invitations were unique and classical, being based on the fable of Tantalus and the fruits which ever swung their branches away as he reached to grasp. The delicate allusion was not, however, appreciated by all. A jolly bunch boarded the already crowded street cars on the afternoon of October 9th. In the jam one party is reported to have stepped into a basket of grapes; but luckily, a generous plaster of waterproof "Two-in-One" previously applied saved the shoes from permanent injury. At length Lambton Mills was reached, a thoroughly joyful afternoon was spent, and after much playing, feasting and toasting, the tired picnickers betook themselves to Piousburg

> "Whilst Phoebus pure
> In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure."

Banquet to Year '13.—Thirteen, so the muses declare, made its advent under a luckless star; but, star or no star, Class '13 mocked the fates by responding to the sophomores' invitation and meandering into a popular down-town grub garden, leading with all the gallantry of professional "lady killers" the wealth of face and intellect represented by freshette and sophette. It

hardly behooves us to detail the sumptuous menu provided, but suffice it to say that all seized the opportunity to add to their income with a vigor that did ample justice to everything concerned. We must hasten on to those purveyors of mental pabulum who so enlivened the occasion. When Mr. H. R. H. Silcox, the toastmaster, announced that the dramatic moment had arrived, the glasses were filled to greet the guests of the evening. The proposal was gracefully executed by Mr. E. Whan, to which Mr. E. W. Quinn responded in admirable fashion. To the Ladies: Mr. E. D. Campbell. His words were weighty with experience and replete with wit. With a rare quality of platform magnetism, Miss McLaurin, in her reply, held everyone spellbound. The Faculty was then toasted by Mr. Fred Shields, whose words were to the wise sufficient. Alma Mater found a splendid exponent in Mr. A. C. Bingham. The presence of two members of the faculty, Professor Findlay and Professor G. H. Campbell, was highly appreciated, and their replies to the toasts to Faculty and Alma Mater gave the embryonic orators fine examples of what after-dinner speaking should be.

SPASM NO. 2.

The self-same senior, who, to his despite,
Would have a Prof. ranked as a first-year wight;
Essayed the angling of a fresh sophette,
(For all are angel fish when in his net).
Dame Rumor whispers that 'twas up his nit,
To see the damsel safely home from Lit;
But inexperienced maidens fail to note,
It takes some time to get a fellow's coat.
Poor senior when he reached the "Ladies Room,"
Behold! a place as empty as the moon;
And then was added to the desolation,
A freshman's "Stung!" with mocking iteration.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS JACKSON, '11.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
Of girls for ever speaking,
That nothing of itself will come,
But we must still be seeking?"

THE DREAM OF A FAIR CO-ED.—Outline of a drama which might be successfully played in Castle Memorial Hall, students and professors of McMaster University representing the different characters:

Time: The present; Scene: Ladies' sitting-room; Moral: Obvious.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

The Fair Co-ed—Star; a Theologue, Fairy Godmother.
Seniors, juniors, sophettes, freshettes, hall loiterers, stage hands, etc.

ACT ONE—THE VALUE OF EXPERIENCE.

As the curtain rises, a huge, desolate room is disclosed. On one side is a row of bleak, overgrown windows; on the other, a shutless door opens on the corridor beyond. A settee sprawls in one corner, and in the corner opposite sprawls another settee. On the exact centre of the pale, sickish floor lies a puny mat, which, however, is nobly shielded by a long operating table, whose broad shoulders are piled high with burdens of every sort—books, pads, magazines, pens, ink-bottles, gloves, elbows, letters, etc. A few kitchen chairs (any cast-off seats will serve the purpose) squat here and there, and departed and undeparted saints gaze from the walls.

A gong sounds in the corridor. Enter Fair Co-ed, followed by a troop of gowned students. All fumble feverishly at operating-table, as if in search of something, while Fair Co-ed, gesticulating wildly, advances to footlights and sings, "Oh, where, oh, where has my history gone? Oh where, oh, where can it be?"

Freshette—Sure it isn't on the window-sill?

Sophette—Dive under that heap of magazines and you'll find it.

Junior—Under the sofa is a likely place.

Senior—My advice is an exhaustive search of the waste-basket, my dear.

Why had she not thought of that before? Fervent exclama-

tions of delight as the wayward book is reclaimed. The Star's joy is frantic. All join hands and dance around the benignant Senior, chanting. "A hasty glance could ne'er reveal the stuff she knows, knows, knows!"

Gong again. All march out, headed by the happy Co-ed; joyously waving the book aloft. Curtain.

Scene Two—The Intrusion.

Same. Enter Star slowly with her book, humming snatches of "There's no place like home here; there's no place like home." Wearily she paces the floor, glancing occasionally at sprawling settee. Exit a moment, presently reappearing with a large fur muff, which is poked into one corner of that imposing structure. With a long-drawn sigh, the curly pompadour is placed thereon, and Bible History absorbs her attention.

Enter fine, fresh Theologue, soliloquizing: "Ha! The portrait gallery! McMaster offers such unlimited opportunities for study. Here is unfolded to my admiring gaze true and noble faces that have trod these ancient halls, centuries since, mayhap— But (places forefinger on left nostril) unless my nose grossly deceive me, there is a strange chilliness in the existing atmosphere." Shivers, and sings in a baritone voice:

> This gallery here is rather cold;
> It may affect my nose.
> I ought to rub it hard, I'm told,
> To keep from getting froze.

Fair Co-ed here becomes conscious of a foreign object in the room. Hastily she smooths her ruffled pompadour with side-comb, replaces a stray hairpin or two; then springing to her feet, she flushes angrily and exclaims. "What right have you in here?"

Theologue—Ah, my dear madam, is not this a portion——?

Fair Co-ed (witheringly)—This room is *exclusively* for the *ladies!*

Exit Theologue immediately, if not sooner.

Fair Co-ed resumes her study. This time, a quartet of Hall Loiterers file past the doorway, bellowing a successful parody on "Peeping through the knothole in papa's wooden leg." entitled "Peeping through the Doorway of the Ladies' Sitting-room." Then, as the voices die away in great anguish, a chorus of co-eds behind the scenes answers with the familiar song. "Jeane, I wish that I had a room like the lucky fellows have." The Star, finding study impossible, sleeps. Curtain.

ACT TWO—THE DREAM.

A rosy light fills the room, disclosing the Fair Co-ed seated at operating-table. Enter Fairy Godmother (the Chancellor might take this role.) Thrice waving her magic wand over her head, she mysteriously taps each article of so-called furniture, upon which table, settees, kitchen chairs, puny mat and all, suddenly become animated and bounce out of the room, croaking:

Back, we're going way back,
Back to the ark for me.
This Hall may be a wonder,
But the girls don't want me any longer, Good-bye, etc.

(This ought to make a tremendous hit.) The fairy now follows out ideas suggested by the Star, and with the aid of a number of stage-hands pulling wires from below (nobody would guess they were members of the Faculty and Board of Governors), the whole place is soon transformed. A warmly-tinted rug reclines on the floor, and filmy curtains clothe the naked windows. Sofas, rockers, and study-tables appear, and, wonder of wonders, a huge fireplace pops into the wall, with a merry blaze already crackling therein.

But the thrilling climax arrives at the appearance of a spacious bookcase. Immediately all the stray books in the room rush madly for the shelves, shouting, "I love, I love, I love confusion, but oh, I love order ever so much better." (Applause from the gallery certain.)

Enter now a bevy of Co-eds, and a scene of dramatic excitement follows, as they view their transformed surroundings. Fairy Godmother is given a hearty cheer, and after a neat speech, disappears. The stagehands, panting after such nerve-racking wire-pulling, also appear, make long, flowery remarks, and withdraw. Curtains falls as Co-eds embrace one another joyfully for third time.

Scene Two—The Awakening.

Cold, cheerless scene of Act 1. It is essential that every dream have a corresponding awakening. The Fair Co-ed does awake, and her sorrow thereat will occasion a persistent use of the pocket-handkerchief. Here is an opportunity for strong emotional acting.

But limited space forbids more details.

It is impossible to conceive any adequate impression of this drama by the bare outline we have given. Like the Ladies' Sitting-room at McMaster, the above is but a *skeleton*.

Y.W.C.A.—There is one meeting only to be reported this month. After the usual Scripture lesson, Miss Mayme Montgomery gave an excellent paper on Jezebel, the first of the women characters of the Bible to be studied this year. Miss Bedinger closed with prayer.

One day, in the privacy of her clothes-closet, and by the dim light of a flickering candle, Emerald Greene opened and read a letter which caused a variety of emotions to chase one another over her chubby face. By the aid of kind experience, she was able to decipher the following:

derest emmy,—i aint heerd from you for so long ime turrible blew. derey you dont no how mutch i think about you sense yo departed from my Life. i hope nun of them micmaster youniversty fellers air waitin on you they think they no a hole Lott but you bett they wont never give you what ime sending you. it is a ring ware it for me. i woodav giv more if i urned more. thats me every time. now goodbye and dont gett two thick with them High-fluten youniversty fellers have all gott gerls at home. i warn you so no more

yours very respectively, Pete.

p.s.—and cant shet up when there dun talking nuther.

yours very respectively, Pete.

Emerald intends to answer just as soon as she has kept him waiting long enough.

On the afternoon of Thursday, October 21st, Mrs. Moore opened her beautiful home to the girls of Year Eleven, and the freshettes. Before tea was served, the juniorettes employed their precious time doing fancy-work; but, to be sure, the younger fry could never be expected to take part in such "old-maidish nonsense." All had a delightful time.

A very little girl was thought by her elders to be eating far too much Thanksgiving dinner, and her mother remonstrated, saying: "Remember, Mary, there is pudding for dessert." "Oh, yes, I know," replied the child, "I'm saving my neck for that."

We are to have pudding, too—if our neck only holds good!

Gin a body meet a body
Comin' frae the Lit,
Should he tak a body's arm
Provided she sees fit?

Ilka laddie's had a lassie,
They've been through it a';
Yet a' the seniors smirk'd and grinn'd
A-comin' doon the ha'.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS, '11.

"'Twas sad as sad could be."

ARSITY II., 11; MCMASTER I., 1.—On October 16, McMaster I. played their return game with Varsity II. at Varsity. Things began to look dangerous for McMaster in the first quarter, when, with the wind to their advantage, Varsity goth the ball to within a yard of McMaster's goal line. They bucked twice, but didn't gain a foot. On the third down, Haddow very neatly blocked their centre scrimmage, who tried to buck through, and the goal was saved. In the second quarter, McMaster was kicking with the wind, and Leon was successful in booting the ball over Varsity's dead line once. After half-time, Varsity came on the field determined to win or die—and they won. They played an open game, kicking and running well. With a strong wind in their favor, they netted 11 points in the third quarter. Ryrie saved McMaster's goal a number of times by running the ball out; and Fuzzie did some great tackling. In the last quarter, McMaster had the wind in their favor, but while Varsity played their best game in this quarter, bucking hard and keeping the play at about the half-line, our men seemed to weaken, and the game ended with the score 11—1.

Ballard, the referee, was very strict. A commendable action on his part was the ruling one man out of the game for profanity.

McMaster line-up: Back, Ryrie; halves, Ashmore, McCrimmon (captain), Crowe; quarter, Firstbrook; wings, Wearing, Robertson, Whan, Poole, Veals, McKechnie; scrimmage, Haddow, Sayles, Gray. Crowe had to leave the game with a disabled knee, and Matthews played in his place.

VARSITY III.—MCMASTER II.— LOST.—On Saturday morning, October 16, on McMaster campus, the score in the first game of the Junior C.I.R.F.U. series. We would be grateful to the finder if he would kindly keep it as dark as possible.

VARSITY III., 20; MCMASTER II., 0.—On Thursday afternoon, October 21, the return game was played on Varsity campus.

From the first kick-off it was evident that our men would not allow a repetition of what took place on the previous Saturday. Although unable to score, they held their opponents down to seven points in the first half, and two trys and a drop on goal in the second half. McMaster's tackling was much better than in the first game.

Field Day.—The McMaster Athletic Association held its annual meet on Wednesday afternoon, October 20. No records were broken, although two or three were nearly equalled. The events were, however, very keenly contested throughout. Particularly close was the result of the competition for the individual championship. W. J. Haydon, B.A., carried off the McNaught Cup and the Chancellor's Medal with sixteen points; H. F. Veals, '10, came second with 15 points, winning the First Association Medal; and G. M. Goodfellow, '13, won the second Association Medal with 14 points. Besides recording the results of the various events, we shall endeavor to give an account of certain features of the afternoon which the committee in charge were unable to announce on their programs.

We just mention in passing that a slight departure from the custom of "falling in" in the Hall before marching over to the Athletic Field was made by the freshmen this year. Instead, they formed up at the corner of Bloor Street and Avenue Road, and straggled over to the field, vainly trying their best to keep up with the rest. The band which headed the procession was this year under the capable direction of Mr. E. D. Gray, who was very neatly attired in an up-to-date bandmaster's uniform. The announcing, by Mr. Gray, of the composer of each selection rendered by the band enabled the audience to listen more intelligently.

The program for the afternoon was as follows: 1, Intermezzo (Chauncey Depew), the Band. 2, 100 yards, 3 heats. 3, The Merry Widow Waltz (William Shakespeare), the Band. 4, Half-mile—1, Haydon; 2, Brockel; 3, Cook. Time, 2 min., 21 4-5 sec. 5, Broad Jump—1, Robertson; 2, McEnteer; 3, Newton. 18 feet 2 1-4 inches. 6, "Oh, You Kiddo!" (Joseph Wearing), the Band. 7, 100 yards (final).—1, Newton; 2, Goodfellow; 3, Ryrie. Time, 11 1-5 seconds. 8, Pole Vault.—1, Haydon; 2, Sayles; 3, Brown. 8 feet 8 inches. 9, Grand March of the Freshmen, headed by the Band.—Selection (a), Home, Sweet Home; (b) Dead March, in Saul. 10, 220 Yards

(2 heats). 11, High Jump.—1, McCrimmon; 2, Brown; 3, Ramage. 5 feet 1 inch. 12, 220 Yards (final).—1, Willis; 2, Goodfellow; 3, Newton. Time, 25 3-5 seconds. 13, Moulton felt chilly, and marched around the track. 14, One Mile.—1, Haydon; 2, McCormick; 3, Waters. Time, 5 min. 7 2-5 sec. 15, "And now the storm-blast came." It had been brewing all afternoon; but when the sophomores, displaying a mock '13 banner, marched past the freshmen, where they were seated on the grand stand, the storm burst in all its fury. So fierce it raged that not even the worthy constables could calm it. A gentle shower, however, "as green as emerald," was as oil on troubled waters for a moment, but only for a moment; for when the Year Thirteen tasted this "food it ne'er had eat," they were abashed, and spluttering and blinking, they sprang at the foe. But as has so often been the case with large armies, they were repulsed by a much inferior force. A horrible disaster was only averted by the gentle persuasion of the High Kakiak. A short truce was declared, very fortunately by the way, for the freshettes, inasmuch as they were being hard pressed by the sophettes.

16, Throwing 16-lb. Hammer.—1, Veals; 2, Robertson; 3, McKay. 76 feet. 17, Putting 16-lb. Shot.—1, Veals; 2, Willcock; 3, Newton. 29 feet 7 inches. 18, Throwing Discus.—1, Veals; 2, McKay; 3, Newton. 78 feet 3 inches. 19, 440 Yards.—1, Goodfellow; 2, Hackett; 3, Knight. Time, 58 3-5 seconds. 20, 120 Yards Hurdle.—1, Ryrie; 2, Goodfellow; 3, Haydon. Time, 20 2-5 seconds. 21, Team Race.—1, '11; 2, '13; 3, '10. Time, 4 min. 8 3-5 secs. Scrap continued.—The time of truce having now expired, the freshmen rushed forth to the conflict. Determined to use their numbers to good advantage, they pushed the attack so hard that the sophs. had to call up their entire force to repel it. Gradually the freshmen gave way, drawing the sophs. after them. All at once the freshmen sent up a shout that caused the smilingly victorious sophs. to halt and look round. To their dismay and chagrin, their long yellow streamer, flying from the top of an electric light pole, was in flames. Finis. Points towards Matthew's Inter-Year Cup: Theology, 19; '10, 31; '11, 21; '12, 11; '13, 35.

Inter-Year Soccer.—My honorable predecessor in this department, before beginning to record the inter-year matches, quoted the following line: "There shall be wars and rumors of war." Already again this year we have heard the rumblings of war. On October 28, Theology beat Year '11 in Association

football in the first inter-year game of the season, by a score of 2—1. The theologues scored two goals in the early part of the first half, and Year '11 one in the same half. The game in the second half was in Theology's territory a greater part of the time; but the Juniors were unable to get the ball between the goal posts.

JUNIORES SUPERATI.

"News of battle, who hath brought it?"
Swells a murmur loud and long.
"Usher, usher, open quickly!"
Bursts from out the eager throng,
And the wide hall-door swings open
To the ringing of the gong.

Then is seen in tattered harness
One lone mud-bespattered man;
Sorely stricken, badly wounded,
And his cheek is pale and wan.
"What, can this be dauntless Shakespeare,
Captain of the Junior clan?"

Shakespeare met the Juniors crying
"Tell us all, O tell us true
Where are they our brothers, classmates,
Have they met the Theologue foe?
Why art thou alone, unfollowed?
Is is weal, or is it woe?"

"Woe it is," quoth Shakespeare slowly,
In a sad religious tone.
"Dire defeat and dark disaster
Mark the Juniors for their own.
And Theology in Soccer
Wears the laurel wreath alone."

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: K. A. CLARK, '10.

F the various departments of THE MONTHLY, there is none that is followed more closely, especially by the graduates of the University, than this one of "Our Graduates." In these pages all look for news concerning classmates, and to become acquainted with the facts pertaining to the welfare of McMaster's past students in general. On this account we feel the need of making this department as efficient a source of information as possible. Now, this is no easy task. The list of alumni fills a good many pages in the University Calendar. Those who are best acquainted with what is passing among the graduates are the graduates themselves. It would add greatly to the interest of this division of THE MONTHLY if its readers would, whenever possible, contribute any news of general interest that may come under their notice.

PEOPLE still persist in getting married. Among undergraduates, even, it has become quite a fad. With graduates, however, I suppose it is quite excusable.

MISS LILLIAN ISABEL LAYNG, '04, M.A., '07, lately teacher of moderns in Kemptville High School, was married at her parents, residence in Smith's Falls on Oct. 14th, to Mr. Gordon Cambell Keith, M.E., B.Sc., editor *Canadian Machinery, Power House, etc.* Rev. Dr. E. J. Stobo, Jr., Th. '96, B.D. '99, officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Keith are now living in Toronto.

ON May 20th, at her summer home at Pointe au Chêne, Quebec, Miss Kate MacLaurin, '04, was married to Prof. H. S. Arkell' 02, of Macdonald College, St. Anne de Bellevue, Quebec.

IN August, C. C. Sinclair, '02, was married to Miss Edith Bellamy, sister of R. V. Bellamy, '02. They are living in Winnipeg, where Mr. Sinclair holds an important position with the Great West Life Insurance Co.

ON Sept. 3rd, E. C. Jordan, '05, teacher of mathematics in the Collegiate, Arcola, Sask., was married to Miss Alice Maude

Tedd, daughter of Joseph Tedd, Toronto. The wedding took place in Winnipeg.

On Sept. 15th, E. G. Blackadar, '04, was married to Miss Myrtle Norman, sister of H. T. Norman, '03. They are now residing in Ottawa, where Mr. Blackadar is accountant in the recently established Department of Annuities.

On Sept. 29, W. B. H. Teakles, '98, was married to Miss Elizabeth McLaurin, '01, at her home, Vankleek Hill. They are living in Vancouver, where Mr. Teakles is engaged in business.

We regret to state that an announcement of ours in last month's issue concerning the post-graduate work of a member of "Nought-Nine" was lamentably inadequate. Mr. C. A. Detlor, B.A., has sent in an indignant protest against our insertion of the fact that he is "at the Dental School." He wishes it to be distinctly understood that he is in attendance at the Royal College of Dental Surgeons of Ontario.

Dr. F. Eby, '95, formerly professor in Baylor University, Waco, Texas, has this fall taken a place on the staff of the State University, Austin, Texas.

Mr. Henry Newman, '99, a graduate also of Ann Arbor University in medicine, has *settled* in San Angelo, Texas, where he is pursuing his profession.

Owing to ill-health, Miss Munro, '03, teacher of mathematics at Moulton College, Toronto, has been granted a year's leave of absence. Her place is being filled by Miss Iler, '02. Miss Munro will spend the winter in Ottawa.

Rev J. B. Warnicker, (Theol.), '93, who has been representing the Baptists of Western Canada in Great Britain, is resigning that position after next December, and will resume pastoral work in Canada.

J. W. Russell, '95, is returning to Woodstock College, where he will take the place of C. L. Brown, '99, mathematical master, who has recently resigned. Mr. Brown has accepted the mathematical mastership on the staff of the Woodstock Collegiate Institute.

R. D. Echlin, 01, with his bride, recently visited McMaster University and conducted a morning chapel service.

Rev. Alexander Torrie, '02, has recently been conducting evangelistic meetings in Ottawa.

We hear that the home of D. A. McGregor, '05, M.A., '07, General Secretary of the Y.M.C.A., Allahabad, India, has been brightened by the arrival of a daughter. This intelligence was transmitted to the civilized world by means of a cablegram consisting of the word "Gibowesu." There was some ambiguity as to whether Mr. McGregor had not been blessed with a son as well as a daughter. The reader may settle this for himself. In the cable word the letters "su" mean "Sunday."

P. A. McDiarmid, '03, Baptist missionary in the Congo, is visiting at his home in Tiverton, Ont. Mr. McDiarmid was present at the Baptist Convention, Hamilton, and spoke concerning his work. He also paid a visit to the University, and addressed the Student Volunteer Band. Mr. McDiarmid is unsettled as to his return to Congo on account of the disturbed condition of the Belgian policy in that country.

Rev. J. H. Hannah, B.A., B.D., a graduate in arts and theology, McMaster University, died at Paddili, India, after a brief illness, on Sept. 6th last. He went to India under the American Baptist Missionary Union about four years ago. Before sailing for India, he took a year of post-graduate work at Newton Theological Institution, previous to which he had been pastor at the Park Street Church, Peterboro. In a letter to Chancellor McKay, Rev. J. Frank Ingram, '99, B.Th. '02, Superintendent Namkham Kachin Mission, Burma, writes as follows concerning Mr. Hannah's death: "Hannah was on tour, and feeling indisposed, he went to Marhopur Mission Station, which was very near where he was touring at the time, and where there were two missionaries—Mr. Marsh, resident missionary, and Mr. Brock, a visiting missionary. Hannah went to Marhapur on Thursday, Sept. 2nd. By Sunday, his fellow-missionaries became much alarmed. On Monday, Sept. 6th, he died, without any apparent pain. The doctors in attendance pronounced it Bright's disease. Brother Brock never left his bedside, and held his hand as he breathed his last. A day or two after, they found in his book a letter, recently received from me, so they hastened to inform me of the passing away of my friend, fellow-

missionary and classmate. Hannah is the first member of the class of '99 to go to his reward, and when the summons came it found him just as he lived—a busy, hard-working, indefatigable servant of the Lord. So far as I know, he is also the first McMaster man to lay down his life in a foreign field. Tell the boys to pray for McMaster men on foreign fields. Oh, how much we need your prayers to help us to battle with the evil effects of a tropical climate and the degrading tendency of gross immorality all about us. Pray that we may be men—true McMaster men. Pray, brethren, pray."

In June, C. A. Grant, '02, was married to Miss Helen Grant, daughter of the late Mr. Alexander Grant. The wedding took place in Winnipeg. They are living in Edmonton, however, where Mr. Grant is practising with great success the profession of law.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EDITH ELLIOTT.

N Wednesday, September the 15th, Moulton once more opened her doors to flocks of eager girls, and the sound of banging trunks, accompanied by peals of girlish laughter, echoed through the halls. At ten-thirty Wednesday morning the first chapel service was held, and the room was soon filled with old and new girls. After the opening exercises, in which Rev. W. A. Cameron of Bloor Street Baptist Church assisted, Chancellor McKay extended a very cordial welcome to Miss Davidson, who has come from England to teach in the College, and Miss Iler, who takes the position which Miss Munroe is unable to fill this year. He also welcomed the new students to the duties and pleasures of the life in Moulton.

FOR many days a spirit of unrest had been felt in the College. Important meetings had been called among the old girls, and many dark and dreadful hints as to what might happen in the near future were given to "new girls." One day when the mail was distributed each new girl received a small white envelope, which, when opened, was found to contain an invitation from the old girls to their reception Friday evening, October the 1st. As the time drew near excitement ran high among the freshettes, who vowed unswerving loyalty to each other, come what might. One by one they were led into the darkened drawing room, where, after their pride had been sufficiently humbled, they were admitted to all the "rights, honors and privileges" of Moulton College. After the last new teacher and student had been dealt with they were allowed to vent their pent-up feelings in the games which followed. Dainty refreshments were served, and a warm welcome was given the newcomers, while all felt that the evening's pleasure was but the beginning of many happy hours at Moulton.

MRS. MCMASTER'S VISIT.—The girls have had a most enjoyable visit from their "Moulton Mother," Mrs. McMaster, for a few weeks. This is the second time Mrs. McMaster has spent more than a day or so at the College, and her visit proved to be

a rare treat. Though eighty-nine years of age, she is bright and active, while her winning manner and beautiful character were a source of inspiration to all who met her. Deeply interested in the school which she so generously gave, she never missed an opportunity of meeting with the girls. Her helpful words, large experience and loving sympathy have served to make the name of "Our College Mother" dear to all of us, and now that she has returned to her home we greatly miss her presence in Moulton.

On Friday evening, September the 24th, a business meeting of the Heliconian Society was held and the following officers were elected: President, Annetta Brown; Vice-President, Effie Graham; Secretary, Grace Merritt; Editor of Heliconian Paper, Muriel Sayer; Editor McMaster Notes, Edith Elliott.

On Friday, October the 15th, the first regular meeting of the Heliconian Society was held. Among the many interesting numbers on the programme were four travel sketches, given on "The West," by Kathleen Hodson; "The Maritime Provinces," by Marion Emerson; "Cuba," by Ethel Timpany, and "England," by Jean Vining. These proved so interesting that we all felt a strong desire to travel when our Moulton days are over. At the close of the meeting the Heliconian Paper was ready to a very appreciative audience.

The Prayer Meetings.—The weekly prayer meetings of the resident pupils have been of unusual interest since the opening of school. A series of papers on the subjects, "Helps in the Christian Life," is being followed out, and the meetings have done much toward developing a spirit of kindness and unselfishness among the girls.

We were very much pleased to have a visit from Miss Armstrong and Miss Isaac on the eve of their departure for England on their way to Burmah. Just a year ago Miss Armstrong and Miss Isaac were with us and spoke at our mid-week service. Since then we have looked forward to hearing them once more, and so appreciated their visit very much. Moulton has always shown a deep interest in missionary work, and our sincerest good wishes go with these faithful workers on their return to their field.

Sports Day.—On Wednesday afternoon, October the 6th, the College held its first Sports Day. The weather was ideal, and a

number of guests, including the Chancellor and Mrs. McKay, Professor McLay and Mrs. McLay, Mr. and Mrs. Craig, and Mr. McMaster, were present. At two-thirty the sports began, and a tennis match, races of various kinds, and a game of basketball between the famous blues and yellows followed in quick succession. Everyone was enthusiastic, as the strenuous efforts of those taking part served to show. More especially was this noticeable in the Faculty race, which was very popular. During the afternoon Mr. Craig presented the College with a set of bowls, which was very much appreciated by the girls. At five-thirty the sports were ended amid the fervent wishes of the students that Sports Day might become an annual event.

WOODSTOCK COLLEGE.

EDITORS: D. A. CLARK, G. H. CLARK.

YES, Hallowe'en is celebrated in Woodstock College just as vigorously as ever. At 8.30 in the evening the student body was turned loose, and then came the time-honored "pillow-fight" on the broad stairway near the classroom. And oh! how they did fight, while those behind coached the leaders with, "Don't weaken, old kid; don't weaken." After the conflict, the fighters cooled off by a delightful plunge in the swimming pool.

DR. JOHN H. ELLIOTT, who is at present conducting a series of union evangelistic services here under the Chapman-Alexander movement, called into chapel service one morning lately, and delivered a bright, pointed address to the student body. The soloist, Mr. Naftzger, was also present, and in his rich tenor voice sang "Just for To-day."

THE literary societies are now in full swing. The old Excelsior can give just as amusing, and if necessary, just as noisy a programme as ever, while the Philomathic has still its old attraction for the senior years. Mr. Daimelhuber, with his witty German style, is proving a valuable member of the senior society in the office of critic.

College met its first reverse in Rugby this year on Friday afternoon, October 15th. An aggregation from Hamilton came down and succeeded in beating us 15 to 6. The game was a good one, although we were handicapped somewhat, as our team lacked one of its best players. A wedding is usually an occasion of rejoicing, but not if it spoils a game of football. We hope for better luck when we play the return game in Hamilton.

On the 22nd of October we played our return game with London Collegiate at Tecumseh Park, London. The weather was rather forbidding, but it managed to clear off for the afternoon. The game was a hard and fast one. The refereeing was not as good as could be expected, but still the College team succeeded in winning by a small margin. Toward the end of the game it became so dark that it was difficult to see the ball among the players. The final score was 6 to 1 in favor of Woodstock.

On Saturday afternoon, Oct. 30th, the Woodstock College Old Boys' Rugby team, most of whom are now in McMaster, gave us a friendly visit that they might renew acquaintance with the lumps and bumps of the old College gridiron. Weather conditions were all that could be desired, and for an hour and a half the Old Boys played it out with our team. The visitors' line-up was familiar to us, the whole back division being taken from our last year's team. The first quarter opened fast, with the Old Boys leading in the play, and they quickly tallied two touchdowns. Then things steadied down to even play. The second quarter saw no score, but in the third quarter the Old Boys added two points by deadline kicks. The fourth quarter saw no change in the score, and the game ended 12—0, and the Old Boys had the 12. It was the hardest fought game that has been seen on the campus this season.

Here and There.

EDITOR: N. ST. C. MCKECHNIE, '08.

AMONG the magazines which have come to our table during this month we would give the highest place to *Notre Dame Scholastic* and the *Brunonian*. Considering the fact that the first mentioned magazine is issued weekly, we feel that it maintains a particularly high standard of excellence. It generally contains a well written appreciation of some author or work, two or three short stories and a column of varsity verse, some of which shows real merit. The editorial page is good, subjects of both local and general interest being discussed thereon. It is questionable whether the columns devoted to college news quite maintain the standard set by the rest of the magazine. From the varsity verse column of a recent number we have taken the following poem, which seems to us to rise considerably above the average level of student poetry.

BY THE SEA.

When the breakers roar on the cliff-bound shore,
And the surf leaps 'gainst the sky,
Afar from the sea to their haunts storm-free
The fleet winged sea-gulls fly.

'Neath the dark-browed sky swift storm-clouds ply,
Racing mad with the waves below,
While sailors in fear to the harbors steer
Where boats rock to and fro.

A funeral song, as they dash along,
The billows exultingly sing,
Low chanting the fate of ship 's human freight,
On the reefs where no warnings ring.

But the dawn breaks clear, dispelling all fear
From the fishers who wait the day,
And the sails gleam white in the morning light,
As they glide o'er the sea 's highway.

—T. C.

The *Middlebury Campus* for October prints in full the address given by President John M. Thomas at the opening of the one hundred and tenth year of work in Middlebury College. The address is strong, thoughtful and timely. Some parts of it are especially worthy the thoughtful consideration of every student. President Thomas speaks, in one part of his address, of that class of students who show at times flashes of brilliant mental power, but who, on the whole, accomplish little in their college courses. Such men often believe, and their friends say of them, that they could have led their classes had they wanted to do so. In the most of cases, President Thomas points out, such a belief is a pure fallacy. Such men could *not* lead their classes because they have not the will to do it. He goes on to say:

"It is just as bad not to be able to want to, as to want to and not to be able to do it; in fact, I think it worse. Failure of will, failure of vision to see the real worth of things, is the most stupendous failure into which a man who is supposed to be a man can degenerate. This fallacy, as I have termed it, is only one of a hundred possible obstacles between the good purposes which you have in mind this morning and their achievement in the future. There are all kinds of ways for a college man to fail, just as there are all sorts of pitfalls in life in general. I cannot forsee for you the form in which the difficulty will arise which will threaten to prevent your success as a college man. The only safe frame of mind is that of fixed and determined resolution that no obstacle whatsoever, financial, social, fraternal, athletic, or any other, or the combination of all, shall prevent that which you ought to be and achieve in your college life.

"There is a particular mission on which each one of you is sent as you under take this college year. What we shall wish to know of you at its close will not be why you did not accomplish that mission, what obstacles you met, what complication of outside interests, what persuasion you faced which induced you to change your mind to your injury—all talk of that sort will be out of place, the poor consolation of a defeated spirit. The only question will be, did he get from the college what the college had to give him, and what he came to the college for? Never mind the obstacles; obstacles are things to annihilate. That is a good definition to put in your dictionary. The motto is not elegant, but a student of my time did great things with it—'Get there or bust.' That spirit and a fair amount of discretion in determining where you will get, are what we need in this opening day."

From *Notre Dame Scholastic* we clip the following lines, headed "In a Little While," as expressing notably well the spirit of the season:

"Over the lake, across the brake,
The sighs of summer dying:
On crested hill, by singing rill,
The soft wind gently sighing.

"By fitful breeze from naked trees
The clinging leaves are torn;
Sombre they fall, 'neath autumn's pall,
Of all their verdure shorn.

"In silence deep the woodlands sleep,
Save for the chipmunk's calling;
A scurrying hare on pathways bare,
Or ripened beech nuts falling.

"Now sad we mourn at summer's bourn;
Vainly we bid her stay,
When clear and cold o'er plain and wold,
The pale moon wends her way."

—*Thomas Cleary*, '12.

He Was a Student.—"Sir, you must pay that bill at once." "I'm afraid I can't; some men want liberty, some want death, but as for me, give me time."—*O. A. C. Review.*

The Saddest Words.—(Two students discussing poems they had read)—"Don't you think that the opening lines of Tennyson's little poem, 'Break, break, break,' are most plaintive and sad?" "Yes, I suppose," was the melancholy reply, "but I think that 'Broke, broke, broke,' is a great deal sadder,"—*Ex.*

ARTS DINNER NOTES.

"The window has a little pane
And so have I.
The window's pane
Is in its sash,
I wonder why."

—*Student.*

Sammy.—"Pa, what is a football coach?" Father—"The ambulance, I should imagine."—*Ex.*

J.—"Yes, I was out West two years ago." L.—"Is that so? Did you ever see a mirage?" J.—"Well, I guess. I saw a flock of twenty-five one day."—*O. A. C.*

THE QUIET WOOD.

"The lone abode of Peace and Solitude
Is this dark forest of my western land.
There, in her virgin quietude doth stand
Dame Nature; there, and in her fairest mood,
With velvet robes of green moss overthrown
From twig to massive bough on either hand,
Has covered all. How dark and weirdly grand
Are these cool nooks, where spotless lilies blown
To fairest bud, shine, white and distant stars
Within the eternal twilights of these aisles
As if perchance they serve to light the files
Of fairy wood nymphs thro' the gloomy bars
Of night, to that far distant Hall of Sleep
Where close-shut silence doth our secrets keep.

"Far from all toil and strife in this cool wood
I lie; and oh, the joy to rest care-free
And feel upon my cheek the ecstasy
Of pine trees' breath—'tis God's own food
For hungry souls. Nearby a wood thrush sings.
The purling rhyme of tiny silver streams
I hear, like echoes heard in by-gone dreams.
To wearied me, your restful silence brings
New faith, oh, leafy wood. Within your heart
I see but rugged truth from blade and tree,
And only praise and joy from belted bee
That drones from flower to flower. O woods, thou art
Too old, too true, to harbor any wrong,
Your winds the voice of angels heard in song."

—*J. W. Storer in William Jewell Student.*

One of our professors lately went to a barber shop to get his hair cut. "Will I have to take off my collar?" he asked. "No," replied the barber, glancing at the professor's polished dome, "you wouldn't even have to take off your hat."—*The Collegian.*

"Mary had a little lamb."
You've heard that rhyme before,
But have you heard that Mary passed
Her plate and had a little more?"

—*Camoseen.*

MORE PROFITABLE.

"A poet likes, when day is done,
To contemplate the setting sun.
It's different with farmer men;
They'd rather see a setting hen."

—*The Mercerian.*

He who knoweth not, and knoweth not that he knoweth not—
Is a Freshman.—*Ex.*

EVOLUTION AND DOWNFALL.

"They smiled,
A boy, a miss.
They met
A word, a kiss.

"They loved,
Oh, bliss, yes, bliss.
They married,
Oh, list! Yes, list!

"Yanh! Yanh! Yanh!
Wot iss? Wot iss?
A little girl,
A chubby sis.

"Pa walked the floor
But stepped amiss,
And stumped his toe,
It hurt. Oh, yis.

"What did he say
To this, all this?
I can't repeat.
You guiss—just guiss!"

—*W. M. F. in William Jewell Student.*

THE SPUR.

Because of your strong faith, I kept the track
Whose sharp-set stones my strength had well-nigh spent
I could not meet your eyes if I turned back;
So on I went.

Because you would not yield belief in me,
The threatening crags that rose, my way to bar,
I conquered inch by crumbling inch—to see
The goal afar.

And though I struggle toward it through hard years,
Or flinch, or falter blindly, yet within,
"You can!" unwavering my spirit hears:
And I shall win.

—Aldis Dunbar, in *The Century.*

We wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *The Middlebury Campus, College Index, Dalhousie Gazette, T. C. D., Starkey Seminary Monthly, The Mitre, Brunonian, Lux Columbiana, University of Ottawa Review, Allisonia, Manhattan Quarterly, Viatorian, The Collegian, University of Virginia Magazine, Vox Wesleyana, University Monthly, The Varsity, East and West, Oxford Magazine, Trinity University Review, Ottawa Campus, Colgate Madisonensis, St. Andrew's College Review, The Athenaeum, Acadia Athenaeum, McGill Martlet, Georgetonian, Philomathean Monthly, O. A. C. Review, Solanian, Queen's University Journal, Review and Expositor.*

STUDENT.—"Professor, what would be the advantage of the discovery of the North Pole?" PROF. (after deep thought)—"I believe it would be a good place to grow grapes. It is the only place I know with a southerly aspect all round.—*Queen's University Journal.*

FROM "Thalassius," a poem of some sixty-five lines in the *Brunonian*, we have taken the following two extracts. The strikingly musical quality of both words and verse is in fine accord with the thought and sentiment of the poem:

The wind will not let me alone in my sleep;
Out of the halls of my dreams I cannot keep
The lyric wind, softly rising and falling,
With murmurous cadences, calling, calling
Out of the land of dreams and the still, sweet country of sleep.
The wind will not let me alone in my sleep—
The mellow wind with her breathing deep
Filling my dreams with her olden song,
Following, soothing out along
The still, dark ways of the land of sleep;
Wafting the song of the lit night new
With a rustling whisper of frail bamboo
Of the screen in the door that the wind sighs through.

* * * * *

Long have I lain on the strand, so long
At the tip of the tide, but strong, too strong
Was their outward bourne and only the glide
Of an ebbing wave lapped up at my side,
And fell and hushed and was gone.
But at last in the strength of a wave coming on
Soft, underlant, cradling, strong,
Drifted was I from the trees and the night wind's song
Out on the dreamless, cool, and deep
Ocean of night on a wave of sleep.

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SCENES FROM A FORGOTTEN DRAMA.

THE name of Charles Wells, poet, is almost entirely unknown to fame. Even professed students of English literature might be pardoned if to them he and his best work were merely names, for since his Biblical drama, "Joseph and His Brethren," appeared in 1824, there has been, until the present year, only one other edition, and that was printed in 1876, or over thirty years ago. This revised edition has now been accorded the honor of a place in the popular World's Classics Series, published by Henry Frowde at the Oxford University Press, and consequently all who desire to read the drama may obtain a well-printed and well-bound copy for the sum of twenty-five cents. Buyers of this excellent reprint also secure the privilege of reading Swinburne's enthusiastic appreciation of the drama (reproduced from the 1876 edition), and also Theodore Watts-Dunton's fascinating story of its somewhat romantic adventures. Readers of THE MONTHLY who risk a quarter will surely get full value for their money in the little volume.

In order to awaken interest in "Joseph and His Brethren," the present writer proposes to print several passages from the play. Before doing so, however, he will make some excerpts from acknowledged masters of criticism. Let Swinburne speak first:

"The first part, ending with the sale of Joseph to the Midianites, is written throughout with a wonderful ease and

stateliness of manner, which recall the more equable cadences of Shakespeare in his earliest period, before he had as yet thoroughly absorbed the beneficent influence of Marlowe's more grave and ambitious example. . . . There is a solution of the problem which baffled the aspiration and the endeavor of one of our greatest poets. 'There's such a divinity doth hedge our Shakespeare round,' said Coleridge, 'that we cannot even imitate his style.' He had tried to reproduce it. . . . and found in the end . . . . that he had throughout been treading in the steps of Fletcher and Massinger. . . . The hedge which defied the vaulting ambition of that sovereign master of lyric verse has been fairly cleared by the younger rider, whose early feat in the race of song found so few spectators to applaud it. There are lines even in the overture of his poem which might, it seems to me, more naturally be mistaken even by an expert in verse for the work of the young Shakespeare, than any to be gathered elsewhere in the fields of English poetry."

Hear, further, what the greatest living critic of poetry, Mr. Watts-Dunton, says in his note:

"In true dramatic power, too, Wells deserved a great deal, if not all, the high praise given to his work by Rossetti. . . . It must be remembered that he did not set out to write a play, but merely to give his own imaginings of the story of Joseph in a loose kind of dramatic poem. Moreover, it is only into the mouths of the minor characters that he puts undramatic speeches. When he comes to the great actors in his drama, he shows what, in my article in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* on Poetry, I have said is the characteristic of the dramatist of the second class—the power of putting himself in another's place. But in one passage in the poem he goes far beyond this: he hits the mark as inevitably as logic. This is in that speech of Potiphar's wife after Joseph has rushed out of the door to escape her lecherous wiles, which Mr. Swinburne's criticism has made famous. The Bible does not tell us what the temptress said, as she sank back in her rage; but we feel that what she *did* say is exactly what Wells put into her mouth:

"*Phraxanor.* I have a mind
You shall at once walk with those honest limbs
Into your grave."
She could not possibly have said anything else."

After such words as the above, no one interested in poetry will have to be urged to read some passages from the play itself. The headings to these are not in the original.

THE AGED JACOB.

Jacob was gone into the vale of years:
And like an oak that standeth by a hill,
Whose sinnous trunk begins to fret to dust,
And sapless knots fail in their iron strength;
Whose wrinkled branches drying up with age,
Stiff to the winds, with top emblanch'd and bare,
Though but poor spoil to winter in its leaves,
Yet still it casts a shadow o'er those slips
That from its acorns dropp'd into the earth
From time to time, and settled, flourished there
To keep its memory fresh in seasons new
When it is wither'd to the sodden core,
And all its beauty faded from the earth:
Like to that tree that faileth on the hill
Is agèd Jacob with the wither'd arms,
And like its fruit that chanc'd to spring and grow,
Are Jacob's sons that put their promise forth:
And like the guardian shadow from the tree
Is Jacob's yearning full of love for them.
To Bethel was he come with all his host,
His herds and flocks, and men both bond and free,
By God's command to sojourn in the land.
Down in a valley deep and overbrow'd
With sloping pastures skirted round with beech
Shadowing the grazing cattle in the breeze,
E'en in this vale of Hebron did he halt,
And set his tent (rude habitation)
To wait with patience the will of Him
Supreme in Heaven, on Earth; for He has said

"Thy seed shall grow and flourish in the land,
Outnumbering the sea-sand. Grace shall be thine.
My countenance is with thee. Go and live."

Evening in Canaan.

The shepherd beats his bell; the tranquil herds
Lowing obedience, from the dimpled spring
(Where the bright flowers disturbed with their sweet breath
Tremble like starry gems in Dian's hair),
Slow wind the hill, and in their stakèd folds
Snuff the fresh straw and scent the keener wind,
Crook their sleek knees to welcome night's repose.
The Sun while sinking from his daily round
Had starr'd the heavens like a fiery flaw,
Showing his glory greater than the West:
Glancing the Moon and frighting her faint beam.
Across the barrèd portals of the East
His fulgent heat reflected glowing fire.
The dying embers of the burnish'd king,
Now sunk behind the mountain'd hemisphere.
Were fading fast away. He was declin'd
(Not like pale Cynthia to her bath, a lake
Rich in its violet sward and jasmine bowers),
A god gigantic habited in gold,
Stepping from off a mount into the sea:
The evening breeze that whispers of repose
And fans the crimson marygold to sleep,
Grows sharp and brisk; and silence on the light
Gains step for step, as light retires to shade.
The tawny harvestmen from yellow fields
Their sweet repast, their lated meal enjoy
Hard by their tents, beneath some ample oak,
Or vine, or fig-tree burthen'd with its fruit
And fragrant to the air. Now Jacob's sons,
Who kept their herds and cattle on the hills,
Retire from folding to their father's tent.

Lo! Joseph meets them with a welcome smile,—
A basket on his head with purple grapes
O'erswelling from the brink, and o'er his cap,
And hair, and shoulders, hanging gracefully,—
Shows like an angel, youthful, beauteous.

Joseph's Vision of His Future.

Oh, sir! long time my brothers must have seen
That I may often grieve, but cannot hate.
But since more patience doth beget more spleen,
More tameness harsher words, more grief desire,
I shall take up the manhood they let fall,
Retreat to what defence of mind I have.
And, fortified with conscious honesty,
Tremble no more like to a troubled spring
That every hail-drop shakes with timid fear;
But front them and confront them as I may:
Like to a brother answering their rebukes
With all the sense and wisdom that I have;
Not like my father's bondmen in the stall.—
Why should I not? They act as if the world,
And all the nations wide, and cities wall'd,
Were no such things: as if this spot of ours,
Our fields, our cattle, were the all in being.—
Would they be envious, let them then be great,
Envy old cities, ancient neighborhoods,
Great men of trust, and iron-crownèd kings;
For household envy is a household rat;
Envy of state a devil of some fear.
For me—this Bethel limits not my sight;
For in imagination I can see
Countries beyond, nurs'd by the wit of man,
Wiser in harvest, greater in defence,
With state and pomp and majesty serene:
E'en in my sleep my mind doth eat strange food,
Enough to strengthen me against this hate.

With you, my brethren, I was binding sheaves,
When mine arose and stood in front of yours,
And yours bent grievous low unto the ground:
Nay, more, (yet think me not irreverent),
The sun, and moon, and the eleven stars
Sank, and obeyed me; which is sure a sign
That I am greater than my sire and ye,
However passive in humility;
Be it in love, or act, I leave to time.
Or Heaven of purpose put this in my view,
Or else my mind being troubled of the grief
Of your displeasures, vain of some great power,
Might fancy this in sleep. I do not know;
But feel resolv'd no more to plague my heart,
While you, my brothers, treat me with such scorn.

JACOB AND JOSEPH DISCOURSE OF GOD.

Joseph— . . . . . I have wonder'd oft
How many tribes and nations overlook
God's greatness in His works, and cast the praise
Upon some lifeless object deified—
Out of the grossness of their earthward mind.
To me a simple flower is clothed with thoughts
That lead the mind to Heaven.

Jacob— . . . . Why, that is much:
There is no work, the meanest on the earth,
Matter, or thing, but 'tis so nicely cast
By the great Master-hand, and so set off
In beauty's mask, or else consistent truth,
That he must have a mind that's all contempt,
Jealous, and crude, who could deny the task
To have been pattern'd by a Deity:
Or else his knowledge, aiming past the heavens,
Falls back upon his ignorance and dies.
Many there be who worship certain stars.

The ruling planet, or some lesser light,
Or some rude image wrought of their own hands,
Being brimful of self. Ill sense of being,
To scorn the giant and applaud the dwarf,
Because the first is greater than ourselves;
And keeps imagination in the slips,
While Faith, a prisoner wrapt about in chains,
Stands blind beside. Oh, lowly ignorance!
To think the Being, who could fashion us,
Give us impassion'd minds, affections strong,
Put fire into the sun, and poise the world,
Garnish the seasons, and clothe all the earth
Varied and beauteous, and over all
Cast such a canopy as this above,
Would meanly hide Him in an idol's shrine,
Dire object of His malediction!
Better to think in holiness and love
That God looks on our earth invisibly,
And fills the mighty space above our heads,
Splendid and glorious in His majesty,
More than the mind of man dare ape to think.

Joseph—

I doubt not God's existence nor His power,
Am touch'd with reverence, and touch'd with love.
The golden mazes of the serpent's scales
Dazzling the light and foiling the sun's beams,
Odours of violets blooming in the spring,
The bird that chuckleth in the musky vale,
Silence and sound, the tranquil light and shade,
The orient suntlower, and the blossom'd spray,
The dell and mountain, water bosom'd wide,
In wordless eloquence unto the heart
Speak of sweet grace, and power, and beauty rare.
God did descend to form such excellence;
We must ascend to comprehend it done.

Then what is He who mouldeth all these things,
Merely, as 'twere, for exercise of truth?
And what are we who look on them and die?
The children of His mercy? nor forlorn
And cold into our bosoms will return
Our mortal yearnings, seeing we're allied
To all the truth and beauty He has made;
For He who fashioned us from forth His love.
Made us so fair, surrounded us with good,
Out of His love will think of us in death.

Simeon Describes the Beauty of Rachel.

Rachel, the beautiful (as she was call'd),
Despis'd our mother Leah, for that she
Was tender-ey'd, lean-favor'd, and did lack
The pulpy ripeness swelling the white skin
To sleek proportions beautiful and round,
With wrinkled joints so fruitful to the eye.
All this is fair: and yet we know it true
That 'neath a pomane breast and snowy side
A heart of guile and falsehood may be hid,
As well as where the soil is deeper tinct'.—
So here with this same Rachel was it found:
The dim blue-lacèd veins on either brow,
'Neath the transparent skin meandering,
That with the silvery-leavèd lily vied;
Her full dark eye, whose brightness glisten'd through
The sable lashes soft as camel-hair;
Her slanting head curv'd like the maiden moon
And hung with hair luxuriant as the vine
And blacker than a storm; her rounded ear
Turn'd like a shell upon some golden shore;
Her whispering foot that carried all her weight,
Nor left its little pressure on the sand;
Her lips as drowsy poppies, soft and red,
Gathering a dew from her escaping breath;

Her voice melodious, mellow, deep, and clear,
Lingering like sweet music in the ear;
Her neck o'ersoften'd like to unsunn'd curd;
Her tapering fingers rounded to a point:
The silken softness of her veinèd hand;
Her dimpled knuckles answering to her chin;
And teeth like honeycombs o' the wilderness:
All these did tend to a bad proof in her.—
For armèd thus in beauty she did steal
The eye of Jacob to her proper self.
Engross'd his time, and kept him by her side,
Casting on Leah indifference and neglect.

JOSEPH PLEADS FOR MERCY.

Joseph—

O, Issachar!
A trembling boy is shaken to thy foot,
E'en from the branch where he did cling for help.
Have pity on me: think when thou wert young
How 'twould have wrung thy heart to have been torn
From thy dear father and thy brethren,
And given to strange masters of strange tents.
A little while, and I was yet a child,
And many a time have sat upon thy knee;
And many a time have kiss'd thy gentle cheek.
Thy name too was the first I learn'd to lisp;
Canst thou forget these things, and do me scathe?
Do not strive with me that I touch thy cloak:
There is no poison in these childish hands;
I will embrace thy knees. Now we are like
To part, I feel how much I love thee, Issachar.

These quotations will give the reader a taste of the poem and will perhaps suffice to send him to read the olden story as Wells has re-told it, a story which, as in the Bible, seems to Mr. Watts-Dunton to be "the loveliest in the world for picturesqueness, for nobility, and for every kind of beauty."—M.

AN OXFORD DAY.

McMASTER University has just given its first hostage to Oxford. A Rhodes Scholar has gone from these halls to "that sweet city with the dreaming spires." A connection has been established between this University and that, which (one may be allowed piously to hope), may ever grow and strengthen. In view of this, perhaps it may not be without interest to the readers of THE MONTHLY to learn what manner of place Oxford is.

There are those who have attempted to confine Oxford within an epigram. Matthew Arnold said it was "the home of lost causes, and forsaken beliefs, and unpopular names, and impossible loyalties"; and John Bright called it "the home of dead languages and undying prejudices." It is perhaps a just nemesis that Oxford should be dismissed in an epigram; because it is the home of epigrams. But for the purposes of information, an epigram is generally as useful as the scare-heads of a newspaper bulletin.

In order to give an idea of what Oxford is like, I am going to pursue a different method. I am going to print the time-table of a typical day in the life of an Oxford undergraduate, and add, where necessary, explanatory notes. In that way any of the friends of the McMaster representative at Oxford may be able to tell, by a rapid mathematical calculation, what he is doing at any particular time.

The Oxford day does not begin early. Anyone with a passion for rising at five in the morning could never become a typical Oxford man; it is much more orthodox to go to bed at five in the morning. In order, however, to aid those to rise who wish to rise, there is an institution known as "roll-call." This ceremony consists in presenting oneself at the college porch at 8 a.m. so many times a term and getting credit for one's performance. In some colleges it is still possible to do "dirty roller"—that is,

come to the porch in a pair of trousers and an overcoat and then go back to bed. But in the majority of colleges one must turn up clothed and in one's right mind.

8.30 a.m.—Breakfast. One has breakfast in one's own rooms. The table is laid, and waited on, by one's "scout"; that is, the college servant detailed to look after the half-dozen men on each stair. Very often one entertains at breakfast; the old English custom of having breakfast parties still prevails in Oxford. The remark attributed to the Englishman, "Silly ass, silly ass—he speaks at breakfast," could not well be attached to an Oxford man. Breakfast is the excuse for talking about everything under the sun. Breakfast parties seldom end until 10 or 11 a.m., and they have been known to last till 1 p.m.

9 a.m.—A few lectures, unnoticed by all save a few sad-looking "scholars" and "does" (American co-ed.). What would be the fate in Oxford of 8.15 lectures, one shudders to think.

10 a.m. to 1 p.m.—Lectures or tutorial classes. Lectures play much less part in Oxford than in Canadian universities. One lecture a day is considered very good for an ordinary undergraduate. The main part of the work is done with one's tutor, to whom one reads weekly essays, and who directs one's course of reading. The great objection to the tutorial system is that it is very expensive; in all other regards it is immensely superior to the lecture system, which, after all, is what Plato so ruthlessly condemned as pouring old wine into new bottles.

1 p.m.—A very light lunch, eaten in one's own rooms, often with one or two of one's friends.

2 p.m.-5 p.m.—Exercise on the river or on the athletic field. The rowing on the river goes on nearly the whole year, and even in the winter term a number of games, such as ground hockey and golf, are played. Thus there is exercise the whole year round. A notable feature of undergraduate life in Oxford is the fact that everyone, even the middle-aged don, plays games. There is not there that large class which in Canada is interested in athletics only as spectators, or that other large class which is not interested in them at all. Everyone plays something every afternoon. It is not until one sees Oxford between 2 and 5 in

the afternoon that one realizes the force of Matthew Arnold's application to Oxford of the line,

"There are our young barbarians all at play."

English university sport is amateurish as compared with American sport; there are no practices, no signals, no organized "rooting." But the spirit of English sport is better than the spirit of American sport. The players do not wittingly break the rules, in the hope of not being seen; and if in a game of "rugger" (Rugby) one man barges heavily into another he apologizes as a matter of course. Any such thing as an attempt to "lay out" an opponent is unheard of in English university sport.

5 p.m.—Afternoon tea. Numerous tea parties are given every afternoon in college. To these freshmen are often invited, not for their own sake, but for the sake of the college. Men will entertain dozens of freshmen in whom they have not the slightest interest, simply for the sake of the college. But for the greater part, the tea parties are composed of men who know each other well; and they too afford an opportunity for the promulgation of one's views on every subject conceivable.

6-7 p.m.—This hour is generally devoted to work. Sometimes, with an hour or two in the morning, it is all the time one devotes to work in the day. The reason for this is that the Oxonian does most of his work not during term time, but in the vacations. He has a good time while he is up at Oxford with his friends about him; he does his serious work when he goes back to his country home for the vacation. Sometimes in the vacation reading parties are got up to go to Scotland or Switzerland; but it is always a matter of surmise how much work these reading parties really do.

7 p.m.—Dinner in Hall. The only meal which all the undergraduates have in common is dinner. They sit at long tables on benches; and the dons sit at the high table on a dais at the end of the room. A very pleasant feature about the meal is the fact that seats are not allotted, and there is a delightful uncertainty as to who is to sit beside one and opposite one. Dinner is usually

the time when the wits of the college display their ingenuity; and sometimes the conversation coruscates brilliantly.

7.30 p.m.—After dinner the college scatters. Some go to write essays for the following day; others attend club meetings; some go to the theatre; some go to their rooms to talk or play bridge.

9.15 p.m.—The gates of the college are closed; and after this hour no one is allowed to leave the college. If one returns to college after this hour, one is fined. If one gets in between 9.15 and 10 p.m., the fine is 1d.; if between 10 and 11 p.m., 3d.; if between 11 p.m. and midnight, 6d. If one gets in after midnight, it is a very serious matter; suspension or a fine of £5 is the least one can hope for.

Over what takes place in the college after 9.15 a veil must be drawn. No one outside the college is supposed to know what takes place, though they may hear

> "The noise
> Of riot ascend above their loftiest towers."

Benjamin Jowett, the Master of Balliol, was one morning walking through the quad when he perceived signs of a "rag" the night before. Turning to his servant, he said, "Ah, Hardy, I see the mind of the college is still active." It is generally after 9.15 p.m. that the mind of the college is active.

There are two classes of men who go to Oxford. There are those who go to possess it, and those who go to be possessed by it. The first class do not get anything more out of Oxford than an American who goes through on a personally conducted tour: *coelum non animum mutant*. But those who go to Oxford to be possessed by it will fall under its spell. They will be thrilled by the sight of its dreaming spires and the sound of its distant bells. "I am an old man now," said Mr. Goldwin Smith a number of years ago, "but I still hear the bells of my *alma mater* ringing over the seas."

W. S. Wallace.

McMASTER IN THE WEST.

THIS article refers to McMaster feminine. If it tells of the experiences of only four or five you are safe in assuming that as it was with the few so it was with the many. Some went by the Great Lakes on the S.S. Athabasca, and had a look into Fort William and Port Arthur, which seemed a jumble of wharves and grain elevators. They came on through Manitoba and saw a sunrise over the Lake of the Woods, where the earth is so still and green, the evening and the morning seem the first day. Others went via Chicago and sallied forth alone at night into that wicked city, in search of lemonade. They found it (ice-cold, with a cherry floating in it), and so to them henceforth lemonade and Chicago are synonymous. Nearly every one had a day in Winnipeg. Whatever the route, the destinations were similar, an 18 x 24 foot schoolhouse, a dozen tractable children, and a typical Western mansion to call home.

These homes, we may say, are of varying degrees of comfort. If the occupants have climbed to social eminence (for one may as well banish that hallucination that there are not social distinctions among settlers in the West), they will have an organ and table-napkins and a hired girl; if not ——. As you shut your eyes you recall a familiar sod-house, low-roofed, two-roomed and dark. The furniture is home-made. The chairs are barrels and the seats of a democrat. The entrance is a catch-all for lanterns, churns, stools, tubs and a casual hen or pig. Yet in the cellar of that house you got your first peep into the mysteries of photography, and at dinner in that house you were once smitten with humility to hear the little lad devoutly say grace over bread and bacon in granite dishes. In such a homestead you are likely to get queer foreign things to eat: sago in your porridge, poppy-seeds in cake, raw herring pickled with onion, and mushrooms fried with liver.

But it's not fair to the West to leave that impression of it. Moreover, that impression is not true. In many districts, especially if settled by Ontario farmers, prosperity prevails. The poor Englishmen fare worst. The curious legend that in Canada gold is picked up off doorsteps brings them out here without money, implements or horses, and they struggle along for two or three years before they get their first crops, living in their tar-papered one-roomed shack, inferior to their neighbors' barns. In contrast to such a home, take the case of one McMaster girl whose lines fell in pleasant places, who repeatedly affirms the people she lived with were *stylish* (don't conjure up a residence on St. George Street), that the members of the family constituted among themselves an orchestra, that a verandah ran around the house, with rocking chairs upon it—but then they were Americans!

Everyone admits the beauty of the country: of the bush, at least, for all of us can't find the same inspiration in the prairie as Bryant did. It is so monotonous. There is no use going for a drive, for no matter where you go it's just the same as where you started from. But the bushes of gentle poplars, the tall balm trees and the silent hills make pretty scenery, not without variety. The water of the swift, shallow Saskatchewan is dark and blue. The characteristic feature of bush scenery is the coulee. This is wonderfully beautiful! If you want to know about it, read that rare chapter in the *Sky Pilot* on Gwen's canyon. By early October the coulee is barren. The tree stems look like vertical pencil marks in the gray hollows.

If the reader will excuse two harsh, ugly words, I will say that crudity and incongruity dominate the West. The latter is often pleasing, and you will recall it long after the discomforts of the country fade away. Here are two examples: One day the writer went to a song-service in a barn. There amidst binders and mowers rose a stately Heintzman upright, with sacks of flour piled on top. Amidst the ruddy quiet of an August sunset the man at the piano was singing "Where Is My Wandering Boy To-Night?" His impressed listeners were a dozen little urchins perched like owls along the rafters.

The day you helped (?) thresh you made a great discovery. The grimy engineer was instructing you in the gentle art of stuffing straw down a fiery mouth. Suddenly he asked you if you were musical. As you valiantly pitched your fork into a fresh lot of straw you confessed you were not, but, undaunted, he discoursed sweetly to you on "Parsifal" and "Lohengrin," Marie Hall and Caruso, "Madame Butterfly" and the "Merry Widow." Then out of the kindness of his heart he wanted to lend you the score of "Tannhauser." You couldn't help but wonder how much was artistic feeling and how much was sham, till the next day you heard him sing Tostoi's "Good-bye," and then you knew it was all the former.

Then there is the day you visited a bachelor's shack (commonest word in the vocabulary of the West). This particular specimen was of the tidy variety. He seemed to dwell within the walls of a kitchen cabinet, and, judging from the rows of tin cans, lived upon salmon and condensed milk. He pulled out one drawer full of dirty dishes, waiting for the Sunday washing-up —for even tidy bachelors have their failings.

Before the summer is over you feel you have done your duty in the way of "stunts." What is there left undone? You have ridden to town on hay-loads and wood-piles, dismounting with alacrity before a wondering populace; ridden bareback and in the saddle (this, in fact, has been your chiefest joy), drawn water on the stone-boat, sitting on which lowly eminence you looked like a Laplander; gone boating on the Saskatchewan; ridden along that beautiful Saskatoon trail where it is so primitive and lonely you fancy you are the first white woman to tread it; also you've been lost in a November fog, shot gophers and eaten rabbits. Once you helped the doctor set a broken leg, and once you drove home from a dance while dawn's rosy fingers spread over the East. Another time you kept house a week while the good woman went to Prince Albert to get her husband out of jail. So, if variety is wanted, take a summer school in the West.

By September 15th the shooting season opens, and twice a day you fare royally on duck or partridge or prairie chicken—

cranes, too, large birds like wild turkeys. Previous to this you've had your first lessons in shooting. The mark was an onion stuck into a soap box by a pin out of your collar. It was humiliating to discover you couldn't even hit the box, especially when your ambition was to trim your winter hat with wings of a duck you brought down yourself.

There is one thing of which you are rather proud; you've had a hand at every stage of taking in the wonderful harvest—you have helped seed, driven the binder, learned to stook, built stacks, fed the separator and driven to the elevator with a load of the finished product. Then you watched them weigh it and load the cars. Vaguely you believe it's a privilege to have watched the whole process and seen these vast wheat gardens. From August on interest centres entirely in "the threshers." When shall they come? What shall we give them to eat? Who will come and help us cook? (Threshers have amazing appetites. Once they ate five gallons of pickles in two days.) We will not wash the curtains till they have been, and while they are here we will take up the carpet.

The ways of a maid with a man admit of variety in the West. One McMaster girl was driven by an eighteen-year-old youth to a picnic. Returning, the driver was overtaken by slumber, and the school teacher, a novice at driving, had to hit the trail for home herself. Another of her profession was habitually driven to church by one of the bachelors for which the West is famed. One Saturday night the horse and buggy were entrusted to the teacher, with instructions to call for the donor and drive him to church in the morning. (Reason for this inverted proceeding unknown.) But the horse broke away in the night and made for home straight as the crow flies. His sense of propriety was plainly outraged.

Other things admit of variety, too. Here is an extract from a trustee's letter in engaging a McMaster girl: "Our country is new and our roads is bad, but you come and live with me and i use you O. K. you bring hammer in your trunk to teach the jews and put hay-wire on your boots, for these Jews is handy." Here is an extract from the letter of the same young

lady, showing her occupations when she arrived: "I do all the family correspondence. Mrs. ——— cannot write and I have offered my services, as I love letter writing, and she tells me to whom to write. Sometimes it is 'Maw,' and sometimes 'Paw'; other times 'Sister Hanner.' Then there is Lide Dusenbury, Mary Sylvester and 'Brother Kelly.' I relate about the weather, crops, cow and children. I wrote two in school this morning, one to Sister Daisy and one to Lide Dusenbury. She didn't know I'd done them and I came home at noon with them all sealed and stamped. Suppose it's unkind to laugh, but it's so funny. I'm thinking of applying to the Bishop of Texas for a position as private secretary."

These are a few true facts about the West. Anyone can see the picturesque side of the pattern is turned out. There are some knots on the other side; the day-in-day-out monotony of teaching, the wet Saturdays "when you have no piano to pound on, no books to read, no fudge to make," those long August evenings when the yellow moonlight seems to heap the hills with loneliness, and you long ardently for noise—the corner of King and Yonge on Saturdays or a bargain crowd in Eaton's. Civilization seems so far off. It has become a great event to have dinner in the really excellent hotel in town and find your place set with two knives and two forks and two spoons. Picturesque, too, to have a red-coated mounted policeman as your vis-à-vis and see through the dining-room window the bent form of an Indian wrapped in his blanket and treading stealthily upon his moccasins. The hope of getting Indian curios lured you to the Hudson Bay store, where you got sweet grass baskets and moccasins and a badger skin and flattered yourself your purchases had the true Western flavor.

The night you left there was a dance in your honor, held in the schoolhouse. Desks were unscrewed and lanterns hung in the windows. It was twenty below zero outside, but a roaring wood fire and the romping square dances made things warm within. About ten proceedings began. Tom, the hired man, is calling off the dances—

"Swing with the gent who looks so neat,
Swing with the gent with the great big feet,
Swing with the gent who looks so tall,
Swing with the gent you kissed last fall,
Swing like thunder."

And you have a sore ankle yet, because one vigorous swing landed you against a desk. At one the men need a rest. They pull off their coats and have a good smoke. Then you dance till four, the men still smoking. But I have forgotten supper. You eat beef sandwiches and dill pickles and wonderful four-storey cakes. You and your partner have only one plate and, sad to say, you ate his pickles by mistake, so he promptly finished up your cake. Now this is called a *lap-supper*.

There is no time to speak of the return trip. A day in Chicago bewildered your simple Toronto mind. On the ninth floor of Marshall Field's you lunched off Coalport china and used finger-bowls of beaten brass. Marshall Field's is a marvel of commerce and luxury. It makes you wonder how much farther civilization can go.

As you neared home the scenery from the car window becomes homelike once more; *cosy* scenery—wheat fields big as pocket handkerchiefs, apple orchards, and elms that spread like big umbrellas—how different from Saskatchewan!

E. Winnifred Dengate, '10.

THE GLADSTONE CENTENARY.*

HE centenary of Gladstone will provide an auspicious occasion for a positively unbiased estimate of Britain's "Grand Old Man"; surely the dead cannot be hated, nor the departed inspire the living with gross adulation! Both the scorching flashlights refracted by political animosity and the momentary glitter and glare which attend popular fame have now been absorbed in the clearer, truer light of time. The approaching centenary will reveal not so much the Rt. Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, three times Prime Minister of Great Britain, and the most adored and hated politician of his day; it will show Gladstone, the statesman perhaps, but first, Gladstone, the man.

Generally speaking, it may be said that much less interest is taken in raw material than in the finished product; the completed statue compels the admiration of multitudes, while the unfinished block escapes all notice. For this reason, the world will at this time be likely to look in retrospect at Gladstone in the maturity of his genius and the fulness of his powers, overlooking, perhaps, the boy at school, the youth at college, or the novice in Parliament. A study of the processes which lead to greatness should, however, be requisite to a proper study of that greatness itself, and for this reason we turn for a moment from our view of the noble and commanding statesman at Westminster or Hawarden and attempt to catch a glimpse of the inexperienced student at Oxford.

College days for Gladstone began on October 10, 1828, when the Eton boy became a Christchurch man and took up his residence in Peckwater, near Canterbury Gate. A bare sketch of his four years at Oxford from an academic standpoint shows that at the end of 1829 he received a studentship *honoris causa* by nomination of the dean, that twice he tried and failed to win

*Editor's Note.—Mr. Gladstone was born at Liverpool, Dec. 29, 1809.

the highly coveted scholarship founded by Dean Ireland, that he also failed to win the Wendigate prize for Latin verse, and that at the end of his course he graduated with the very highest honors, having won a "double first," that is, a first in Classics and a first in Mathematics.

According to his own statement, the first year and a half of college life was not of a very strenuous nature; but after that he worked consistently and hard. He made it a rule never to break off his morning studies at the regulation luncheon hour of 1 p.m. "Whether in college rooms or country mansion, he worked steadily from 10 a.m. till 2 p.m., and 8 p.m. saw him once more engaged in a stiff bout with Aristotle or plunged deep in a text of Thucidydes." The following extract from his diary gives us some idea of the daily routine besides throwing an interesting sidelight on his character:

"May 10, 1830.—Mathematics lecture. Breakfast with Gaskell, who had the Merton men. Paper. *Edinburgh Review* on Southey's *Colloquies* (Macaulay's). *Ethics.* A wretched day. God forgive idleness. Note to Bible."

Part of a letter written at Lemington, April 9, 1831, is rather amusing: "I have been desperately idle in the reading way, as people do nothing but sing here, and that incessantly, whether *rogati* or *injussi nunquam desistunt.*"

The foundation of Gladstone's greatness as an orator was perhaps laid at Eton, but, undoubtedly, it was firmly set at Oxford. His ability as a debater gained for him the presidency of the famous Oxford Union during the Michaelmas term of 1830, and even in those days his eloquence was of that persuasive and compelling character which led Mr. Forster, with some spite, to say later: "He could persuade most people of most things and himself of anything." It is interesting to note that he opposed Peel's Reform Bill, and in one of his speeches at the Union he brought down the house by asking, "whether the Pythagorean probation of five years' initiatory silence might not advantageously be combined with popular election under the Reform Bill?"

In view of his later life, it is significant that even at college

Gladstone was profoundly religious; indeed, men of the world considered him ostentatiously so. And he could back up his religion with both moral and physical courage. At that time there was a fast set at Christchurch under the Marquis of Waterford which counted among its more innocent forms of amusement such things as gambling, screwing up dons' doors, breaking up a studious colleague's furniture, and nocturnal excursions. Anyone expressing disapproval of these escapades was usually given a "midnight bath in Mercury," that is, a dip in the fountain in the midst of Tom Quad; but though Gladstone repeatedly denounced the set, he was never molested. There is a worthy entry in his diary, dated April 25, 1830: "In practice the great end is that the love of God may become the fixed habit of my soul, and particularly these things are to be sought: 1. The spirit of love. 2. Of self-sacrifice. Of purity. Of energy." No wonder such a youth was feared by the dissolute Marquis.

The writer remembers a visit which Mr. Gladstone paid to Liverpool, his native city, not long before his death. The enthusiastic multitude which surged about his carriage, blocking its passage all along the way, testified to the truth of the statement that "he alone among merely political leaders has been acclaimed and worshipped day after day and week after week by a people which, like the Hebrews of old, and also the Hebrews of to-day, thinks itself a chosen people." The cause of such public acclaim was manifest in the very appearance of the old man standing in the carriage. The greatest intellectual strength, the finest aesthetic culture, the highest nobility of character: these qualities were apparent even to a boy of twelve. Oxford had done her work well; for when does a man escape the influence of his *alma mater?*

Joseph Wearing, '10.

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Editorial Notes.

"Mutuaque inter se laeti convivia curant;
Invitat genialis hiemps curasque resolvit."

THE round circuit of the year brings once again the joy and merriment of Christmas. In this northern zone it is above all a home festival. Natural forces conspire to bring about good-fellowship and neighborliness among mortals. The birds of summer are dismissed from our woods and meadows to the rice marshes and cotton fields of the far-distant South. Pleasant lakes and streams where late frolicked jolly picnic parties are now chilled into silence by the magic touch of the frost sprites. Shut up in the cave of the winds are the gentle breezes of autumn, and their ruder kinsfolk, the wintry blasts, sweep menacing over hill and plain, and hurry belated travellers home to the cheery hospitality of the lighted hearth. Without, silent snow and early darkness enfolding town and country; within, rosy warmth and happiness, the festive Ariel of Yuletide flitting from house to house on glad mission intent; such is our Canadian Christmas. May it prove this year a happy home-coming for every reader of THE MONTHLY.

Although the Christmas anniversary suggests a strange interweaving of ancient Teutonic, Latin and Christian usages, in our day it has come to manifest triumphantly the spirit and mind of the Christ. It is not at all certain as to whether the vital spark of Christianity may be found in dogma or in ethics, in worship or in charity, but it is an indubitable fact that this last predominates in the commemoration of the advent of Christianity's founder. "Once a year at least we are put in mind of the Better Way, the way of the glad heart, the open hand, the unsuspicious mind."

We celebrate in this season the nativity of One who has been quaintly and truthfully portrayed by an Elizabethan poet as

> "A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit,
> The first true gentleman that ever breathed."

If we call to mind the motto of McMaster, its message in this Christmastide should ring out very clearly for us. Christ is confessedly the great Exemplar of this University. Those who follow Him "in whom all things consist" will shun the uncharitable thought, the cruel speech and the hasty act. "A true gentleman is not harsh, implacable or capricious." Sympathy that breaks through natural repugnance in swift response to the cry of need, self-control in the face of nervous disquiet, sober judgment, steadfast unobtrusive firmness, patient tolerance and ready courtesy—these are the credentials of a true gentleman.

The ranks of McMaster men have lately suffered at the hands of the grim reaper. We are reminded, even in this mirthful season, of the uncertainties of earthly existence. The cup of bitter-sweet is never very far from our lips. Our sincerest sympathy goes out to the bereaved ones. We give them a hand-clasp of Christian fellowship and assure them that they are remembered in their day of grief. It must comfort them to know that the "one clear call" came to their loved ones when heart and voice were busy with the work of the Kingdom. It is expected that the life and labor of these McMaster's sons will receive further recognition in the columns of this magazine by those who knew them intimately and loved them well.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. McGREGOR, '10.

"Old days return; old dreams appear;
Old conflicts rise of Hope and Fear!
And yet, with all 'tis good to know,
Despite Life's change of kiss and blow,
We still thank God to hear once more
The Bells of Yule!"

—*Austin Dobson.*

CHRISTMAS comes but once a year. This is the season when we feel a healthy benevolence toward the whole world. So, lest this magnanimity of heart should lack a channel for egress into deed, there is afforded on every hand opportunity for the feelings to crystallize into beneficent action. Salvation Nell guards the tripod and kettle at some busy thoroughfare, and bespeaks your most generous charity; Bartimeus raises his sightless orbs and mutters a "God bless you" as you contribute your obolus. Hampers for the poor are in order at this joy-season: it were a blot on our civilization should any go hungry. Throughout the rest of the year our consciences may be forgetful of the empty cupboards of the poor, if so be these are crammed to fulness on Christmas Day.

There is a fine mental exhilaration that accompanies the spontaneous bestowal of a charity. Charles Lamb pithily says: "The greatest pleasure I know is to do a good action by stealth, and to have it found out by accident." To us who are high-minded, however, the pure love of the good deed is the impelling motive. No secondary motive actuates *us*. "Never! Never, Never?"

We conclude. Cast your bread upon the waters, and it shall return after *many* days.

THE KING'S BIRTHDAY.—Perhaps we had forgotten that November 9th was the natal day of Edward the Seventh. It was remembered by the Professor who conducted chapel service on that day, and the National Anthem was sung.

Are you a member of the Delta Society? Keep it dark!

Debating Society.—On November 6th the weekly Debating Union met, President Newton in the chair. The resolution, "That Athletic, Literary Society and McMaster Monthly fees should be compulsory and included in regular tuition fees," was debated on the affirmative by R. C. Crowe, '10, and on the negative by Joseph Wearing, '10. Prof. McLay, as critic, offered many helpful suggestions. Judge Affleck gave the decision in favor of the negative.

The subject for debate on November 20th was, "Resolved, That the decision in divorce causes should be transferred from the Dominion Government to the ordinary courts of law." T. Richards, '10, successfully upheld the affirmative, while Wm. Tilley, '10, contended for the negative. T. Wearing, B.A., most efficiently performed his duties as critic. Messrs. McKechnie and Strachan acted as judges.

Professor (describing the habits of fishes)—The species *Hippocampus* is peculiar in that the male looks after the young. This seems odd. Irrepressible Punster—Is that *odd*, Professor, or *ideal?*

Our Advertisers.—Ever read the ads. in The Monthly? Assurance policies, bank books, combs, chocolates—we could go right through the alphabet to shines, shaves and tooth-brushes, but we refrain for fear the Business Manager should charge us for advertising space. Frank Stollery has a very tender *pome* appended to his ad. Read it. Strange that our "Here and There" editor hasn't referred to its delicate aesthetic qualities! In your Christmas buying, *Patronize the Advertisers.* Mention The Monthly.

THE STUDENT'S CHRISTMAS.

Christmas holiday is coming;
Christmas holiday? You say,
Christmas time means jolly parties,
Holiday means rest and play.

But McMaster's rising genius
Christmas holiday devotes
To digesting and to cramming
Not plum pudding—but his notes.

Christmas holiday reminds us
We must make our lives sublime,
And neglect all fleeting pleasure
For examination time.

The Lit.—A regular meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday, October 29th. After a somewhat humorous recitation of the minutes by the Secretary, President Crowe presented the recommendation of the Executive that N. S. McKechnie, B.A., and James Strachan represent McMaster in debate against Osgoode Hall on December 2nd. The report was approved by a volley of hand-clapping.

The programme was well balanced and thoroughly enjoyable. The opening number was a piano solo by Miss Hooper, '13. Then followed a speech by E. W. Quinn, '13, on the topic, "The Value of the Great Lakes to Canada." Mr. Quinn's address was careful and convincing, and he displayed oratorical capabilities of no mean order. Miss Gladys Jackson, '11, contributed a pleasing vocal solo, and then C. W. Perkins, '10, dilated on matters of world import which had occurred during the week, including such subjects as "The Great Future for Limburger Cheese" and "The Yellow Veil which has surrounded Mars."

Literary Society.—On Friday evening, November 12th, Mr. Rutledge's celebrated brass band led a record number of members to the regular meeting of the Literary Society in Castle Memorial Hall. President Crowe presided and the programme was opened by a piano solo by Miss G. Murray, '11. Her selection was a sonata by Beethoven, and was enthusiastically received. Miss Murray shows great musical ability, and her playing is always much appreciated by the Literary Society. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, then gave a short address on "Misfits, or men who don't fit in." It is needless to say that he delighted the audience. Mr. Firstbrook's natural talent as a speaker and his store of wholesome humor have made him a favorite speech-maker at McMaster functions. His speech was followed by another band selection, which was heartily applauded. Miss K. McDonald's rendering of "The Irish Lullaby" was extremely sweet, and the audience insisted on an encore, to which Miss McDonald responded with "The Sweetest Flower That Blows." Mr. Rutledge then read one of Mr. Robert W. Service's most popular and amusing poems, "The Cremation of Sam McGee," in a delightful manner. The last number on the programme was a vocal solo by E. T. Newton, '11, "Macgregors' Gathering," in which he quite upheld his splendid reputation as a singer. He responded to the encore demanded with a humorous song, "Charlie Is My Darling," after which the meeting adjourned.

YEAR THIRTEEN'S YELL.

R An ounce of Yiddish,
A pound of Greek,
A giggle, a gasp, a sneezing spell,
A hiccough that rends your diaphragm,
Eureka! Year Thirteen's yell.

We have secured exclusive privileges of the publication of the esoteric effusion appended hereto. It has been suppressed as long as possible, but murder will out.

Boao! Boao! ton polemion,
Lusomen! lusomen! hupodzugion!
Sneezle! geezle! rux! bang!
Spendo! Gendo! rang-a-tang!
Doko! doxo! kekulee!
'13, '13, hee! hee! hee!

FYFE DAY.—The first meeting of the Fyfe Missionary Society was held on November 2nd, and consisted of an afternoon and evening session. Both sessions were well attended, and the programme of the day was inspiring and helpful. In the afternoon the first part of the meeting was given up to business. The treasurer's report was presented by Professor Matthews; new members were voted upon; and delegates were appointed to the Student Volunteer Convention to be held in Rochester, December 29-January 2. The following were chosen as representatives: for the Y. W. C. A., Miss Arkell and Miss Kee; for the Y. M. C. A., Messrs. Rutledge, Chave, McKechnie, Strachan, Jury and Jeffery. Dr. Gilmour gave a most interesting address on the work of Grande Ligne. With a rapid survey of the field and some of the problems to be met there, he pointed out the large opportunity for true missionary work right at our doors. To McMaster men the challenge must come with peculiar urgency. The need is acute, the situation critical. McMaster has men who can do it if they will.

Following this, Dr. Goforth spoke on the recent revival in China. Coming direct from the field and having been one of the leaders in the movement, his words were marked by a singular earnestness and conviction. Prayer he held to be the only possible explanation of the marvellous outpouring of God's spirit and power in the revival. If we were only willing to pay the price, the speaker said, there is no reason we should not have the same manifestation in our own midst.

The evening session witnessed a departure from the regular type of service. President Rutledge was supported on the plat-

form by no less than twelve student pastors. Dr. Norton introduced the theme of the meeting with a practical, comprehensive estimate of "The Value of Student Labor." The youthful pastors, some grave, some gay, then successively addressed the audience, basing their homilies on the work they had been engaged in during the summer. The case for Home Missions has seldom been so forcefully and directly presented. The straightforward manner and enthusiastic tone of each speaker surely wrought the impression of the reality and necessity of such work as the students undertake.

FICKLE FRESHMAN.

I feel certain May will go underneath the mistletoe
When we meet again at home on Christmas eve;
And instanter I must kiss that homely country miss
Or she will think I 've something up my sleeve.

But I 'll have to let her know that it 's not a year ago—
When I really *did* kiss May beneath the tree—
I 'll just tell her like a man that she now must change her plan,
For a *city* girl is all the world to me.

Inter-College Debate.—The debate between Osgoode Hall and McMaster University on December 2nd left McMaster again victorious. The subject was: "Resolved, That the decision of divorce causes in Canada should be transferred from the Dominion Parliament to the ordinary courts of law." The affirmative was upheld by N. S. McKechnie, B.A., and Jas. Strachan of McMaster University, while F. B. Edmunds and V. J. McEldery supported the negative for Osgoode Hall. President R. C. Crowe occupied the chair, and Professors N. W. DeWitt and W. S. Milner, and Rev. W. T. Hallam acted as judges. Mr. McKechnie, who opened the debate for the affirmative, briefly reviewed the present divorce systems of Canada, England and the United States, comparing the number of divorces granted in each. In his usual convincing style he advanced his arguments in favor of the affirmative with a clearness and conciseness which have won for him in McMaster the title of "King of Debate." He was followed by Mr. McEldery, leader of the negative, who spoke in a very creditable manner, contending that a change in the administration of divorce causes would increase their number and have an evil influence on society at large. Many of his points were ably refuted by Mr. Strachan, who followed him. He pleaded the cause of the affirmative on the ground of the efficiency of the ordinary law

courts and the cumbersomeness and often injustice of the present method. Mr. Strachan's manner was especially pleasing and forceful, and his delivery added much to the strength and convincing power of his arguments. Mr. Edmunds then completed the argument for the negative, presenting the evil of the publicity entailed by the court procedure, and claiming that there was no sufficient demand to warrant the inauguration of a new system. Mr. McKechnie then had five minutes to reply, which he used to advantage. The judges, in awarding the decision, stated that the affirmative had the better of the argument in both style and matter. Although their men were unsuccessful, Osgoode is to be congratulated upon the splendid fight they showed and the general high standard of the debate. The musical part of the programme was supplied by Miss Eveline Ashworth of the Toronto College of Music, who sang in a most acceptable manner, as evidenced by the insistent demand for an encore. Miss Mary Firstbrook, of the Conservatory School of Expression, contributed materially to the enjoyment of the evening by her excellent rendering of a reading and the encore demanded

FRENZY No. 3.

It was a fact well known to all Year Ten
That one man dreamed of Annesley now and then;
So, to be sure, the class *en masse* stood pat
To have him Lit. Rep. to Vic. Conversat.
But, ah! the cruel fate that must be told!
A fate abhorrent to a senior bold;
For, *hic invitus*, had his card filled quite
With freshettes green, though robed as angels white;
Ye gods and little fishes! hear him groan,
Five promenades he faced, then—cut for home.
The present moment finds him still debating
What fib will answer when it comes to skating.

The Mission Study Classes.—This is the fourth year that McMaster students have been carrying on among themselves the study of Christian missions in foreign countries. During the first two years the students divided themselves into three classes. Theology had a class of its own, the juniors joining with the seniors and the freshmen with the sophomores to form the other two classes. The result of the first year was not encouraging, for few seemed to take interest in the new venture. The next year was more successfully conducted, and quite a number of students followed the studies taken right through the year. Last year it was decided that Theology and each year in Arts should form classes of their own. Dr. Gilmour started a normal class for the five leaders and took up the study of Mohammedanism, using as

text, "The Moslem World," by Dr. Zwemer. This third year was a decided improvement over the previous ones, and those who followed these studies were amply repaid.

This year the classes are just getting nicely started in the study of conditions in South America. The normal class is being conducted by Professor Matthews, and promises to be very helpful. A study of the neglected continent will be interesting and instructive. In the commercial and political realms South America is just beginning to be heard from, and the average man knows little about it, and especially about the people and their religious conditions. Every student should grasp the opportunity offered by the mission study classes for obtaining some interesting information of this continent which is now attracting the attention of the world.

The class leaders for the year are: Wm. Raithby, B.A.Theo.; W. C. McKendry, '10; R. D. Dodge, '11; S. H. Lamb, '12, and A. Hall, '13.

Founder's Day.—The annual reception in honor of the founder of the University was held on Friday evening, November 26. At 8 o'clock the visitors began to enter Castle Memorial Hall, where they were received by Chancellor and Mrs. McKay, and by Mr. E. E. Sayles, president of the student organization. Within a few moments the floor was thronged, and, although the number of guests was not so great as in the preceding year, yet comfort would have admitted very few more. Even as it was, temporary blockades occurred more than once during the course of the evening.

It is generally conceded that the decorations on this occasion surpassed in attractiveness and ingenuity those of any former year. The chapel and corridors were tastefully festooned in red, white and blue; and many of the students' apartments, variously adorned, were open to inspection. In the room chosen by the Athletic Association an effigy represented the college athlete as he is and a series of pictures revealed him as his friends and relatives see him. The greatest care, however, was expended upon the rendezvous of the various classes. Although it might be difficult to decide which year attained the most attractive results, the juniors undoubtedly exhibited the most originality. They had laid out, in the Ladies' Room, an Arctic scene, complete from musk-ox, polar bear, and Eskimo igloos to the Northern Lights, and even to the Pole itself. But they very wisely refrained from identifying the figure surmounting "the centre of boreal endeavor," and thus avoided entanglement in

the Polar controversy. Under the hands of the seniors, the Faculty Room was transformed into a dim-lit "arboret with painted blossoms drest." The sophomore room, with its yellow trellis-work and roses, appeared inviting and charmingly restful. The freshmen, too, in their representation of a mill and water-wheel, were very successful and produced a pleasing effect; and Theology contrasted its colors, purple and white, with excellent results. In addition to these the Biological Laboratory had been opened to the visitors and much interest was evinced in the microscopes, especially those exhibiting living animalculae. But the room most in favor was the dining-room, in which refreshments were served throughout the evening, and there the visitors surged at every promenade. Altogether Founder's Night was most successful, and both faculty and students may well be satisfied.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS JACKSON, '11.

"We chatter, chatter as we go."

HAT a miscellaneous heap of incidents goes to constitute a college girl's life! Her *repertoire* is as varied and unlimited as that of the average American actress. Religious meetings, tea-parties, Rugby matches, class functions, studies, essays, etc., constantly trip over one another's heels in the mad rush for first place in her attentions. Glancing over the heterogeneous collection spread before her for this month's issue, the editor is at a loss to know where to begin, and suffers under a frantic desire to start everything at once.

But here her mind reverts to a certain Christmas many, many years ago,—the first, methinks, that her own high chair with its little fenced-in tray was annexed to the corner-nearest-the-kitchen of the old-fashioned dining table. How her eyes sparkled to behold the good things fairly elbowing one another about on the crowded table! How everybody laughed as she made a dive for the nearest jelly ere the blessing was fairly over; and *what* a shame that nature had niggardly provided her with

but two little hands, when she might easily have manipulated at least four! How determined she was to start right in on "such stuff as dreams are made on," leaving all things substantial till the last! Then, when the rush was over, to make a delicious mixture of the fragments that remain, a veritable little crescent lake in the tray, with gravy, and cranberry sauce—and potato islands—hum! But we must

> " . . . pass these joys,
> Ask naught so heavenward, so too—too high,"

and remember the pitiable sequel to her undignified exit kitchenward, when the medicine-chest was opened, and she was

> " . . . brought like Alcestis from the grave,
> Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint."

Yes, we must exert all our will-power to avert such a calamity and to proceed in a deliberate, lady-like manner to choose from the menu only such delicacies as are suited to our immediate needs.

Bread. *Butter.*

The Y. W. C. A. fills an important niche in the college girls' life. Burdened with the stress of impending examinations, it is such a sweet relief on Wednesday, when the mid-day work is over, to join the little gathering in the chapel, and with our president, Miss Laura Craig, sing praises to One who understands how dreary a girl's days often are, and how little time can sometimes be found for active Christian service.

Every other week, after the opening exercises, the little company divides itself into two smaller bands under the leadership of Miss G. Steinhoff and Miss Violet Dickens to study the topics, "Strangers within our gates" and "Japan's regeneration."

Our Society is to have the honor of sending two representatives to the International Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. Convention at Rochester, from December 29th to January 2nd. Miss Bessie Arkell and Miss Kee, '13, are the delegates chosen.

On November 10th we had the pleasure of a visit from Miss Garrett, an earnest worker in the Ward. Her address centred about two questions which she believed to adequately express the cry of the human heart: "How may I become a Christian?" and "How may I live the Christ life?" Some of our members have been teaching Sunday School classes in the Ward and visiting the poor of that district for some time.

Fresh greens. *Salt ad lib.*

McMaster Hall,
Nov. 29th, 1909.

Oh, Peter: I have got such a heap to tell you about that I'm afraid of ending up without telling you a thing. Mummy says that is the way with me every time. It is the letters I begin by saying there is "simply no news" in that manage to have the most in them, somehow. Peter, it is a shame that you can't come to college, too, there's so much going on all the time. I am simply on the tear every second between winks. But the chickens need you at chore-time, and I have heard that if one keeps their ears open they can learn a lot even from the animals and everything around the farm, but a college education gives such width to a person's mind. One has a chance to see so many things you never dream about at Greenton.

Dad says he is building a new consecrated foundation on our barn. I do hope you helped at the bee, because he is always saying what a lazy creature (critter, he says, but he never went to college!) you are, and many's the time I have had to stick up for you. I don't think it is laziness at all, and I don't blame you the least bit. Anybody would be lazy cooped up in such a wood-box as Greenton. Oh, Peter, if you ever have a wife and can't keep her, don't for mercy sake put her in that pumpkin-shell of a place, or else it won't be me. Remember!

But Toronto is the dandiest place in the world. I always did like to have something going on all the time. Why, when I was at home helping mummy scrub potatoes I never could think of a single thing to put in my letters. I often think how different it is now.

Thanks for the ring. However did you remember that garnets were my favorite stones? Nobody could tell but what they were real ones.

Oh say, I made up some poetry the other day, named "Lines to Peter," and you can put it in your watergraph albium—

Remember me, Peter, early and late,
Wherever I may be.
Remember me at the pearly gate,
And don't forget your key.

Good-bye, Peter.
Yours affectionately, EMERALDE.

P.S.—Isn't that fine? I must take after William. I did forget to tell you the news, but I am afraid I haven't time now.

It was about the day we went to the Rugby match at Guelph, and the fancy-dress affair at the Hall, and our year party, and Founder's Night (we had a perfectly scrumptuous time), O yes, and the picnic, and the suffragette meeting in Massey Hall (Mrs. Pankhurst, you know—O no, you don't either, I forgot), and my new dress (pink with spangles), and everything. But you just remind me of them at Christmas, and I'll tell you all about it. EMERALDE.

P.S. No. 2.—One of the seniors takes me around some, but it is nothing serious yet (really truly), so you can still correspond to me, Peter, dear. Say, they blame everything on us freshettes. The other day a couple of girls were hiding from a French lecture under the settee, and of course everybody thought it was some of our year. I was good and glad to see two seniors crawl out.

Reservoir now for good. EMERALDE.

Salad.

Interested Enthusiast—"Any conflicts this year?" "Well, I should say." "What?" "Mainly Rugby matches and Old English lectures."

The "cold grey dawn" of the morning following the freshman rally finds two little freshettes curled up on the north-eastern settee, fast asleep.

The girls of year eleven have contributed a handsome pennant towards the furnishing of the sitting-room. Small blessings thankfully received.

A CHRISTMAS HINT.

One gift you might attach for me
Securely on our Christmas tree,
And I would still your love remember—
That book you borrowed in September!

Small potatoes.

"TRUE IN A SENSE."—Anger Personified—"I shall have you arrested for charging me eleven cents for that book last week. Why, I might have bought a brand new one for ten."

Witty Junior—"Very well, my dear, go ahead and arrest me if you will. The judge would have to admit that I was "in" a cent!

Kisses.

Still they dribble in. One morning it is a senior fresh and rosy from the West; another day it is a group of 'Varsity girls who have wisely decided that "a change is as good as a rest"; others trip merrily in straight from home. But no matter whence they come, they all receive an enthusiastic welcome, for are we not one big family?

"When man is little the big girls kiss him, and when he is big the little girls kiss him." Sad.

Unaccustomed sweets.

W. L. S.—Never was such excitement in the "Ladies' Room" as on the evening of Friday, November —th, when the programme for the regular Friday night "Lit" was to consist of a number of short dialogues in costume by the "Ladies." Never were our shorter members so short, and never in all its history was our streaky little mirror so very small. Four-feet-six standing on tip-toes found considerable difficulty in catching even a passing glimpse of her wee Japanese self, with one or another of the five-feet-tens always in the way.

"How do I look, anyhow?" asks a Greek maiden.

"Oh, just fine!—Did you ever see an uglier old maid than the rear view of me?"

"Horrible!—But this sash, does it really hang right?"

"Of course, you silly!" exclaims the "sprig of white heather."—"But do look at my cap. Does that feather look sporty to you?"

And thus it goes on, each girl's mind naturally absorbed in the all-important question of her own peculiar adornment.

If the audience enjoyed our "series of short plays" half as much as the girls enjoy decking themselves out in fantastic costumes, Greek goddesses, old maids, and sprigs of bonny heather would, we fear, be included in the Literary bill-of-fare every week.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS, '11.

"For love of me leave off this dreadful play."

A. C. vs. McMaster.—Our jovial and portly steward has forgotten the date, but he well remembers that one Saturday every man was at the breakfast table before the bell stopped ringing. No slug-a-beds that morning—even Joe Wearing was up, though all he had was porridge and a car ticket. Bow-wow had nothing but a shave, and Caleb turned out with just himself and a bunch of tickets. "Guelph" was the word—Guelph, Rugby, and Rooters.

A "special" carried the crowd—a good, jolly one, boys, girls and the old brass band. All were in high spirits, especially Toby and the young man Tilley. These esteemed seniors were noticed carefully carrying a box of sweet, delicious fudge—fudge that someone else was looking for, fudge that *someone* made for someone else for that special occasion. And they ate that fudge, those esteemed seniors—*theologues at that*. In the train wit and songs were at their best. One forlorn senior, alas! his affinity having missed the train, sat apart, abstracted from the whole. Lost in reverie with Plato and Aristotle, his philosophic soul wandered through the labyrinths of Bacon's Caves and finally he collapsed at the feet of Homer's death-dealing Cyclops. Recovering consciousness, he found himself being carried to the grave, the band playing the mournful strains of Saul's "Dead March," and the whole train in sadness. A few other things were noticeable, but, of course, we cannot make any personal remarks.

A couple of hours' run brought us to Guelph. Thanks to its ten-a-day car service, we were able to make connections, and the junior game was played in the morning. It was played—and lost the same morning. This, however, was only an appetizer for dinner, and the dinner itself was only an appetizer for the game at 3 o'clock. The sturdy yeomen of the O. A. C. lined up and presented an imposing front—enough to make such men as Veals, McKechnie and Ed. Whan shake. Well, we were all there, and those that were not don't deserve to know anything about it.

After the game a few particular things were noticed, such as Bill Waters, '08, and the distinctly crest-fallen appearance of Slugger's Rugby pants. Then, too, it was striking, the large number of Englishmen that seemed to be enjoying the mist—it may have been the game—anyway they were out like frogs in a rain. On leaving the grounds we were deeply touched and really moved with sympathy. A deputation came from the College and tearfully stated that, whereas they had expected victory and met with defeat, the fellows were so down in the mouth that the sound of music was unbearable.

But, laying mirth and jest aside, perhaps a few sober words would be in place. It appears to be the consensus of opinion that the day was a complete success. Everyone thoroughly enjoyed himself. It was a day after the good old style of picnics to which our mothers used to take us, when the exhilaration of going somewhere, of some departure from the routine, keyed our spirits, and added zest to life. It was a day when the cares and weights of learning were cast aside, and senior and soph. were one. It was a day when freshmen felt there was something in college life for them.

McMaster I. line-up: Back, Crowe; halves, Ashmore, McCrimmon (captain), Ryrie; quarter, Firstbrook; wings, Wearing, Robertson, Whan, McKechnie, Veals, Poole; scrimmage, Sayles, Haddow, Gray (E. D.).

Score—McMaster I., 17; O. A. C. I., 2.

McMaster II. line-up: Back, Bracken; halves, I. Matthews, McKay, Price; quarter, McGregor (captain); wings, Iveson, Wilkins, Ramage, Silcox, Wilson, O. Ronson; scrimmage, Jeffery, Waters, Hodgson.

Score—O. A. C. II., 17; McMaster II., 7.

C. A. D., '09.

Inter-Faculty Soccer.—Victoria, 1; McMaster, 0. This fall McMaster entered a soccer team in the inter-faculty series, but lost any chance for first place in the first game with Victoria on November 3. The game, which was played at Victoria on a ten by sixteen lot, with the ball off the field most of the time, was fast and evenly contested; but unfortunately McMaster could do no scoring. Vic. scored their goal at the beginning of the second half, when McMaster's playing was a little lax for a few minutes. It was scored on a close shot, and Field, who made some splendid stops during the game, had no chance to block it. McMaster showed lack of team play, due to insufficient practice, which in turn is due to lack of interest on the part of the school and the executive. Our sports shouldn't be too one-

sided, and it seems too bad that we should be forced to lose a game when we have the material but no opportunity for giving them a fair chance. Why not support soccer, when we have a team entered in a series, just as enthusiastically as Rugby?

McMaster line-up: Goal, Field; backs, Haydon, L. McCrimmon; halves, Robertson, Brown, B. McCrimmon; forwards, Ashmore, Hartley, McLaurin, Kelly, Poole (captain).

November 12.—Dents defaulted to McMaster.

Inter-Year Rugby.—'Ten 40, 'Twelve 0. "Resolved, That the seniors can trim the sophs. in Rugby. Affirmative '10, Negative '12." The above resolution, which was announced to be contested on the Rugby field on November 4, was decided in favor of the affirmative. A detailed account of the play would be as uninteresting as was the game itself; consequently the critic's report will be brief. A certain professor, who watched the game, summed up matters when he said that year 'Ten went through the sophs' line like a knife through cheese.

'Eleven 9, Theology 5.—At last, after many postponements, they met on Monday, November 8, the theologues and juniors. Not until the second quarter was there any scoring done. Then it happened that the juniors got the ball with first down about ten yards from the theologues' goal line. Twice 'Eleven bucked, and on the third down had only about two yards to make. The theologues crouched low, determined to swamp another buck; but when things cleared Leon lay behind their line with the ball. The try was not converted. Three singles in the same quarter left the score at half-time 8—0. A dead-line in the third quarter was the last of 'Eleven's scoring. About the middle of the last quarter Theology got the ball at about the half line and started to buck. With Clair McKeeh, heading the buck, it went down the field something like one, two, three, Theology made fifteen yards. When close to 'Eleven's line the juniors held them a little better, but were unable to keep them out of their goal. When the whistle blew the score stood 9—5 in favor of 'Eleven.

'Eleven 9, 'Thirteen 4.—Two evenings later these same juniors were again victorious, this time over the freshmen. The game was close; but the juniors had an advantage over the freshmen in having a much heavier line. The freshmen worked their criss-cross plays to perfection, but were never able to get away for a try by them. At three-quarters time the score stood 4—1 in favor of 'Eleven. A few minutes later Ryrie kicked a pretty drop on goal from the twenty-five yard line, tying the score and making things look interesting. The juniors broke the

tie soon after, when in trying to run the ball out from the back of 'Thirteen's goal Ryrie lost it to Newton. The score now stood 9—4, and remained the same until the referee called time.

'Ten 28, 'Eleven 2.—On November 18, however, the juniors went down before the seniors in the final game for first place. 'Ten's line proved too heavy for 'Eleven, and their back division was in splendid form. The result was that they got away for five tries, three of which were converted. The juniors scored their two points in the last quarter by forcing McKay back over 'Ten's line for a safety. McKay played the game of his life at centre half.

Year 'Ten line-up: Back, Donald; halves, Robertson, McKay, Crowe (captain); quarter, Firstbrook; wings, Wearing, Sayles, Hodgson, McGregor, Veals, Richards; centre scrimmage, Blackadar; side scrimmage, Burrell or Ronson, Ward.

'Eleven 4, 'Twelve 0.—After the game on November 18 the sophs. were anxious to play off with 'Eleven for second place in inter-year Rugby. On November 22 the two teams lined up on a field that somewhat resembled a skating rink. The juniors, although scoring only four points, two by a safety and two by rouges, succeeded in keeping the sophs.' Rugby score for this season a blank. Bill Sinclair saved 'Twelve's goal several times by some splendid tackling.

Year 'Eleven line-up: Back, Bracken; halves, McCrimmon, Price; quarter, Gray (V. E.); wings, Newton, Matthews, Gray (E. D.), Affleck, Wilson (captain), Waters; centre scrimmage, Bennett; side scrimmage, Jeffery, Ramage.

Inter-Year Soccer.—'Thirteen 2, 'Ten 0. In a light drizzle of rain the seniors and freshmen played an inter-year game of soccer on November 2, which resulted in a victory for the freshmen. The seniors won the toss and played with a strong wind in their favor, but were unable to score. Their nearest approach to a goal was a pretty drop-kick by an eminent divine—a B.D.—from about two feet six inches in front of the uprights; but since the game happened to be Association and not Rugby football it could not be allowed. In the second half the freshmen were aggressive, and with a gale blowing on their backs kept the seniors strictly on the defensive, notching two goals. The feature of the side-line entertainment was the Graeco-Roman, catch-it-if-you-can, freshman yell. This was its first appearance in public and it created a great sensation indeed.

'Twelve 1, Theology 0.—On November 15 Theology forfeited to the sophomores the laurel wreath which in our last issue she

boasted wearing alone. The Theologues were at quite a disadvantage in having to play with only ten men. Although they had a strong wind in their favor in the first half, the play was in their territory most of the time. In the second half, with the wind in their backs, the sophs. pressed the Theologues hard, and by some nice combination work on the part of Poole and Bingham scored the goal which gave them the game.

'Twelve 3, 'Thirteen 2.—In the best soccer match of the season on November 17 the sophs. put it over the freshmen, 3 to 2. At half-time the score stood 1-0 in favor of 'Twelve. The freshmen, however, had high hopes for the next half, as they would have a strong wind in their favor. For a few minutes the play was dangerously near the sophs.' goal. Then they got the ball and started towards the other end of the field. Knight, Poole and Bingham worked some nice combination play, and the rush resulted in a goal being scored. Soon after the freshmen scored and things began to grow exciting. Another goal each in quick succession kept the interest up to a high pitch until the whistle blew for time, and the sophs. were declared the winners of the inter-year soccer series.

Year 'Twelve line-up: Goal, Wilkins; backs, Silcox, Sinclair; halves, Whan, Brown, Graham (captain); forwards, Bingham, Ronson, Poole, Knight, Campbell.

'Thirteen 3, Theology 2.—On November 23 the freshmen won from Theology in the play-off for second place. 'Thirteen's forwards got past Theology's backs repeatedly for shots on goal and succeeded in making three of them count, while only twice did Theology succeed in landing the ball in their opponents' goal.

Year 'Thirteen line-up: Goal, Merritt; backs, McEnteer, Haddow (captain); halves, Ryrie, B. McCrimmon, Goodfellow; forwards, Postill, Hill, Ashmore, Hartley, Matthews.

Year standings in points towards the Matthews Cup: 'Ten, 51; 'Thirteen, 45; 'Eleven, 31; 'Twelve, 31; Theology, 19.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: K. A. CLARK, '10.

STUDENTS and graduates alike are ever pleased and inspired by the successes of McMaster men. Especially interesting is it to hear from those representing our University in foreign lands. We are in receipt of some news concerning Mr. J. A. Wallace, '03. Mr. Wallace and wife are in Foo Chou, China, where the former is teaching in the Chong-Ha College. The college has two hundred and twenty-five students, all in residence. Courses are given in Practical Science. The graduates of Chong-Ha College at present have a standing equivalent to that of matriculation in this country, but it is proposed eventually to raise the standard to that of a university granting the degree of B.Sc. The two main courses are Civil and Electrical Engineering. There are three foreign teachers, one teaching Physics and Chemistry, another Civil Engineering, and the third, Mr. Wallace, Electrical Engineering. Mr. Wallace finds the Chinese students eager to learn. English is especially sought after and is being taught in all except the most elementary schools in China. The Chinese people are very conservative, preferring to persist in the old trodden paths of those that have gone before even where they are aware and convinced of better ways. The younger element now growing up show more of the spirit of reform, and in them lies the hope of China.

REV. F. S. BEDDOW, '06, who for a year or more has been acting as an assistant to Dr. Ambrose Shepherd of Glasgow, Scotland, has accepted the invitation to become pastor of Carey-Hall Church, Leicester, England.

REV. J. T. JONES, '99, has resigned his pastorate at Peachland, B.C., and is in attendance at Rochester Theological Seminary.

MR. W. D. WHAN, '06, who has been attending Chicago University, and has received from there the degrees of M.A. and B.D., has accepted an invitation to become pastor of Claim Street Baptist Church, Aurora, Ill.

Wrong again! When will we ever get straightened with Noughty Nine? They are still as great a source of trouble as ever. Mr. A. Bisset, in a letter to the Managing Editor, says: "Please tell that editor of the Graduates Column that I never have been in Edmonton as a resident, and, please heaven, never shall be found there. My present address is Strathcona, the University City of Alberta." Those acquainted with the West know that the two above-mentioned places are separated only by the North Saskatchewan River, a bridge being constructed between them. Mr. Bisset is at present engaged in business, but after Christmas will follow the example of several of his classmates by commencing preparation for the profession of law.

E. A. St. James, '06, has become local manager of an oil firm in Moose Jaw, Sask.

A. F. Ross, '07, M.A. '09, is teaching in Vancouver.

E. A. Miller, '06, M.A. '08, and Miss Charlotte Sanders, '01, hold prominent positions on the staff of the Collegiate Institute at Napanee, Ont.

Rev. J. F. Vichert, '97, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Fort Wayne, Indiana, has been made President of the State Convention.

A meeting of the Alumni Association was held in Hamilton Tuesday, October 26. The committee appointed at the previous meeting at McMaster brought in their report after considering the various suggested means of aiding the University. They recommended the raising of an endowment fund to support a lecturer in the English Department, to be called the Alumni Lecturer. The final decision was left over for a meeting to be held in the spring, when a more representative attendance could be secured.

We grieve to announce the death of another of our graduates. Mr. W. J. Grigg, '05, died on Tuesday, November 23, at his home in Calgary, after a week's illness. The cause was heart trouble. After graduating, Mr. Grigg became pastor of the church at Thessalon, Ont. Later he took a charge in the Northwest, and finally went to Vancouver. From Vancouver he went to Calgary, where he has been financial editor of the Calgary *Herald*. Mr.

Grigg was thirty-four years of age. He has been married about a year.

Only last month we announced the death of Mr. Hannah, the first of class '99 to go to his reward. Within so short a time it is necessary to note the passing away of another of this class, Rev. H. Proctor. Mr. Proctor died very suddenly of hemorrhage on the brain at his home in Chicago, where he was pastor of the Western Avenue Baptist Church. His remains were buried in Mount Pleasant Cemetery, Toronto.

Mr. W. M. Turnbull has the deepest sympathy of the faculty and of his fellow-students in the very great double sorrow that has come to him in the death of his wife and child. Mr. Turnbull has been a missionary in India under the Missionary Alliance and is now on furlough making special preparation at McMaster for educational work. Two years ago he was married to Miss Maude Weist, who was also a missionary for some years. Her death is a great loss not only to her husband, but to the mission field as well.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

Editor: Edith Elliott.

MOULTON College held its annual class tea on the evening of Friday, November 5th, when about one hundred and eighty-five guests, teachers and students were present. The dining-room was gay with flowers and lights, and the different years showed great taste, and in many cases originality, in their schemes for table decoration. After tea the toasts to "The King," "Our Flag," "The North Pole," "Nil Desperandum" (the Fourth Year class motto), "Little Things," "The Fourth Year Class Pin," "The Year Thirteen," and "The Good Genius of Moulton," to which Miss Iler of the Faculty responded, were proposed by the President of the Fourth Year and responded to by representatives from each year. Speeches from some of our guests were also much enjoyed. A splendid programme, under the direction of Miss Moseley, Miss Pugsley and Miss Davison,

occupied the remainder of the evening, and, judging from the enthusiastic manner in which it was received by the audience, was much appreciated.

The weekly prayer meetings of the resident students continue to be of deep interest, as seen by the enthusiastic way in which many of the girls take part. A few weeks ago we had with us Mrs. Talbot and Miss Leggatt of the China Inland Mission. These two workers are home on furlough, having spent twenty years among the Chinese. Wearing their picturesque costumes, they gave us a representation of how the missionaries carry on their work among the people, telling of the many obstacles to be overcome in giving them the Gospel.

The monthly meeting of the Heliconian Society was held on Friday evening, November the 19th, a large number of members being present. Mr. E. J. Bengough gave an illustrated talk, touching upon several subjects studied in Moulton, and presenting them in an interesting way to the students, who enjoyed the evening very much. In fact, it was suggested that the teachers in Moulton use a similar method to illustrate their lessons.

"Say, *are* we going to have a taffy pull on Friday night?" a small girl asked eagerly of an older one, only to receive that time-honored reply, "Wait and see." Whereupon she ran off to tell the others that she was sure they would have some "fun" the next evening. And when on Friday evening it was announced that those who were not going to Founder's Night were requested to assemble in the kitchen, a broad smile of satisfaction spread over the faces of the less privileged members of the student body, similar to the one which had been worn by the seniors for several days. Soon the notes of "Way Down Upon the Swanee River," "Per Ardua," and other favorite songs floated up from below stairs and the "fun" was at its height. To be sure there were burnt fingers and blistered hands when at length all was over, but everyone was of the opinion that the taffy pull had been a grand success, although some who had been present *were* so "stuck up" afterward.

Here and There.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

"Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis."

AS one views the heap of magazines that are piled high upon the study table one feels that they vie with each other for the honor of being contributors to this column. Some clamor loudly at the door by means of their pretentious covers; some make a tacit appeal by the articles of genuine merit which are concealed beneath more modest dress, while others, through their collection of humor, both in prose and verse, seem to smile so bewitchingly upon the editor that recognition cannot be denied. But, alas! the greater part must be content to be as though they had not been. It is very noticeable in the various exchange columns that many magazines are not even mentioned. They are, apparently so uninteresting that they neither call forth praise nor blame. Many editors through courtesy refrain from censure, and, since they cannot commend, treat their exchanges with silent contempt, which surely is the most severe criticism which any magazine could receive.

The Trinity University Review is unique in this respect, that nowhere from cover to cover is there to be found a jest or an attempt at one. It may be, however, that the article on "Lamentations" was intended to be funny; but if so, to say nothing of the questionable use of scripture, it was a lamentable failure.

TO AN INDIAN MOUND.

"Hail, ancient mound! thou time-worn heap,
Enduring record of a race
That ages in their onward sweep
Have blotted out and left no trace
Save thee, a nation's burial place,
Where singers, chiefs, and warriors sleep.
* * * * * * * * *

"Eternal mound! thou voiceless dirge
That long hast mourned a perished past,
Weep for thy dead, who 'neath the verge
Of ruthless time are deeply massed
Down in the void all dark and vast,
Where aeons swept them in their surge."

—*John O. Beaty, University of Virginia Magazine.*

Medical Professor—"What is the result, young gentlemen when a patient's temperature goes down as far as it can?" Student—"Why-er-he gets cold feet!"—Ex.

Judging from appearances, as to size, shape, proportion, the artistic cover design and the excellent press work, we would say that the *Brunonian* ranks first among our exchanges, while either the *University of Virginia* or the *William Jewell Student* compares very favorably with it. These qualifications are worthy of mention, because in so many cases symmetry, taste in cover design, and typographical excellence are most conspicuous by their absence. It is true that a fair exterior is often deceitful, but this is not always the case.

Whitely (preaching on Job)—"There 'e sat, an 'elpless, 'opeless 'eap."—*Vox Wesleyana.*

"God, what a world! if men in street and mart
Felt that same kinship of the human heart,
Which makes them, in face of flame and flood,
Rise to the meaning of true Brotherhood."—*Mitre.*

"The Twa Dogs" and "The Mouse" furnished excellent themes for the poetic genius of a Burns. In the following lines a modern prototype from the O. A. C. turns to the sow and the laying hen for his inspiration:

"A sow and a cow, and a good laying hen,
Provide financial salvation for men;
And if, in addition, you have a good wife,
There's nothing to hinder your enjoying life."—*C. A. B.*

A joke to be worthy of publication even in the "Around the College" section of a magazine should be capable of a fairly wide application. Moreover, personal remarks are never in good taste. Many college magazines destroy the universal element in the jest by the local dress which they put upon it. Others make the local coloring do it all. The *Dalhousie Gazette* even gives the name of one student who was heard to swear at Rugby practice. Among the other journals which deserve mention in this connection are the *O. A. C. Review*, *Acta Victoriana*, *Acadia Athenaeum*, *Vox Wesleyana* and *Queen's University Journal*. It may be argued that we write merely for our own constituency. May we not serve it efficiently and still have a paper which from a literary standpoint is not unworthy of a place among the best magazines?

How to Kill a College Paper.

1. Do not subscribe; borrow your neighbor's paper; be a sponge.
2. Look up the advertisements, then trade with the other fellow; be a chump.
3. Never hand in a news item, but criticize everything in the paper; be a coxcomb.
4. If you are a member of the staff, play football and tennis when you ought to be attending to business; be a shirk.
5. Tell your neighbors that they pay too much for their paper; be a squeeze.—Ex.

Besides those mentioned in this department, we wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following exchanges: *Glasgow University Magazine, The Collegian, The Varsity, University of Ottawa Review, The University Monthly, Oxford Magazine, The O. B. C. Argus, T. C. D., Lux Columbiana, The Starkey Seminary* and *The Colgate Madisonensis.*

In our last issue the following lines were quoted:

"The window has a little pane
And so have I.
The window's pane
Is in its sash,
I wonder why."

One of our graduates offers this explanation:

"Don't let the window's pane
Bereave your heart of joy,
The sparkling glass within your sash
May be champagne, my boy."

IN THE LOUVRE.

"As strives the strong-winged eagle for the sun
Above the cloud-wrack and the mountain-mist,
Upsoaring through the day-fringed amethyst
Till light and bird and ether are as one,
So rose the soul in days when we were not,
So strove and struggled toward the utmost light,
Toward reaches of the golden infinite,
In days that are unheeded and forgot.
Here only, in a broken ornament,
Still moves the strength that broke the heavy shroud,
The light-tipped wings that beat against the cloud
And rose to the unshadowed firmament."

—*Columbia Monthly.*

The
McMaster University Monthly
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LEADERSHIP IN CONSTRUCTIVE CHRISTIANITY.*

LEADERSHIP has been indispensable in all the activities of human society. This is pre-eminently true in matters of religion. The history of religions is largely a story of religious heroes. This is the case with respect to Christianity. Not infrequently great religious bodies of Christendom have been best known by the names of their leaders or founders. It might seem in an age like ours, when the autonomy of the individual is almost an axiom, that leadership is of less account than in ages less democratic. Since Christianity, moreover, exalts the worth and the prerogative of the man as against all the claims of external authority, a Christian democracy might be expected almost to dispense with leaders. Yet this is so contrary to actual practice that we may confidently affirm that in no association of men is the call for leaders more urgent or the demands on them more severe than in that most democratic of organizations, a Baptist church.

The reason for this seeming anomaly is not hard to discover. It is found in the very constitution of the religious man. No man comes to himself in a merely individual capacity. He finds himself in the community. For the believer the communion of faith becomes the necessary organism for the expression of the deepest qualities of his nature. Correspondingly, the relig-

*An Address at the Annual Meeting of the Northern Baptist Education Society, Worcester, Mass., Oct. 26, 1909. Inasmuch as the speaker, Professor George Cross, has so lately left our midst, his address will have a special interest for readers of The Monthly. We therefore take pleasure in reprinting it from the Boston Watchman.

ious communion seeks for some personality who is competent to represent its character. The society heads up in the man who has the best understanding both of its nature and of his own. In that case the man in a sort of way gathers up the society in his own person.

It follows that in a democratic community, in which every man is potentially a leader and, therefore, is likely to be possessed of more intelligence and will-power than in a body where the worth of the individual is relatively depreciated, the demands of leadership become far more difficult to fulfil. The leader has to possess an extraordinary equipment. At the same time a democracy's sense of the need of leadership is far keener than in those institutions where less attention is paid to the wants and claims of each man. Because it is recognized by all the members that action must not be aimless but must take a definite direction, the leader comes into immediate touch with every man, and the call on the part of each for an indication of the course in which all may co-operate intelligently leads inevitably to the search for the man who capitalizes in himself the power of the community and who, consequently, may be expected to unify all its manifold activities. To this must be added that the growing sense of unity with other men that comes with the unfolding of the capacities of the individual makes leadership a matter of necessity to the individual himself who has the requisite endowments. On these and many other grounds we may assuredly anticipate that the call for leaders will become more and more urgent as time passes.

The particular aspect in which leadership comes in for consideration to-night is in its relation to the constructive work of Christianity. I propose first of all to explain what is in our thought when we speak of "constructive Christianity," and in the next place to point out the sphere in which leaders are especially needed.

Christianity has always manifested itself as an eminently constructive force. In every period of its history it has developed new *institutions* organic to its inner life. In the early times there were the *social structures* intended to preserve and

propagate its faith—notice the long list of churches, brotherhoods and orders that appeared from time to time and are with us still; there were *administrative bodies*, such as the episcopates and patriarchates, the synods and assemblies that built up the ancient Catholic Church and constituted an important part of its machinery for centuries. Later in the middle ages there were the *exclusive religious societies*—the monastic orders, the religious chivalry and the prayer unions and congregations of dissenters that sprang out of the revivals of religion among western European peoples. There were the *Protestant organizations*—the great state-churches and church-states and the free churches of Reformation days; there are the broad denominational *unions* of modern times with their complicated machinery and their agencies for the propagation of the faith, from the Moravian and early Methodist societies to our foreign and home mission,-education,-publication- and edifice-boards and the great modern conferences and assemblies. None of these is identical in character with institutions of former times, but they all express the spirit of our own. They constitute a proof of the vitality and the vigor of the religious spirit that produced them.

Another form of the constructive action of the Christian spirit is seen in the creation of *modes of public worship*. We have only to read the history of preaching, of public prayer, of hymnody, of sacraments and other religious rites to see how manifold have been the forms of ritual it has made.

Not less worthy of attention is the long sustained effort to embody Christianity in *formal creeds and confessions*. Notwithstanding the attempts to exclude novelties and curb the bold spirit of speculation by erecting the doctrinal formulations of the past into fixed standards of truth, notwithstanding the conservatism of officialdom everywhere and the severe measures taken to repress new doctrines, the work of theology has gone on constructing new theoretical expressions of the faith in every age. Every far-reaching religious revival has given a fresh stimulus in this direction. Every intellectual renaissance has raised new problems for the Christian thinker. And under the pressure of these great leaders of religious thought have arisen

from time to time to give a new direction to Christian reflection and provide new footing for intelligent conviction. Even when a later Christian age professes its faith in the terms prescribed by an earlier its life is sure to move along the lines laid down by its own leaders.

The Nicene Creed expressed the belief of the Ancient Catholic Church for it was constructed by the chief leaders of thought of that age. The mediæval church also professed unswerving allegiance to that noble utterance of faith; nevertheless its living creed is better seen in Anselm, Aquinas and other great doctors of the middle ages. The Protestants professed the ancient orthodoxy, while they repudiated much of mediæval theory, but the real faith of Protestantism was better expressed by the doctrines of justification and election taught by Luther and Calvin. Similarly at the present time, while men are heard repeating officially or in public the Nicene symbol and the Athanasian formula, or the Anglican Articles and the Westminster Confession, nevertheless the true centre of gravity of their religious life is found in none of these but is to be sought in something more recent. This must be so unless constructive Christianity has disappeared. Every age must erect its own buildings and grow its own trees.

If constructive work is required of present-day Christianity, where is it the most called for? If leadership is needed in this work, what sort of leadership is the most in demand? Are we most in need of men who have an organizing genius in the realm of church politics? Or are we more in need of men who are able to direct the devotions of the Christian people to higher realms? The unparalleled spread of the Gospel in recent times, the diversity of the conditions of the people among whom it has been received, and the confused mingling of races in some countries make the difficulty of organizing their activities and their devotions serious enough. But, whatever may be the chief problem of the foreign missionary, the most urgent need of the domestic situation is of another kind. The recent census tells us that there has been of late a rapid increase in the membership of the churches on this continent. For example, the Methodists and Baptists now number about six millions each. The growth has

been in a much greater ratio than the growth of population. I think that accession by conversions have been especially noteworthy in those bodies that are the freest in their inner life.

What does this great numerical progress signify? This, at least—that the present is not an age of unbelief but that the people are becoming aware as never before, of their spiritual needs and are seeking to satisfy those needs in the fellowship of those Christians whose religious beliefs are the most easily grasped by them and the freest from ecclesiastical restrictions. Does this mean that the multitudes of converts are sure to become a permanent force for the promotion of the highest spiritual life on this continent? By no means. It does signify that here is a problem for Christian statesmanship of a high order. Here is a great mass of people awaiting the word of guidance from somebody. A large portion of the new converts are young people full of mental vigor. The most impressive question with regard to them is, what are to be the guiding ideas of their future?

It may seem to be a paradox to say that the very success of evangelism and the rapid influx of large numbers of people, especially young people, into the churches constitute a serious danger to the cause of faith itself, but such is the case. The danger is twofold—either that the faith of these converts remain undeveloped and degenerate into mere emotionalism that cannot brook any serious enquiry into its real basis and turns away in disdain from the products of secular learning as if these things were only of the world; or, their simple unquestioning protoplasmic faith may find itself unable to cope with the difficulties that arise with increasing intelligence and the last state become worse with them than the first. *What these multitudes want is leaders who combine piety with intelligence, faith with learning.* There can be no doubt that in the end the multitudes in every community are going to follow the intelligent as their leaders. If this is so, then it is necessary for the permanent well-being of the people that every community have within it a sufficient number who to their faith have added knowledge. It is difficult to imagine a greater misfortune befalling a religious

body than to have the mass of its people regard the progress of learning as dangerous to its faith. It was undoubtedly the instinctive shrinking from such a calamity that led our fathers to establish schools of learning under the direction of religious men.

I believe it is true that all or nearly all the institutions of higher learning in this country were originally the voluntary foundation of Christian men. In them the interest of the Christian religion was made supreme. Institutions of learning established by the civil governments or by individuals who had no supreme religious aim were of later origin. The earliest impulses toward higher learning came from the Christian churches.

What is the trend to-day? If I mistake not, it is to separate the college and the university from the control of religious denominations. What are the chief causes of the change? Perhaps some people have the feeling that the state has done so well that it is no longer necessary to take money that might be spent in missions for purely educational purposes. Another reason is, probably, that there has been a growing fear on the part of men who believe in the freest and fullest measure of unfettered research that the old spirit of intolerance will re-assert itself in the Church to-day and destroy liberty and learning at the same time. And on the other hand, many people are afraid that unchecked freedom of investigation tends to loosen the hold of faith on the soul and they are willing to sacrifice intelligence in order to save faith. Hence they have no interest in higher learning. These influences, so different from one another, have combined with others to separate the colleges from the churches.

Neither the Baptists nor any other body of Christians can afford to submit to a divorce between faith and culture. Nor is it necessary. The religious convictions of the human heart are the profoundest and at the same time the broadest. Why then should a body of religious men take any but the most liberal view of the right and the safety of free investigation into every subject of enquiry, unless it has bound its membership down to traditional formulas or unless its leaders are too small-souled

to trust the human mind. In truth, the schools maintained by religious bodies have a natural advantage over state institutions, not only in that the supreme aim of life is avowedly kept before the minds of their students, but also in that they have a freedom not enjoyed by state institutions in that regard. In the very nature of the case in a country where the state does not preside over the interests of religion its schools are unable to apply the religious factor in the solution of the great questions that rise up in the scholastic pursuit. It can be shewn that not only are religious questions the ultimate, but that all the researches and speculations in science, history or philosophy lead inevitably to questions of theology. I conceive it to be a great misfortune for such a cleavage to be permitted in the education of the young people as is sure to occur when the lower and the higher consideration of questions are divorced from one another. Much of the antagonism that has arisen between men of what we call secular training and men of theological training is a consequence of their inability to understand one another. This separation ought to be overcome. One of the practical problems of the churches is to provide for such a training of those of its young people who are to be its future leaders that the best culture of the times shall be cherished in the churches and be transfused with the spirit of Christian faith.

If, then, the religious life of the future is to be united with a broad culture and a spirit of world-citizenship, or—looking at the matter from the reverse side—if the people of mental power and breadth of knowledge are to have their intellectual life permeated with the spirit of the Gospel, then both those who are within and those whose who are without the churches must be under the guidance of leaders who possess both sides of the equipment. It is the business of a great religious body to produce these leaders. Upon its successful fulfilment of this obligation depends its future control of the intelligent portion of the community; and we may rest assured that in the end the intelligent portion of any community will control the rest.

A special aspect of the subject we are discussing comes in sight when we approach the study of the conditions under which our

future ministers may be true leaders of the people. The primary condition is of course that they should be godly men, men of faith. It is necessary at the same time that they should be men of *intelligent* faith—and I don't see how they can *continue* to be men of faith, and not of mere sentiment, unless they be men of intelligence. Anyhow, they aspire to guide the thoughts of men who *are* intelligent, and it is vain to hope for this unless they are as intelligent as their hearers. Now, in whatever other directions their minds should be active it is imperative that they take a sympathetic interest in the great religious problems that agitate the minds of thoughtful people to-day and that they should be able to give some positive help in the solution of those problems.

The tendency of modern methods of education has been to stimulate the mind to enquiry into the worth of everything handed down by religious tradition. The same freedom is exercised here as is enjoyed in other realms. For this we as Baptists must be thankful; but an inevitable outcome has been the creation of difficulties for faith. If the minister is to lead he must not run away from these difficulties or spend his strength in denouncing those who have stated them, but he must meet them and try to solve them too.

To illustrate these difficulties:

For example, there is the thorough application of the critical method to the Biblical literature. Many of its results are doubtless hypothetical and many others of them errors, but if future investigation should shew the erroneousness of present conclusions of the lower and higher criticism it will not be through the abandonment of the work as now carried on, but by a true development of present methods to something better and a more thorough and comprehensive application of them. We all, no matter what our positive views may be, have been profoundly influenced by these methods, in all probability much more profoundly influenced than we are aware, and it is quite vain to hope that there will be a return to methods of study formerly in vogue. The Bible will hold its territory with undiminished and wider sway by the continual improvement of methods.

Historical studies have also obtained a commanding place in the schools. New light has been thrown on the course of events through which our religious beliefs and communities have risen. There has been a keen analysis of the contents of the church's dogmas and a discriminating examination of the manner in which the elements of these doctrines were taken up and combined by religious thinkers. In consequence the halo of sanctity which antiquity and church authority have thrown around them is fading away and men are asking what there is in those doctrines to help us to be better men for our day. In consequence the theologians are not now trying to show the eternal spiritual realities that lie behind them and that found partial expression in them.

Not less worthy of attention are the effects on our minds of the conceptions that govern the work of modern science. Astronomy, geology, biology, psychology have been reconstructing the world for us, without and within. It was no mere coincidence that the discovery of America was shortly followed by the Protestant Reformation. They were momenta in one vast movement. The astounding developments of modern science are sure to introduce, if they have not done so already, far-reaching changes in our theological viewpoint. Think for a moment how widely accepted are the ideas of the inner unity of man's whole nature, the unity of all existence, the competency of the human mind to arrive at valid judgments on all things. There is no part of our religious beliefs that is unaffected by these axioms of science. There is no part of our thinking that has not been invaded by them. It is not for me to say how far these ideas are valid, but their influence is unquestionable.

Please observe that I am not speaking of the worth of the conclusions people are drawing. The next generation will revise and correct many of the common notions of the present. Indeed it is to be expected that all our favorite theories will be superseded some day, and better ones take their place. I am not prepared to believe all the widely accepted current theories. I am not speaking of them. I am speaking of the methods of reflection, the mental attitude they represent. Present methods may

also be changed but the important thing to remember is that the future will grow out of the present; and perhaps it is more important still to remember that the methods of dealing with problems in the universities and colleges are inculcated steadily in the minds of the children from the time that they enter the primary schools and right on through their career. These methods are thoroughly ingrained in the minds of the rising generation. When the educated young people of our day approach a religious problem it is simply impossible for them to reverse the whole course of their thinking. They will approach these questions from the point of view from which they have been trained to approach other questions.

So far as I can see, there is only one course for a true Baptist to take in the presence of this situation, and that is to take a fair and sympathetic view of present methods of education, find out as far as possible the helpful and hopeful elements in them and discover whether they may not open the way to a fuller religious life and a deeper knowledge of divine truth than our fathers gave to us. We may be sure that there is plenty of light yet to break forth from the Bible. Let the Christian educationist put himself at the head of the great body of thinking people and infuse into present methods of study the spirit of Christian faith. Who, then, are to be the leaders of the young men and women in their religious life? Will it be the ministers? That depends in no small measure on their ability to utilize for the teaching of the Christian faith the great working conception and the principles of investigation in the educational systems now established. That there is considerable confusion of thought and some trepidation in church circles we all know. Instead of looking for somebody to blame for it, let us try whether the condition of thought in these times may not open to us a larger field for our ministry.

The demand that now arises is for such a statement of Christian faith as will unite it harmoniously with the principles of divine government which other forms of investigation show to be operating in the material universe and human history and, in this way, vindicate the claim we make for it that it is the

truth of all truth. Unless our ministers can do this constructive theological work they must cease to guide the religious life of the people. This means, of course, that provision must be made to meet the demands for leadership. The professors of the theological schools and the other leaders of the churches must measure up to the task. Have we breadth enough and wisdom enough and faith enough to do it?

I should like to take enough time to draw a lesson from history. The first three hundred years of Christianity have never been surpassed in glory. For missionary zeal, organizing genius and theological construction its record is marvellous. Beginning with simply her faith in Jesus, the Christian Church in three centuries could claim to have the saints, the statesmen and the scholars of the world. Her doctrinal utterances are still profoundly revered. How was it? On the human side the answer is this:—From the outset she associated her message with the scientific and philosophic culture of the times and drew to her side the enquiring minds among men and the rest followed.

The opposite course was taken by the Catholic Church in the sixteenth century. The consequence was that she lost the leadership of the world both in knowledge and in faith. The moral of the lesson is plain. May we know the day of our visitation!

George Cross.

The Newton Theological Institution.

JOHN HORATIO HANNAH: AN APPRECIATION.

WHEN "the 24" of McMaster Arts Class '99 passed through the golden gates of graduation into the larger world of service, it was with all the ideals, the high hopes and rosy visions of the future characteristic of such an occasion. If anyone thought of death, it was as a far distant contingency, or with an idle wonder as to who would first answer the call. And now, after ten years, word comes from far away India that "old John Hannah," the vigorous in mind and body, Hannah the unconquerable, has been first to surrender. But he fell as he would have desired—in the midst of his labors and at the post of duty. It is now my melancholy privilege to write for the old College Monthly a word of appreciation on my late classmate. And in some respects, perhaps, it is fitting that the task should fall to me, for

as well as the four years association in class, we spent two in the still closer association of room-mates.

John Hannah was an Englishman, from the heart of old London, who had spent some five years in the Canadian West. In October, 1895, he entered McMaster University, where in six years of exceptionally conscientious and painstaking work he placed himself in the very front rank as a student. During his course he had also a worthy place in that long line of men who have made the name of McMaster distinguished for debating strength, he and the late Henry Procter winning from University College in the series of '00-'01. After a short service in the pastorate in Ontario, he went to the United States to pursue a further course of studies, and from there went to India in 1895 as a missionary under the American Baptist Missionary Union. On the seventh of September last he succumbed to an attack of fever, at the early age of 37.

If I were required to express in a single sentence what I conceive to be the predominant characteristics of the man as I remember him, I should say that he was of the highest type of the Englishman, who, by his devotion to duty, his indomitable energy, and his bull-dog courage has won for himself the supreme place among world conquerors. As a student John was known as the very prince of "pluggers," but it was always systematic and purposeful plugging. He won his way to the front rank of McMaster graduates, and this place was taken not by any special genius, but a sound, clear mind came to its own by persistent and painstaking industry. He could do no slipshod work, he could never be satisfied with a mere makeshift, he could take nothing for granted, nor upon someone else's word, but for himself he must know and understand, even to minute details. Personally he never enjoyed popularity, as the word is commonly understood, nor did he have many intimate friends. His seriousness, almost austerity, of manner, his strong independence of mind, and his reserve upon personal matters precluded that. But his unimpeachable integrity and his manly sincerity of character commanded the respect and esteem of all who knew him, and those who knew him best found him a friend

of unfailing trustworthiness, and learned that behind his intensity and aggressiveness, behind his apparent austerity of manner, was a kindly, loving heart, to which one would not turn in vain for sympathy and help. As the basis of his whole character was a religious and spiritual life of more than ordinary power and reality. He had a deep and abiding experience of Jesus Christ in his soul, which manifested itself in settled permanent convictions of Christian truth, and a singularly consistent response to the call of duty. His active service in the Master's kingdom was marked by the same characteristics that made him so eminent a success as a student. Loyalty to his Lord, and to divine revelation was the ever-present motive of his life, and to hear the call to service was for him to obey with all the energy and enthusiasm of his soul. In class-room, in debate, in Christian service, in personal association, John Hannah always left the impression of a man who was pure in heart, sincere in motive, earnest in endeavor, and independent in judgment. McMaster has sent out some graduates who by brilliancy of achievement are bringing lustre to her name. The vast majority are earnestly, faithfully and efficiently giving themselves to the life of service. But no one has gone out from her halls who has more truly carried her ideals into the great world of activity, no one who has sought more earnestly and sincerely to guide his life by her great motto, "In Christ all things consist," than he who is the subject of this sketch.

A glance back at the experiences of the old class days reveals how frequently we failed to properly understand and appreciate the good in him who has gone. But ten years' experience of life's realities has taught us how to interpret more truly the best things in his character, and the tragedy of his early death has brought us a new sense of the value of just such earnestness, sincerity and courage as he possessed. We thank God for this privilege of paying a small tribute to the memory of A MAN.

W. B. TIGHE, '99.

Whitby, Dec., 1909.

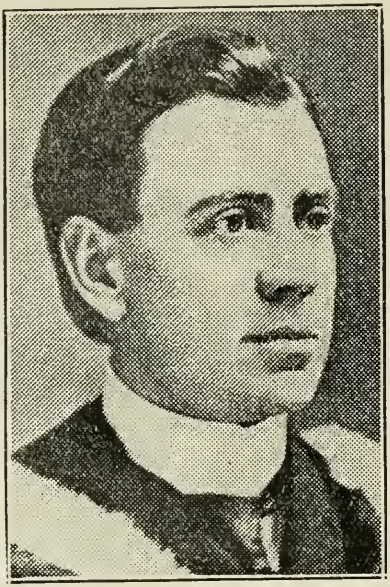
"STORM STILL."

Drenching the moors, and through the forest glooms,
While thunder booms,
  The rain is roaring;
With lightning glares the heavens shiver,
The giant branches thrash and quiver,—
  The birds go scudding, screaming, soaring!

For Love, for Love is dead and gone for aye,
So all things say—
  Yea, all things, all things!—
While with fixed eyes and arms upraised in power
An old mad king hurries the fatal hour
  With cries, defiances, and callings.

Storm still, storm ever, until the day is done,
And, one by one,
  The stars are shining;
Though Love be dead, see Love's wan ghost appearing,
And through the silent Dark her pathway clearing,
  On bruised and baffled Lear declining!

George Herbert Clarke, '95,
in *The Canadian Magazine.*



WILLIAM JOHN GRIGG.

"Some main may we sweep e're at anchor we ride,
Some work let us build that for aye shall abide,
Some mount shall be scaled as we cross the divide,
In the dawning time of the future."

LITTLE recked dear old "Billy" Grigg as he wrote these strong lines which appear in his year's graduating number of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY that he would lead the way for Class '05 across the great divide. And little thought we who loved his bright, brave, happy soul that he would be the first of our little company to ride at anchor on the other side of life's main. He had not many years to build a work "that for aye shall abide," but he had lived long enough to make not only his friends but the world know his worth. His was a life that counted for much. McMaster has had

many noble sons, but none ever lived more consistently than he the University motto, "In Christ all things consist."

He had caught the Spirit of the Master, and his life to the last was one of devotion to the service of his fellows. There is no one who ever came close to his great heart, and knew the beauty and strength of the ideals that led him to attempt things much beyond his strength, but for whom the memory of his life will last beyond the years. I write as one fortunate enough to have known and loved him.

"Billy" was a real hero. Never strong physically, he was always ready, yes eager, to do his duty, no matter what the cost. No matter how hard and discouraging the task, he went at it as cheerfully as Mark Tapley himself could have done. His cheery optimism was always a source of inspiration to his friends. Who of those who had the joy of rooming with him will ever forget how in our moments of deepest depression during examinations "Billy" would suddenly throw his books aside, leap into the middle of the room and there execute a wild war dance. His ready wit, his keen sympathy, and his capacity to make the best of untoward circumstances made him the most delightful of companions. A jolly good fellow was he.

Grigg was one of the men one would expect to hear of dying in the harness. And he did. The splendid fight he made to put himself through Woodstock and McMaster, denying himself many of what are generally considered life's necessaries, following the six years he spent in a London printing house, when one of his physique would have been better in the open air, greatly weakened his none too strong body. Last winter in Calgary, where he had made his home for the past two years and a half, he experienced a severe attack of pneumonia, which left his heart weak. All through the spring, summer and fall he plugged away at his newspaper and church work, having several short illnesses, but always returning to his work with that firm determination that in the old Woodstock College days enabled him to do two years work in one. The end came suddenly, unexpectedly. Just a week after he had been compelled to stop work, and when apparently he was on the road to recovery, he took a

sudden relapse, and at three o'clock on the morning of Nov. 23rd his overtired heart gave out and he passed quietly away.

His remains were buried in the Union Cemetery, Calgary. Rev. A. G. Baker, B.A., B.Th., pastor of the Olivet Baptist Church, of which "Billy" was an honored deacon, conducted the services. Two '05 men, W. G. Carpenter, B.A., and G. W. Gorman, B.A., Rev. J. B. Patterson, B.A., representing First Church, of which Mr. Grigg was formerly a member, Mr. R. S. Dadson, representing Olivet Church, and two newspapermen, Messrs. E. Biddle and E. D. Marshall, were the pall-bearers.

Briefly let me summarize his life. Born in Exeter, Ont., 32 years ago, he was educated in Exeter and St. Thomas schools. After serving his time as a printer in London, he entered the second year at Woodstock College in the fall of 1899, and graduated in 1901. Coming to McMaster with Class '05, the gifts which had made him a leader at Woodstock were soon recognized. He helped his year win two debates and the inter-year championship while a freshman, and the following year was rewarded by being elected Class President. Often were the columns of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY enriched by his contributions. In his final Arts year he occupied the post of Editor of "Our Graduates" department, and the following year was assistant Editor, the highest literary position a student could then attain to. Philosophy and English were his special courses, and he was always a first-class honor man. He took the year prize in Greek as a freshman.

A year in Theology followed his graduation in Arts. He had spent his summers, some in mission fields, others in printing offices. Now his life work was to begin. Another verse from his poem will show the spirit with which he approached it:

> "To earth born ne'er opened a vista more grand.
> The tools for the toiler lie dense at his hand,
> The weapons for battle, the force to command,
> Are his who would mould out the future."

His first work was on a mission field at Thessalon, Ont. From there he went out to Wolseley, Saskatchewan, under the Western

Mission Board, and later was transferred to Chilliwack, B.C. It had always been on open question with "Billy" as to whether his calling was the ministry or journalism, the former seeming, however, his duty. When his health began to fail him, and he found himself not strong enough to carry on the work he had chosen, he determined to enter the newspaper field. He went to a Vancouver printing house, but finding the climate did not agree with him, he came back east as far as Calgary, joining the reportorial staff of *The News* at the time of its birth, in the spring of 1907. His facile pen, ready wit, and dogged application soon secured promotion for him, and he occupied the position of city editor up to about a year ago, when he resigned to become financial editor on the *Calgary Herald*. This paper says of him: "His work while in Calgary had shown him to be a man of talent, and his game fight against the disease that finally vanquished him was a wonderful one. Up to the last moment at his desk he continued to do the work of a strong man, and no one suspected he was as weak and ill as he was."

He had a style of writing all his own. Short, jerky sometimes, but pithy and often full of humor, his sentences were nothing if not original. He wrote in epigrams. Fear of man was not one of his characteristics, and "Billy" was always game to fight what he believed to be wrong, no matter how strongly entrenched it might be nor what the consequences to himself. His pen was no weakling's sword.

Calgary people, like people everywhere else, were attracted to him. He was made a member of the Convocation of the University of Alberta, was secretary of the Calgary branch of the McMaster Alumni Association, and a deacon of Olivet Baptist church. On Christmas eve, 1908, he was married to one of Calgary's most accomplished young women, Miss Alice J. Powers, a graduate of Acadia and Harvard, to whom will be given in her great sorrow the deep sympathy of every McMaster man and woman who knew her husband.

Let the following paragraphs from a letter received from one of his classmates now in Calgary tell something of the real worth and devotion to duty of this man among men.

"There was among others one thing in his life that was an inspiration. One who has to do with the teaching of a Sunday School class understands that much energy and devotion is required to be faithful when the temptation to rest is so great even to the physically strong. He had been president of a large men's Bible Class in the First Church for some two years or so, but living nearer Olivet in the west end he withdrew his card from the former, placing it with the latter. Still he maintained his office in the class for some time after. This he finally resigned and you may know his reason was good. You would naturally grant him the rest he needed so much, but not so himself. He at once took charge of a Bible class in Olivet, but he only taught it once. His, indeed, was an example of devoted service.

"Another instance. Frequently he took services in the Riverside mission, some two miles or more of a walk from his home. Rather than disappoint a possible but improbable congregation he walked the distance on one occasion in a blinding dust storm —these are only appreciated by experience—to find himself the only person out. He considered it his duty and that was enough for 'Billy.' And this at a time when he was on the verge of a total physical collapse.

"The last time I talked to him he said he thought he would give up city life and farm. He could get a quarter section near his sister's at Alix and he thought he would go there in the spring and leave the strenuous life on a city newspaper. He was too late. The next Sunday at Olivet was the last Sunday I saw him alive."

If words could only speak what my heart feels I would lay a much nobler tribute than this on the bier of my dearest of college friends.

J. Herbert Cranston, '05.

ACROSS THE WHIT KOPJES.

THE business that took us on an enforced trip over the Whit kopjes of South Africa is of little moment; let it suffice to say that we were a fairly large party whose duty involved traversing those hills for a considerable distance. Most of us were not likely to be readily impressed by scenic beauty or artistic effect; indeed, our very mission, necessitating, as it did, a constant alertness to the exclusion of all things else, almost precluded the possibility of any such sensuous appeal having the slightest effect upon us. However, when Dame Nature assumes an imperious mood, she compels the attention of the most prosaic individual and excites exclamations of wonder and pleasure.

Thus it was that our attention was soon diverted from our original purpose and directed towards the rugged and massive grandeur of the scene spread out before us. In a short time various members of the party were calling attention to the peculiar formation of those rocky hills. Some were massive, solemn, and awe inspiring; others were so fantastic in shape as to call forth curious similes to describe their effect upon the mind, and provoked general laughter and further ridiculous suggestion.

Here were beautiful spires suggestive of the minarets of Eastern lands, and wonderful in symmetry and delicate tracery. In juxtaposition with these were designs verging towards the Gothic style of architecture, but most common of all were those that resembled turrets, towers and strong fortress walls, far stronger, more massive and enduring than any product of Norman genius. Indeed, it seemed as if Nature had anticipated many of the varied forms of architecture, and grouping them together had made comparison possible; and at the same time emphasized the weakness of human effort in its attempted imitation.

One hill was supporting near its crest a huge, irregular, but

roughly circular mass of rock hundreds of tons in weight. It appeared to be so nicely balanced as to convey the impression of insecurity, as if it might come tumbling down should one venture to pass beneath it. It looked like a juggler supporting a barrel on his chin and just waiting for some expression of admiration from the spectators ere letting it fall. Truly Nature had been in a lavish and capricious mood when she formed so many fanciful designs. Possibly she had also been in a frolicsome mood and had made this part of the country her playground, when for the want of better playthings she had thrown the rocks up into the air as children throw up stones, catching them in their descent, throwing them up again, and finally, growing tired of the game, had let them fall into the curious positions in which we found them.

Towards evening the bright sunshine cast her soft robe of light and glory over the hills, transfigured and softened their ruggedness with subtle harmonies of color, and formed a beautiful picture, wonderful in its variety, that would have touched the dullest soul with a consciousness of its sublimity. Evening rapidly approached and began to throw her mantle over the hills. Gradually the light faded and the beauty vanished under the gathering gloom of night, a gloom that seemed to settle upon and pervade the spirit of the traveller also. The beautiful had now disappeared. The stern ruggedness of the rocks was further accentuated by the deepening shades of dismal night, and became even menacing and gruesome in aspect. Then imagination began to people the towers, fortresses, and rocky castles with malignant spirits, who were endeavoring to cast an evil spell over the traveller, and were waiting until an unwary step should bring him beneath those vast overhanging masses of rock when invisible hands would hurl them upon him and crush him; or, by covering up the path with darkness, lure his unguided and unfamiliar feet from the narrow path and plunge him in a deeper darkness below. No wonder that evil has always been synonymous with darkness! But now we rest and anxiously await the coming day.

With early dawn we resumed our journey. We had not proceeded far when a strange phenomenon presented itself to our view,

and made us wonder whether or not we were in fairy land. Many times have I seen a mirage, but it has usually presented the appearance of a lake whose waters gently lap the rush fringed shore—so provoking a sight to travellers in a thirsty land! But upon this occasion there was a variation of the phenomenon. A few yards to our right and a few inches from the ground were white fleecy clouds. Nature indeed was playing strange tricks upon us. Perhaps she had viewed with pitying eye the careless indifference of such commonplace individuals as we, who, having eyes to see, had seen not; or, possibly remembering that the fault lay partly with herself in making contemplation of her handiwork difficult by reason of distance, had for our special delectation brought near the wonders of her workshop, and had spread before us those misty, mysterious, softly rounded clouds, just as a Persian rug dealer spreads his precious rugs before his prospective customers, or victims. It was with difficulty that we could bring ourselves to believe that it was only an illusion. Some members of the party were so slow to believe it that they attempted to ride into the clouds, only to find, just as a child finds when he endeavors to catch the beautiful rainbow that touches the earth at no great distance from him, that as they advanced so the clouds receded. The attempt occasioned much laughter, and suggestions were soon forthcoming as to the best method of accomplishing such a feat. As most of the suggestions were personal reflections upon the alacrity or intelligence of those attempting it, all such experiments speedily came to an end. Stern necessity, however, compelled us to continue our journey, and, therefore, leaving our mirage behind, we were soon "over the hills and far away."

C. W. Marsh, Theol.

THE INITIATION OF AUNTIE.

NNETTE was quite pleased when her Auntie came in from the country, for she seemed to know nothing about city life, and Annette thoroughly enjoyed "making people sit up and take notice," as she slangily expressed it.

Auntie could scarcely be persuaded to cross a car track if a car was in sight or could even be heard in the distance; and as for automobiles, they "scared her stiff." But strangest of all to Annette was the fact that Auntie had never even heard of Scarboro' Beach Park. It was clearly Annette's duty to show her around.

Of course Auntie would go. She would do anything in the world to please Annette—at first. Afterwards she made some reservations.

They must go into the "House of Nonsense," Annette informed her, "people were just crazy to go in there." And later Auntie decided that they were. For years afterwards her cheeks burned when she thought of those hitherto undreamt of experiences—climbing the wobbly stairs, balancing in the haunted swing, reeling past the bars, and finally sliding down the incline in the face of the laughing, cheering crowd.

The "Caseades" were alarming, to say the least. To a timid woman in a boat with two strange men, and the light appearing at intervals only to reveal the awful consequences of an up-set, they were terrifying.

"May the Lord forgive me if I have enjoyed that ride, Annette!"

Auntie was certainly hard to entertain.

Annette was very much disappointed when she refused to try the "Tickler." It was great fun. You got into a kind of tub that rolled round and round. It made you feel just full of laughs. But pleadings were vain.

"After all," Annette admitted, "Auntie might not enjoy it."

"Shooting the Chutes" was all right though. You had to get into a boat, but there were no dark places, and they could get a boat with only girls in it. Auntie was dubious, but on seeing Annette's disappointment, allowed herself to be persuaded.

That awful five minutes that ensued!—or was it a life-time? If the ascent was bad, the descent was infinitely worse. The wild plunge into the water!

Auntie breathed a sigh of relief when she stepped out of the boat, and pleadingly said to Annette:

"We'll go home now, dear?"

"But, Auntie, we haven't seen the 'Bumps,' nor the 'Human Roulette Wheel,' nor had our fortunes told, nor been in the 'Johnstown Flood,' nor the 'Scenic Railway,' nor—Oh! ever so many things."

Auntie consented to try one more.

"But not the 'Johnstown Flood,' Annette. I've had enough of water."

Annette decided that the Scenic Railway was the best. She liked flying through the air, it made such a new feeling inside her—as though she had swallowed something big and it had left a path all the way down.

But Auntie? With the wild racing up, down, around, up, back, she grew dizzy—faint—and finally found herself on one of the park benches the centre of an excited crowd, and Annette, half frantic, bending over her.

"We'll go home now, dear?" she asked faintly.

And Annette offered no objections.

Jessie Kee, '13.

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Editorial Notes.

PAUSING at the milestone of another year we look out over the unfamiliar landscape of the coming days and wonder how the travelling will be. To a great extent the pleasure and progress of the journey will depend upon ourselves, upon our acceptance of the daily round and the common task. To-day is our day of living. The Ultima Thule of life is surely never intended to distract our attention from the present. Exaltation or depression which is wholly dependent on the future is abnormal and to be avoided. If *fratres morituri sumus* be our daily salutation, all the flowers of joyous living and generous service will be passed by unseen and unheeded. "Happiness," writes a French poet—

> "C'est l'humble fleur qui croît sous chacun de nos pas,
> Et que noos dédaignous, que nous ne voyons pas."

Dulce et decorum est pro collegia loqui.

During eleven years of intercollege debating, McMaster has lost five and won twenty-six debates. Such a remarkable record is worthy of note and calls forth the query as to the causes leading up to this success. Why does McMaster win so many debates? The other colleges in the "Intercollegiate Debating Union" have a far larger attendance of students from which to enlist debaters. It would be foolish to claim for our students superior native ability for public speaking. Nor is there any arrangement in this University whereby the student may skimp his preparation for regular examinations in lieu of work done in intercollege debate. Those acquainted with the student life of this University will readily understand the secret of this success. The art of public speech receives careful and systematic attention throughout the college course. Every Saturday afternoon debates are held and here the tyro learns not only to think swiftly, accurately and comprehensively, but also to express his thought in intelligent and convincing speech. This is done under the supervision of a critic—professor or senior student—who makes note of pronunciation, style, delivery and deportment, and at the close of the debate openly presents his criticism concerning each individual speaker.

The inter-year debates, too, have done much to arouse and sustain interest in platform ability. Last year's graduating class presented to the Literary Society a silver cup as a trophy to be awarded each year to the champions in the series and this has added a great deal to the zest and intensity of the contests. In these debates the material from the Saturday debating groups is tried out, so to speak, and thus is evolved the representative of the University in the intercollege trials.

When the men are picked out it is not a haphazard proceeding but simply a matter of getting the best debaters of the inter-year series, students whose debating abilities have been clearly demonstrated. For the three weeks or so between the choosing and debating of the subject, these men give themselves to incessant toil, interviewing authorities, collecting material, mastering detail and arranging arguments. *Labor improbus omnia vicit* is

their motto. They work to win. They show respect for the ability and strength of their opponents by making careful preparation for a worthy contest and by meeting them on the public platform in that fine spirit of debate which eliminates personalities and deals directly with the issues under discussion.

Again, this success is in no small measure due to the hearty coöperation of the students generally with those upon whom fall the burden and honor of the debate. Last term the labor and responsibility in connection with the "Here and There" department was loyally undertaken by a former editor, leaving the present incumbent of that office free to devote his energy to preparation for the debate. Every student—worthy of the name—in this University takes an interest in the intercollege debates. When our debaters face their opponents, they know that every man in the college is behind them with enthusiastic support. In the life of the college, as in the great world of human interests, the thing that counts to-day is this team work, this institutional activity, this organized endeavor for the common weal and the common advance. When a student is ready to set aside plans for intellectual enjoyment, for social pleasure, for personal prestige in order to uphold the name and fame of his Alma Mater, the individuality of the student moves out into a fuller development and the healthy growth of the university is safely ensured.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. MCGREGOR, '10.

Now the New Year, reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires;
And with Socratic skill, to make the worse
Appear best reason on exam., conspires.

MID-YEAR exams. are over. Our pens are empty and our brains are barren, for we have impoverished ourselves by the generous oblation of ink and ideas poured out to appease our professorial gods. Language is at best a feeble medium for the expression of thought; a spuming, spitting, uncertain fountain pen, a veritable "nail in disguise," is a poor instrument for the written expression of language. Add to these impediments a thumping heart and surfeited brain, and it is small wonder that at times our language, ink and ideas get hopelessly mixed in consequence of the stress of examination. Therefore, we conclude, the judgment passed on our dizzy, ineffectual gropings for the adequate expression of our own ideas (we assume, with Plato, that the ideas exist) should be tempered with a lively consideration for the distraction attendant upon the period of examination.

INTER-YEAR DEBATES.—December 3rd, 1909, McMaster's usual standard of debating was maintained, when the following resolution was warmly debated by the representatives of Year '12 and Year '10: Resolved, "That Canada should contribute annually a sum of money directly toward the maintenance of the British Navy." E. W. Quinn and F. W. Willoughby upheld the affirmative for the freshmen, while S. R. Weaver and W. C. Ronson, Year '10, opposed the resolution. Professors McLay and Ten Broeke awarded the decision to the negative. The arguments centred around the questions of imperialism, expediency, and utility. While it is undoubtedly unwise to endanger the unity of the imperial power, by showing lack of confidence, or by separating the imperial navy into sections, yet a heterogeneous unity of the navy might be the strongest disintegrating force. While Canada could not immediately construct a navy adequate

to protect Canadian commerce, and to act on the offensive, and should in the interim pay for her protection, yet the fact that Great Britain will possess overwhelming naval force for 12 years at least will leave time for the building of a Canadian navy. Moreover, Canada should adopt a broad, progressive and elastic policy, capable of expansion, parallel to the development of a great nation. Miss Murray, '12, delighted the audience with a vocal solo and Miss Young, '11, contributed a very humorous reading and responded to an encore.

The second of the inter-year debates was held in Castle Memorial Hall, Dec. 10th, under the auspices of the Literary Society. After a heartily-applauded vocal solo by Mr. Newton, '11, the debate was announced. The contestants were C. R. Duncan, B.A., and N. McCausland, representing Theology, and P. N. McGregor and A. C. Bingham, of Year '12, and the subject was: Resolved, "That the total disarmament of the nations would be for the best interests of the world." The debate was well fought; and the addresses were all direct and forceful, the strongest of them being probably that of Mr. McCausland. While Prof. G. H. Campbell and Mr. W. S. Wallace retired to weigh the evidence, Miss Wilkins, '13, entertained the society with a piano solo. After some minutes the judges brought in their decision, and henceforth between Theology and '12 "the dark, dread, blood-red banner of war may be rolled up, to be unfurled never again" this year. Theology won.

The Student Volunteer Band.—During December the Band held some very interesting meetings. In two of them we were privileged to listen to two speakers just lately returned from India. The other meetings were of a devotional nature. On December 3rd Mr. Cox, who has just returned from India, gave a very strong address on his work in the East. Mr. Cox has during the last few years been engaged in industrial work under the direction of the Presbyterian Board. He first spoke of the great commercial development of the people, pointing out that they were very subtle and quick to pick up improved methods. These conditions are also true of China and Japan. In this connection Mr. Cox said: "Old India, old China and old Japan are being buried and new ones are arising. We must meet these nations. It cannot be done on our old commercial principles but it can be done by the unifying power of God in Christ Jesus." To meet the needs in India the Presbyterians have founded an industrial school, of which Mr. Cox has charge.

One of our own missionaries, Miss Corning, gave a very

interesting talk on December 10th to the largest gathering of the Band this year. For the past seven years Miss Corning has been engaged in work at the Timpany Memorial School, where there are Eurasian and Telugu girls. Miss Corning spoke especially concerning her work among the Eurasians, of whom there are from seventy to eighty in the Timpany school all the time. They are the despised people of India, but frequently they are quite talented and capable of taking their places among the better classes. The girls are trained in the art of home-making, that they may be able to help in lifting the home from the degraded condition to a higher level. Two of the girls from the Timpany school are now studying medicine and ten are taking nurses' training. The influence of these girls will undoubtedly touch the home life. Miss Corning made a strong plea for the Eurasian people.

FROM A THEOLOG'S DIARY.

This is a blot.
(Oh, blame the pen!)
A little dot
It should have been.

But something caught.
It's mad I am
To see that blot,
And I said——what?

Oh I said naught,
But quickly caught
And slammed the blotter
On that blot.

Then up I got
And sang a psalm,
But still I thought,
I thought of——what?
I thought a lot.

'Tis thus, I thought,
With sin and men;
They mean a dot,
And make a blot;
And blame the ink,
And curse the pen,
But never can they cleanse the spot,
Nor know the bliss of peace again.

Woodstock Gets McMaster Man.—J. E. Anderson, '10, has been fulfilling a temporary engagement teaching in Woodstock

College during November and December. Woodstock and "Ernie" have evidently become mutually enamored the one of the other, for Mr. Anderson has now accepted a position on the regular staff. He will pursue the remainder of his Arts course extra-murally.

The Debating Society.—On Saturday afternoon, December 4th, the subject discussed was: Resolved, "That employers should share profits with employees." A. W. Wilson, '11, led the affirmative, W. J. Donald, '10, the negative. On December 11th the resolution read "That the House of Lords exceeds its prerogative by rejecting the Budget." The affirmative was upheld by W. B. Sinclair, '12, the negative by G. H. Thomas, '12. The criticisms of Dr. Findlay in the first debate and of N. S. McKechnie, B.A., in the second, contained some very valuable suggestions. The decision on each occasion was awarded to the affirmative.

Predictions for 1910.—The horoscope of the new year, erected at midnight on December thirty-first, is difficult of interpretation. Some stars "blindly run" and baffle all attempts to read their mystery. But, after laborious computations based on the aspects of the heavens, we have succeeded in gleaning some forecasts, which are hereto appended:

Debating.—February seventh, McMaster and Victoria in opposition. Meteoric showers of eloquence. McMaster gradually comes into ascension, while Victoria retrogrades. Wearing and Weaver wax weighty while Victoria wanes woefully. The eternal laws of the universe are sustained, and McMaster is again declared victor, betokening the arrival of our Saros.

Hockey.—Stellar work by McMaster at first game; Varsity II. in penumbra, followed by their total eclipse at return match. Peculiar triple star suggests Firstbrook, Iveson and Haydon in conjunction. The argent dipper is coming our way at last.

Matthew's Cup.—Varying phases of inter-year shinny too involved for accurate determination. Gyrations, scintillations and spirals executed by the puck-chasers of the various years. Result of complex calculation gives the following equation:

'10 : '13 :: '12 : '11.

But 12-11 is an improper fraction; therefore, it would be highly unbecoming, even to shamefulness, for us to intimate what '10 will do to '13.

Exams.—Unparalleled phenomena! Total eclipse of stars January 7-17 and April 22-30! First year Mathematics and

Latin, usually stars of the first magnitude, in the Nadir. Celestial music heralds the unprecedented occurrence.

The Graduating Classes.—May eleventh: Halley's comet attains maximum luminosity. Rapid dispersion of constellation "1910." Double stars of frequent occurrence, particularly abundant along theological horizon—significance unknown. Eros rapidly becoming ascendant. Moon-shine strangely brilliant. Saturn's rings in great demand, also paste diamonds.

In General.—New constellation discovered rapidly coming our way. Looks a little hazy as yet, but likely points to the new gymnasium, for which we have clapped *so* many times. Peculiar perturbations in the Milky Way are regarded as prognosticating the Freshmen's sleigh drive soon after exams. February eleventh, Saturn discovered in his fabled devouring act. This gastronomic episode clearly presages the Lit. Banquet.

Literary Society.—On December 17th the Literary Society held another very successful semi-open meeting. It was well attended and a splendid entertainment provided exclusively by outside talent was given. The first number was a pianoforte solo by Miss Irene Weaver, which was excellently rendered and much appreciated. The next selection was a reading by Miss Clarise Spence, entitled, "Why Paddy Believes in Dreams." Miss Spence is a pupil of Owen A. Smiley and ranks high in the list of popular entertainers. The reading was received with hearty applause and Miss Spence responded with a humorous encore, "Befoar Folk." This was followed by a violin solo by Mr. Broadus Farmer, an interpretation of Borowski's "Adoration." The applause was insistent and Mr. Farmer complied by giving the "Second Polonaise Brillante," by Wieniawski, which was splendidly executed. Miss Spence then gave a mirth-provoking reading in three parts, accompanied by the piano. She was again recalled for an encore, which concluded the programme for the evening.

Lit. Poster Contest.—A rather novel competition has been initiated by the Literary Society with a view to securing some artistic and attractive posters for the bulletin board for next term. For this purpose the Executive have decided to offer a first prize of five dollars and a second prize of two dollars for the best bulletins to be posted next term, the judgment to be based on an allowance of 20 per cent. for artistic excellence and 80 per cent. for general attractiveness as a college Lit. poster.

This contest is open to all students, ladies and gentlemen, registered in any course of the University. Applications will be received until the 18th of January, at which time those who have applied shall draw lots for choice of specified posters. This contest should arouse a lively interest and we are looking for a marked improvement in the Lit. posters for next term.

MEN OF THE HOUR.—No. 1.

"Shy as a Maiden."

PRESIDENT OF THE STUDENT BODY.—"What's in a name?" Enough, we think, to perturb the average freshman when he is introduced to the *High Kakiak*. Just what the symbolic significance of this pseudonym is we are not very certain. It may, indeed, have direct reference to stature; the last three men, at least, who have been elected to this office have no need to stand on a brick to measure well over the six-foot mark. Again, too, it may have some mystical connection with scholastic achievement; every man having held the title who is known to us has been a prize-winner in his particular course of study. Certain it is that the designation implies in a marked degree the quality of leadership, for when the resident students of McMaster elect one of their number to be their president, it can be safely assumed that they know their man and that he has proved his fitness to rule.

No *Pontifex Maximus* in the papal chair was ever more autocratic in his procedure or more infallible in his judgment than the High Kakiak when he takes his place at the head of the dining-room. At the sound of his gavel the most ravenous appetite is held in instant check and the daintiest viands are forgotten while he makes the daily announcements or expounds the latest pronouncement of the student-body executive with regard to college decorum. Too true it is, however, that "uneasy lies the head that wears the crown"—nightmare being a frequent experience. The High Kakiak is the rock which divides the opposing tides flowing from the student body and the University authorities; occasionally a student is split on the rock and, though the rock remains apparently unshaken, the splitting is hard on it. Then, too, the High Kakiak is the sole medium for the exchange of civilities between the dining-room and the kitchen, which, in plain English, means that he stands between the devil and the deep sea; this enviable position is conducive to hysteria, nervous prostration, heart

failure, and kindred maladies, as any Ex-High Kakiak will tell you.

"Ernie" Sayles, the present High Kakiak, is a scholarship winner, a first-team rugby player, a coming intercollege debater, and, according to the ladies, "the finest looking fellow in the University." Moreover, he is a discovery. "Stalky & Co." first got scent of him; then the Professor of Philosophy turned him over; later, the president of the Lit. and the captain of the rugby team took a look at him; last fall the students in general regarded him with critical approbation and decided that he was their man. Not many have greatness thrust upon them and then, afterwards, really achieve it: the present High Kakiak is one of the few. Reluctantly he obeyed the mandate of the college, for he is naturally as modest and shy as a maiden—which can be seen from his picture; but since his installation there has been less disturbance among the students themselves and less friction between the student body and "the powers that be" than during any year in our time. "What's in a name?"—nothing. What there is, is in the man.

The Delta Society.—An interesting account could be written of the various societies that have flourished in McMaster. Here and there along the line of our existence we find enthusiasts arising to propagate all manner of cults, sciences and dogmas. In many cases these societies have filled a valuable place in the student life, and it is perhaps to be deplored that some of the more worthy ones have not persisted until our day and generation. But natural selection has gradually ushered them off the stage, as witness the old Glee Club, Modern Language Club, the Mathematical and Classical Societies. Of more recent decline are the Political Science Club, the Chemical Colloquium, and that murky, nebulous aggregation known as the Boiler Room Committee. The *Double Eye*, a publication that essayed to compete in the literary arena with The McMaster Monthly, has ceased to issue, whether from lack of matter or mind we know not.

All this preamble to bring to the attention of our readers the fact that a new and mysterious star has climbed to our horizon. The Delta Society has sprung into being. Its origin, its nature and its aims would baffle a skilled archæologist to determine. In an uncanny manner, suggestive of nether-world influence, papyri liberally bespattered with cuneiform characters and hieroglyphics have appeared on our bulletin board during the past few months. Pseudo-artistic drawings decorate

—or disfigure—these placards. The burning question is, What does all this mystery portend? Esperanto, says one; Socialism, suggests another. We shrewdly suspect that the new secret society exists to prove the innate curiosity of the uniniated, as well as to exhibit the fantastic mental vagaries of its promoters.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS JACKSON, '11.

"Be it ever so humble
There's no place like home."

IS it not delightful to be at home again, to sit in the same old accustomed place at the family table, and show off one's increasing store of knowledge (just a little before Aunt Susan!); to help mother fill the small stockings and hang them up at the fire-place for St. Nicholas' blessing; to potter around the dear familiar kitchen where the turkey in the oven sings so merrily of other Christmases just like this, but not half so sweet; to nestle back in the warm depths of the only truly comfortable chair in the world, and gaze into the only blazing fire one ever wanted to gaze into, listening to the joyous tinkling of the only sleigh-bells that make one think, and feel and know that it is Christmas; to—to—

"Why, Katie Dunlop, of all people! For mercy sake come right in and sit down. Merry Christmas, of course. My, but I'm glad to see you—seems ages since I went away. Now just warm your hands by this fire while I go make you a nice cup of——"

To—to— Well, after all, is this not the very dearest joy of all joy, to welcome old "cronies" in one's own house, and pick up long-dropped stitches in early friendships?

WHAT would the poor little New Year do without some good resolutions to play with? To be sure, it is much too young to appreciate its toys, and throws them heedlessly away or tramples them underfoot e'er a week has passed; but whatever would it have done without them? Everybody makes good resolutions. Nobody is expected to keep them. Why, the greatest wonder of the nineteenth century was our beloved Queen Victoria. "I will

be good; I will be good," she said, *and she was!* But then she was a royal princess. Moral—Don't say you are going "to keep up" your work next term. Don't say you are going to have your essays in on time. Don't say you are going to take notes every lecture, and look up all references. Nobody knows better than everybody that you will never do it.

McMaster University, December 22nd, 1909.

Dearest Dad:—I can skate. Isn't that pretty smart when I have only been on ice three times? Everybody says I am doing just fine, and that a person who didn't know I had just learnt would think I had walked on skates ever since I was a baby. They did tell the same thing to two of the other girls who are trying to learn (you'd die laughing to see them wobble about) but it was only in irony to make them feel good. They were laughing up their sleeve all the time.

Oh, dad, it is such fun. I am simply crazy about it. I think about it every minute of the day—and night, too. Of course, I am in terrible pain all the time I am on skates; but it is the best fun ever invented. And, dad, when I get something good and strong to skate with, something that talks a lot so as I can fasten my whole mind onto my feet, I am so happy I could go on skating forever, if it wasn't for that awful misery in my ankles and the terror of getting killed every second. If it wasn't that skates are such slippery things I am sure I could get along better than the hockey-fighters, even.

Aren't you proud of me? But say, nobody here ever wears spring skates. Those things of mine are as old as those spring chickens we sold (you and I) last year, only not half so strong. Say, tell Peter he has got to show me how to go backwards when I come home. Several of the folks here can do it, so I know I could easily if he explained it all to me. It would be a great advantage here, because then I wouldn't be responsible if people bumped into me (which they are always doing. I guess they are jealous because I learnt so quick). Can you make figures on the ice, dad? I can. Once I went all alone and I did the most beautiful curves and things, and one dandy peach of a circle.

The funniest thing happened the other day. The athletic students were having an awful time deciding what rink to go to (you know, all the students get tickets for the same rink. It is cheaper and more homey) so they very politely sent in to find out whether the ladies would prefer going to Aura Lee rink instead of the Little Vic. this winter. Of course, the girls said yes, they would be delighted, and thanks ever so much for your

nice brotherly interest. But I guess the men thought something must be the matter with a place all the girls wanted to go to, and would you ever! they decided to go to Little Vic. after all, and we could come along if we liked. They knew pretty well that we'd follow them like little sheep after the shepherd, because us poor "weaker vessels" need a tow on the ice and have to have a lot of "tugging" to get us safe to shore. What do you think of that for a smart simile?

It may not be so bad, though, because last year Little Vic. had ice several times and you would think the band was dandy, takes you back to when you were a wee kiddo playing soldier. I've forgotten the pieces they play, but I'll fish them out when I get home. Don't forget to meet me at the five p.m.

Love to all concerned.

EMERALDE.

P.S.—I'm not going to write any P.S. this time. Don't forget the five p.m.—EMERALDE.

OUR ANNUAL PICTURE-PUZZLE.—Members of the Y.W.C.A. are finding the search for Santa Claus in Eaton's bargain column too simple to sustain interest, and are now diverting their minds by means of a more complicated picture of the "moving" variety, one in which the hidden party is not so readily discovered. We ourselves have been "it" for this little game of hide-and-seek for some time, but will have to give up the search in disgrace unless some of our clever little readers can solve the mystery by suggesting a probable or possible hiding-place.

Now, here is the rub:—Nobody has denied that guests were expected. Had not polite invitations been duly issued, and more or less elaborate preparations been made for their reception and entertainment? Were not the florists and the confectioners visited?—was it not so nominated in the bond? But see the picture and judge for yourself.

Tuesday's four o'clock has at last arrived, and the air is fairly saturated with excitement. The supple sitting-room makes an ideal combination drawing-room and lunch-counter, while the patient cloak-hall opposite presents a strikingly boudoir—"butler's pantry"—appearance. The stayers and non-stayers to Y.W.C.A. meetings (the latter in duty bound to receive the strangers, ice-cream, coffee, macaroons, lady-fingers, etc.) cluster about the doors for a time in expectant bunches and finally flock into the chapel and close the door. The prim ushers cast yearning glances in the direction of the hall-door, starting violently

every time it creaks on its hinges. After a while they, too, sadly stroll toward the chapel, and close the door.

Inside this door, an interesting programme is in progress, far more pretentious than the usual quiet prayer-meeting. The representatives who had been sent to the Muskoka conference last summer, namely, Etta Pugsley, Violet Dickens, Mayme Montgomery, Katherine Farmer and Barbara Duncan give most interesting accounts of their experiences at the Elgin House, in company with college girls from all over our vast Dominion. Evelyn Kellock sings, "Just for To-day," a solo which suits perfectly her sweet, clear voice, and Gladys Jackson also sings.

Then, when all is over, the girls troop into the combination drawing-room and lunch-counter where the very daintiest refreshments are served in decidedly anti-picnic fashion. One is overheard suggesting a visit to the lanes and by-ways, with invitations free to all the halt, lame, blind, etc., who would be certain to accept with gusto, but the remark falls flat on the ground of finances, and the ice-cream man again calls. After entertaining each other for a time, all the girls depart with sad faces.

Any sane person can see that guests were undoubtedly expected. But the puzzle is this—*Find them!*

W. L. S.—The freshettes were given full charge of the last meeting of the year, and notwithstanding their inexperience, ably acquitted themselves. The programme was varied and undoubtedly interesting. Miss Beatrice Carey favored us with a piano solo, which was followed by a well-rendered reading by Miss Jessie Kee. A short dialogue entitled, "Two Aunts and a Photograph," was the next number, after which Miss Kate MacDonald sang a sweet Scotch air.

Practice Makes Perfect—One day a controversy arose in "Y.W." regarding the superiority of man over woman. B.A.—"Of course man is higher than woman. Did not God make him first?"

G. S.—"Yes, to be sure. But the Bible says God made first of all the lower animals, next man, and then, as a final stroke of genius, He made woman. How do you account for that?"

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS.

"He draweth out the thread of his verbosity
finer than the staple of his argument."

N our present issue we record the last of this year's struggles on the "gridiron." It was a long rugby season; but it wasn't the season that we captured the silverware. Our men worked their hardest, but Varsity proved to be as indomitable as ever. There is some satisfaction, however, in knowing that the games were very closely contested. The first one gave Varsity a lead of only three points; and although the score in the return game stood eleven to one against us, nevertheless the Blue and White had to work hard for the game, scoring only in the third quarter, when a strong wind aided them in netting eleven points. The loss of the cup again this year, however, has only served to increase our ambition and determination in that direction and we will be out after it harder than ever next year; and with McCrimmon piloting the rugby ship again, something ought to be doing for McMaster. Before bidding farewell to rugby for this year, it might be of interest to notice what McMaster graduates and undergraduates have been doing in rugby circles other than our own. Three members of our first team, McCrimmon, Firstbrook and Veals, played several games with the T.A.A.C. team in the senior O.R.F.U. series. J. B. McArthur, a graduate of class '05, was one of the main supports of the T.A.A.C. team on their back division. A. E. Haydon, '01, and E. J. Bingham, '08, played in opposite positions on the back divisions of the Fort William and Port Arthur teams respectively. This is the first year that the twin cities have played the game. Four of last year's graduates in Arts have been working with other teams. "Bill" Scott turned out all fall with Varsity II.; "Slugger" Jackson played on the wing line of the O.A.C. team; Ernie Lang on the back division of the Woodstock College team; and Bruce Leckie proved himself an efficient coach in his work in that capacity with the O.A.C. team.

However "the short and the long of it" is that another rugby season has given place to another hockey season. Besides

the usual number of hockey hours at "Little Vic." rink, the Athletic Association has this year secured two hours a week at Mutual Street rink. Captain Fuzzie has his team hard at it—after *it*. H. R. H. Sileox has been elected captain of the second team. In the practice games the new hockey material has showed up well. But it is not our intention to indulge at all in any prophesying. We will postpone any hockey *news* until after the first game.

"The Last Drop in the Well."—Seniors, 19; School, 9. Challenged by Year 'Ten the rest of the school picked a rugby team and lined up against the winners of the inter-year series on December 1. From the first it was evident that the Seniors had the better of the argument. The school team fell short in punting, McCrimmon being unable to play, and lacked, as well, team play, only a few of the men ever having played together before. It was just in this latter particular that the Seniors were strong. Six of this year's team have played together on Year 'Ten's team each of the four seasons they have been in the school. Ten have played together for three seasons and twelve for two seasons. Year 'Ten's rugby career has been a very successful one in McMaster. As freshmen they started in hard at the game, and the match in which Theology won second place from them was described as a hard-fought contest. Twice they carried off first honors, once in their sophomore and once in their final year; and in their third year they won out for second place.

Year' Ten line-up: Back, Iveson; halves, Crowe (Captain), McKay, Robertson; quarter, McGregor; wings, Wearing, Hodgson, Burrell, Richards, Veals, Sayles; scrimmage, Ward, Blackadar, Donald.

School line-up: Back, Bracken; halves, I. Matthews, Ryrie, Ashmore; quarter, E. Gray (Captain); wings, Poole, Wilkins, D. Gray, Whan, L. Matthews, Harris; scrimmage, Sileox, Haddow, Wilson.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: K. A. CLARK, '10.

F the long list of graduates whose fortunes and vicissitudes this column is anxious to note, none are more worthy of remembrance than the men who have served in the past on the publication staff of THE MONTHLY. This month we feel it would be interesting and instructive to trace the progress of the various editors of Our Graduates.

The Department was instituted in 1901, E. A. Brownlee being the first editor. Mr. Brownlee graduated in Arts in '01 and in Theology in '03. After completing his course, he devoted his time to pastoral work, having charge of the church at Midland. Mr. Brownlee now, however, represents McMaster upon the Chinese Mission Field. All remember the farewell service held last year, in Castle Memorial Hall, for Mr. and Mrs. Brownlee upon their departure to the Orient.

Mr. Brownlee was succeeded by D. C. Macintosh, '03. While serving upon the staff at Brandon College, Mr. Macintosh received the great honor of a call to a chair in Yale University. This fall he commenced his duties there as Professor of Systematic Theology. On his way home to spend the Christmas season Prof. Macintosh visited McMaster and led one of our chapel services.

The next editor, F. J. Scott, graduated in Arts in '99 and in Theology in '04. He became pastor of the church in Markham and later was called to Peterboro'. From there Mr. Scott entered the mission field and joined himself with the Baptist cause in Bolivia. He returned, however, and now is pastor of the Baptist church in Plymouth, Mass., where he is carrying on a very successful work.

Only last month we announced the death of the next in order of the editors of Our Graduates, Mr. W. J. Grigg, '05. In another part of THE MONTHLY will be found an account of his life and an appreciation of his character.

We now come to the period of modern history. During 1905-6 the Department was in the care of T. M. Dadson, '06. Mr. Dadson received, last spring, the degrees of M.A. and B.Th. and is now pastor of the church at Orillia.

R. C. Bensen, '06, is now in the mission work at Cocanada, India. The farewell service held at the time of his departure is still fresh in our memory.

C. W. Edwards, '06, is still with us, pursuing a course in Theology. Since his graduation Mr. Edwards has served on the staff at Woodstock College. Last summer he acted as supply in the pulpit of Bloor Street Baptist Church, Toronto, and this fall was made assistant pastor.

Coming now to L. D. Jackson, '09, we find ourselves up to date. Mr. Jackson was appointed to a Fellowship in Chemistry at the Guelph Agricultural College and has been fulfilling his duties there with success since the beginning of the term.

It is with pride that we point to all these successful men and claim them as past editors of this column. May those who follow continue in their footsteps and be equally a source of credit to our University.

J. J. Stapleton has been appointed Principal of the High School at Wetaskiwin, Alta. He was formerly teacher of mathematics in the High School at Calgary.

F. E. Lumley, '07, and W. F. Edwards, '08, are attending Yale University, taking post-graduate work.

F. C. Mabee, '04, is now at the Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio, teaching chemistry and physics. Mr. Mabee received his degree of M.A. at McMaster for work in chemistry. He then went to Harvard University to complete his course and received from there the degree of Ph.D.

J. D. Craig, '07, has been appointed sporting editor of the *Times* newspaper in Fort William.

N. McNaughton, '07, was ordained on December 15th at the Eastern Avenue Church, Toronto.

G. H. Grant, '00, has been, for several years, very successfully engaged in mining in British Columbia. He still has extensive interests in mining concerns although he has given up active work in connection with them. Mr. Grant is now devoting his time with the Pacific Whaling Company, of which his father is president. It is probably the largest whaling company operating. Representing this company, Mr. Grant has recently spent four months on a business journey to China and Japan and is four months on a business journey to China and Japan. Mr. Grant's home is in Victoria, B.C.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EDITH ELLIOTT.

THE clock struck the hour of midnight and all was silent in the corridors, where the flickering gas burned low, casting weird shadows on the stairways. Slowly a door opened with a faint creak and a ghostly figure in white glided through the doorway, along the darkened side of the hall, disappearing at the further end. Once more all was silent, then one by one other doors were opened and more of these uncanny beings followed the first one noiselessly. Occasionally a stair was heard to squeak, whereat all the figures paused and, placing the corner of their ghostly robes over their mouths, seemed quite convulsed with unholy mirth. Finally all had disappeared in the darkness of the hall below and only occasional echoes of ghostly laughter were heard. But hark! What was that? A low moan of distress came from the shadow of the stairs, then one by one the sheeted figures came gliding back, while the mournful sound grew nearer. Pausing before a door they suddenly burst into song and "Home Sweet Home" floated down the corridors. A hurried conference was then held and apparently a decision was reached. The strains of "I'm O'wer Young to Marry Yet" were heard and then "Good Night Ladies" died away in the distance.

WE had with us at our Wednesday evening prayer meeting a few weeks ago Mrs. Woodburn, a general missionary from India, and Miss Corning, a teacher from the Timpany school for Eurasian girls at Cocanada. Miss Corning spoke of the work among these people, of whom so little is known, giving a description of the school with its students, and pointing out their great need of education and assistance.

ON December the fifteenth we held our Christmas meeting, which took the form of a roll-call. Several bright hymns were sung and the meeting was felt by all present to be a very helpful one.

ON Friday evening, the seventeenth of December, school broke up for the Christmas holidays. The previous evening we spent a happy hour around a blazing fire in the drawing room, chattering happily in joyous anticipation of Christmas pleasures, while the more industrious among us put the finishing touches to Christmas presents, and the corn popped merrily over the fire.

Here and There.

Editor: N. St. Clair McKechnie, '08.

PAIN'S POWER.

The cry of man's anguish went up unto God:
"Lord take away pain—
The shadow that darkens the world Thou hast made,
The close-coiling chain
That strangles the heart, the burden that weighs
On the wings that would soar—
Lord, take away pain from the world Thou hast made,
That it love Thee the more!"

Then answered the Lord to the cry of His world:
"Shall I take away pain,
And with it the power of the soul to endure
Made strong by the strain?
Shall I take away pity that knits heart to heart,
And sacrifice high?
Will ye lose all your heroes that lift from the fire
White brows to the sky?
Shall I take away love, that redeems with a price
And smiles at its loss?
Can ye spare from your lives, that would climb unto Mine,
The Christ on His cross?"

—*The British Weekly.*

A CORRESPONDENT of *Vox Wesleyana* takes exception to the Editor's belief that any standard of literary education other than matriculation is too low for the ministry of the Methodist Church in Canada. He supports his objection by stating that "every week young men who hardly know the meaning of the word matriculation are being placed in the most important preaching centres of Methodism, and yet cannot be called incompetent." He closes his communication with a little fling at the "Wisdom of Schools." "I am being forced to the conclusion that many who have sought the prophet's mantle by traversing so narrow a course have eventually found themselves in a sack."

It is evident that this correspondent has built up his whole statement on a foundation of errors—errors which are only too common. He has in his mind, of course, the picture of men who have been brilliantly successful and who have had but little

education. The error enters in when it is assumed that these brilliant successes have been achieved because of the lack of education. The actual truth of the case is that native ability and dogged perseverance have sometimes been able to triumph over the great disadvantages of meagre education. These young men who "hardly know the meaning of the word matriculation" will never succeed because of that fact. A few may succeed in spite of it. The second error implied is the assumption that the failures of college men are due to their education. Let us place the blame where it ought to be. The man who "finds himself in a sack" at the end of his course generally has some grave weakness in his character of which his college friends could tell us. Set him at work without his education and he will soon find his way into the sack.

It is easy to count the brilliant successes among uneducated preachers. It might take much longer to count the miserable failures. Moreover, we nearly always forget that there are spheres of usefulness from which these uneducated but successful men are debarred by their lack of education. We have a right to ask this question. If so great successes are achieved by men of so little education, how much greater successes might these same men have attained with the discipline, the information, and the breadth of vision which the "Wisdom of Schools" could give them?

Leaders of men, as a rule, are not men of scant culture and information, of untrained mind and judgment, or of narrow experience and vision. The man who throws aside his books and refuses to study Greek and mathematics while there is preaching to be done makes a popular appeal, but sane judgment stamps such action as foolish rather than heroic.

The total registration figures of the leading American universities place Columbia at the head with 6,132 students, Pennsylvania second, with 5,325, and Michigan and Harvard third and fourth with 5,200 and 3,994 respectively. Cornell ranks fifth with 3,903, and Yale sixth with 3,264.—*Ex.*

Professor in Medicine—"A very important drug, gentlemen"—may be taken internally or eternally.—*Western University Magazine.*

We have received the following magazines: *McGill Martlet, Queen's College Journal, Vox Collegii, Vox Wesleyana, Acta Victoriana, Dalhousie Gazette, The Collegiate Outlook, Lux*

Columbiana, Allisonia, Mercerian, Starkey Monthly, Madisonensis, Notre Dame Scholastic, Acta, William Jewell Student, Trinity University Review, T. C. D., Manhattan Quarterly, Manitoba College Journal, Western University Gazette, O. B. C. Argus, Oxford Magazine, Glasgow University Magazine, Viatorian, Hya Yaka, O. A. C. Review, Acadia Athenaeum.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
And he seemed to be at repose.
It was but a fly who was resting there,
On the bridge of a sleeping man's nose.

Two football men on a fat man's chest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of liniment!
They give the poor fellow two weeks' rest,
Yo! ho! ho! and a bottle of liniment!

—*Viatorian.*

The Toad beneath the Harrow knows
Exactly where each Tooth-point goes;
The Butterfly upon the road
Preaches Contentment to that Toad.

—*In Glasgow University Magazine.*

Leader of Government (commenting on Speech from the Throne)—"The address, Mr. Speaker, will be hung in a conspicuous place, so that all may read it." Leader of Opposition—"I would move, Mr. Speaker, that those who drafted the address be hung along with it."—*Acta Victoriana.*

AN INCIDENT.

Once more the ancient greatness woke,
And flung him grandly to his feet,
And in our bosoms, ere he spoke,
Our hearts condemned us as they beat.

Nothing we heard of all he said,
But only, gazing, seemed to see
A glory all about his head
Shine through the clouds of calumny;

And joy and sorrow, love and ire,
Breathed all around and filled the place,
And all his visage shook out fire
And shone as shines an angel's face.

—*H. W. G., in Oxford Magazine.*

"On Thursday evening, October 14th, the students had the privilege of hearing Dr. Porter lecture in College Hall on the

prevention of tuberculosis." There is nothing unusual in the above notice, which appeared in the *Acadia Athenaeum*, but just why it was placed in their "Athletic Column" is a mystery.

TEN commandments for students were proposed by President John M. Thomas of Middlebury College in the course of an address before the University Convocation at Albany, N.Y., on October 30. He was speaking on moral education and suggested the commandments as being indicative of the spirit which should animate the work of educational institutions. The following are the commandments:

1. Thou shalt set the service of God and man before thine heart as the end of all thy work.

2. Thou shalt inquire of each study what it has for thee as a worker for a better world, not relinquishing thy pursuit of it until thou hast gained its profit unto this end.

3. Thou shalt love the truth and only the truth and welcome all truth gladly, whether it bring thee or the world joy or suffering, pleasure or hardship, ease or toil.

4. Thou shalt meet each task at the moment assigned for it with a willing heart.

5. Thou shalt work each day to the limit of thy strength, consistently with the yet harder work which shall be thy duty on the morrow.

6. Thou shalt respect the right and pleasure of others, claiming no privilege of service, and allowing thyself no joy which does not increase the joy of thy fellow-men.

7. Thou shalt love thy friends more than thyself, thy college more than thy friends, thy country more than thy college, and God more than all else.

8. Thou shalt joy in the excellence of others, and despise all rewards saving the gratitude of thy fellows and the approval of God.

9. Thou shalt live by thy best, holding thyself relentlessly to those ideals thou dost most admire in other men.

10. Thou shalt make for thyself commandments harder than another can make for thee, and each new day commandments more rigorous than thine own laws of the day before.

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THE VITAL CENTRE OF CHRISTIAN EVIDENCES.

N his celebrated "Thoughts" Blaise Pascal makes a classical utterance which should be graven deeply on the thought of every Christian teacher and minister. It concerns the central matter that "the truth of Christianity is to be recognized even in the obscurity of certain truths connected with it."

Pascal in this passage points out that in the method of God's approach to men He both reveals and conceals Himself. "Verily thou art a God that hidest thyself, O God of Israel the Saviour!"

Pascal elaborates his thought substantially as follows: "that the Messiah is cognizable to those who truly and with the whole heart seek Him and that He is hidden from those who in their hearts shun Him. God could have contrived a religion which would inevitably and perforce have compelled assent. To have done this might have been easier for the mind but injurious to the will and to the moral nature so radically dependent on the will. God, however, had before Him as a chief and deep end the *disposing and training of the will*, the most central thing possible to the personality of man who had gone astray from God. Perfect intellectual clearness such as would compel assent, would have interfered with the most effective training of the will, and for the moral nature." The discovery of obscurity in one's mental discernment leads one to reflect if there be not some moral corruption at the heart to cloud the vision. Thus heart and conscience are thrown back upon God for that inward

purification which alone enables us to see light in God's light. Thus it is that the whole man is renewed in knowledge after the image of Him that created him.

In this light it is more clearly seen that to the mere understanding of a sinful man God is "revealed in part and obscured in part. With whatever degree of light, therefore, a moral being may be possessed, the treatment which he accords to that light will always determine whether the light shall increase or diminish from that stage onward. We may depend there is always sufficient light for those who want the truth and there is always obscurity enough for those want to rid themselves of the truth in the interest of some self end. And there is also always enough light to render those indifferent to the truth inexcusable before God. God and His gospel always put a premium upon him who cherishes a minimum of light and who will act upon it. Those who are ever waiting for the maximum of light are really moral triflers, and to them the measure of light they have is turned into darkness. It is always inevitably so. "If the light"—any degree of it—"which is in thee be darkness, how great is that darkness."

This line of teaching to which Pascal gives expression is at the very heart of everything important in the demonstration of the divinity of the Christian religion. And it marks off Christianity from every other religion.

For these reasons also the proof—the final proof—of the Christian religion is of the deepest possible sort. It is much more than an intellectual matter. The fundamental proof of the truth of Christianity is in the life of those who live it. This proof is also an ever-growing matter; and will have its complete manifestation when the last believer shall have been brought home to God, and has completely lived out his life of faith, and only then.

Christ's religion is more than a set of opinions, more than a code of laws. It is ever an advancing spiritual realization; its degree of perfection is ever a flying goal, because with every attainment the ideal advances, and so Christianity is able to be the religion of all men and for all times. In its very nature it is personal self-giving love for the benefit of others, like God's

own love and nature. This is ethical through and through because it involves the devotion and activity of the whole man; it embraces intellect, emotion, conscience and will. This is the sort of religion Christianity is; and there is none like it. It works out in experiences oft-repeated and common to the life of all men everywhere and in all times, other things being equal, like rationality itself in a sane mind. Indeed, as Dr. Forsyth has said, "There is no mere intellectual certainty anywhere that is entitled to challenge the certainties of the redeemed." The truth is the historic fact of Christ is not only historic, even super-historic, but it is a fact which also recreates itself in the multiplied experiences of believers and lives on in them; and in ever widening circles re-enacts itself in the growth of the church in all lands in greater and greater power as time moves on.

When, therefore, the sum total of the ever-accumulating experiences shall have been wrought out in life, when all the redeemed and renewed in all time shall stand forth manifested in the completed kingdom of God, then will have been wrought out the final and absolute proof of the one and only absolute religion.

Harnack is right when he says that there is no such thing as "comparative religion"—at all events as embracing Christianity in a series of religions. There can be none; for there is none to be compared with it. All other religions than Christianity are mere *philosophies,* speculative systems, with no deep experimental proofs possible to them. This much at least Harnack's Ritschlianism has done for him. No mere Ethnic system, like Hinduism, Buddhism, or Confucianism, can afford a "value-judgment" (or an experienced truth).

It is true Christianity affords other judgments than "value-judgments." It has an intellectual basis in a sound metaphysics, as well as history. It presupposes all the intuitions—matters that are deeper than logical proof—which must be assumed as standing in their own necessary right. But Christianity is unique in this, and it does afford the "value-judgment," on which Ritschlianism all too narrowly builds, and on this ground alone

it can make good its claim as the "exclusive, because all-inclusive" of all that is true and vital in religion.

Now, because Christianity is this sort of a religion, foreign missions lends itself widely to the support of Christianity. If Christianity were not self-evidencing, both to the child and to the philosophic mind, it could not show itself to be the universal religion in the way it does. But because Christianity was "made for man," it authenticates itself to man on a world-wide scale. The Scriptures when known and obeyed prove themselves superior to all other "sacred writings," and lead the soul home to its long-lost God.

Christ as the revelation of God and the Saviour makes good His claim, when put to the test, as "able to save unto the uttermost."

The pathos and convincing power of the cross, as the scene of Calvary was once vividly set forth before a congregation of South African Bechuanas, led one of them to cry out: "Jesus! away from there: that's my place!"

The fact and the necessity of the new birth has been attested in the experience of a thousand types of mankind, and in all lands, from Greenland to the South Seas. The reality of the resurrection of Christ, as a victory over sin and transcendence of death—death in all forms— has witnesses on all the mission fields of earth, and in circumstances where any sort of collusion is absolutely impossible. As all roads in the Roman Empire led to the imperial capital, so all the lines of experimental religious evidence converge in the person of Jesus Christ, the world's Redeemer. On His brow at length must be all the crowns and He shall be hailed "Lord of all!"

Henry Clay Mabie.

THE BREAKING OF PROFESSORIAL TIES.

N McMaster University the relationship existing between professor and student is for many reasons one which occasions much pleasant intercourse. Owing to the restricted numerical strength of the different classes, the lecturer is able to acquire a fairly accurate knowledge of the general calibre of each student. He can more readily acquaint himself with the intellectual antecedents, present ability and normal outlook of the individual in relation to the class as a whole, and thus round out in a very real and necessary sense the development outlined in the deliverance of lectures. Instead of depending altogether upon the test of examinations for his satisfaction in the results produced by the course, he has the opportunity of such near presence to the student as shall apprise him continuously of that student's appreciation of and obedience to the principles which every high-souled teacher strives to set forth.

As regards the student life of this University, the incalculable advantage of such a close relationship to the members of the faculty may be clearly perceived. The message of the lecture course is not merely a voice crying from out the wilderness of strange and solitary thought, but is also reinforced by the personality of the professor. The student sees the man behind the voice and thus is more apt to heed the message. In daily striving after what Macaulay calls "intellectual emancipation," all the forces of the volitional and emotional as well as the intellectual life of the professor are in this relationship unconsciously laid under tribute by the student.

The attachments which a student feels for his Alma Mater are after all emotional rather than intellectual, and in McMaster these are woven closely about the personal bond between the men who teach and those who enjoy the privilege of their lectures. Consequently any severance of the ties which bind the professor

to this University cannot help but create a feeling of distinct personal loss on the part of the students. All those who have pursued the course in history during the past four years will heartily agree that the work under the direction of Dr. Oliver has been all that one could desire, arduous no doubt, yet always lightened by the intellectual strength and contagious enthusiasm of the professor. In the French classes of three years Professor Dales has earnestly sought to guide his students over the pitfalls of inaccuracy and into a wider appreciation and healthier enjoyment of *la belle langue du monde.* Our memories of these teachers as they presided at the simple and impressive morning chapel service have only served to increase our affectionate regard for them and our confidence in their leadership. As they sever their academic connection with McMaster it is the sincere wish of the student body that for these Christian gentlemen the coming years may expand into larger opportunity and service.

The Senate, Board of Governors, and the Faculty of the University have expressed their appreciation of the place occupied by Dr. Oliver and Professor Dales in the life of this institution. That of the Faculty we take the liberty to append:

The members of the Faculty of McMaster University desire to place on record their warm appreciation of the services of Dr. Edmund H. Oliver as Lecturer in History, and their sincere regret that circumstances should have led him to sever his connection with the University. It has been a pleasure to them to have him as a colleague, and would have been a satisfaction to them to enjoy permanent association with him as a member of this Faculty. During the four years in which he has been on the staff, Dr. Oliver has proved himself a sound scholar and a successful teacher. He has sympathized with the Christian ideals of the University and has labored faithfully to help in their attainment. Regretting that his services should be lost to McMaster University, the Faculty congratulate Dr. Oliver on his appointment as Professor of History and Economics in the new University of Saskatchewan, and confidently hope that in his new capacity he may have a career of ever-increasing usefulness and distinction.

The Faculty of McMaster University desire to convey to Professor J. N. Dales their brotherly sympathy with him in the circumstances that have led to the severance of his relations with this institution, and their sincere regret that such circumstances should have arisen. During the three years of his services in McMaster, Professor Dales has greatly endeared himself to his colleagues and students by his strength of character, his ability as a teacher, his steady devotion to his work, his helpful comradeship, his deep appreciation of the aims and purposes of our University as a Christian school of learning, and his keen interest and hearty co-operation in all that made for moral and spiritual welfare of the University. The Faculty are conscious of a deep sense of loss in parting with so congenial and helpful a colleague, and their earnest and united prayer is that he may be speedily and divinely guided to another sphere of useful and happy service, in which God's richest blessing may attend his pathway for many years to come.

Ed.

THE PROPHET'S CALL.

There was chill despair in the dark that night,
The rocks hissed doom through their splintered teeth,
And over the waters wild and white
Came the wail of the wind as it danced with death.
Then my heart stood still in the clutch of fear,
For a voice that I knew rang clear and near—
"Out into the deep, my child, with me,
There is music for man in the raging sea."
So the sails are spread and the anchor weighed,
For the voice of the Master must be obeyed,
And in spite of the night still undismayed,
We sweep to the deep with God.

A. Eustace Haydon, '01.

THE MUSIC OF A LIFE.

THE last pale rays of a December sunset were streaming through the window of a little cottage in the Ottawa valley, giving to the snowy hair of the Frenchman within a silvery gleam, and resting caressingly upon the dark heads of the children about his knee. It was the home of an old soldier who served as tutor for the youth of the village. The younger children came to him, too, especially at the twilight hour, when they would gather around his chair before the fire of pine logs, and hear him tell Celtic legends and the folk-lore of the hills. Sometimes, too, when it suited his mood, he would take up his violin, and his hearers would listen in rapt attention to the majestic strains of a martial ballad or the magical and impassioned beauty of a symphony of love.

He was an object of admiration and wonder to the entire village. The gracious dignity of his manner and the quiet tenderness of his expression won all hearts. He was somewhat of a mystery to them, however; his past was a sealed book, and any friendly curiosity they showed concerning it was met with such decided, though polite, evasion that they had long since ceased to mention it. His face, nevertheless, told its own tale. Lines of pain about his lips told of past suffering that must have been intense; and there were dark months and years in the sadness of his eyes.

That evening, after the children had left him, he sat long before the fire reviewing once more his story. Finally, reaching for his violin, he began an improvisation that expressed more clearly than words the long, bitter struggle of his life. At the touch of the bow a cataract of notes issued from the strings. It was the music of the spring. By imperceptible degrees it grew in volume, vibrant with feeling, and full of the magic of hope. It resembled the grand and lofty music of the stars and spheres, fraught with the mightiest aspirations and the deepest imagin-

ings—that exists for eternity, and seems to be of its own power and beauty rather than the production of a human heart and brain.

Under its spell the minstrel was taken back to his early years in sunny France, where

> " 'Mid the pastures of youth, in the twilight of hope,
> And the valleys of boyhood, the fresh-flower'd slope
> Of life's dawning land,"

he again felt that vague, restless yearning toward the future, that prescience of coming joy and attainment that we know in our youth, when, viewed through its rosy glasses, all things seem possible.

Then a softer note crept into the harmony. At first it seemed but a lyric undertone; but gradually it swelled into a deep, sonorous chord that rose into a splendid flash of harmony and dominated the strain. Magic and mystery were in it—all the witchery of fairyland and all the wonder of love. But there suddenly came from the instrument broken, quivering tones, like the sobs of a bleeding heart; then, strong, clear and splendid, there sounded another melody which, in strange and passionate beauty, voiced the ministry of pain.

There was a short pause followed by a flood of eccentric music that, powerful, harsh and malignant, filled the room. It spoke of despair and hatred so intense that they seemed to be beyond the depths of any human experience and to reach some sphere where the baseness attained by the most degenerate of our race would be scoffed at as delicacy, and where our lowest grovellings in the gutter would be considered lofty flights through the heavens. And the hideous desolation of the music deepened until it became but a scathing, merciless sarcasm against all things refined and beautiful. So weird and unearthly was it that the huge mastiff before the grate started up, bristling, and, with an angry snarl, snapped at the strings.

The dog's movement aroused the player; and he turned from the tale of his love and jealousy and despair to the next scene. A more human note entered into the melody. Pain once more

predominated. Then there was clearly portrayed the struggle between the conflicting elements of his nature. Deep, majestic, chords voiced the battle of the soul. They told of dark, starless midnight, of foaming surges and mighty winds. Then, in clear, soft tones, voices suggesting all the beauty of the universe—pale moonbeams and still waters, the silence of the summer woods and the aftermath of an autumn day—seemed to whisper peace.

But the struggle was not yet over.

Next there sounded a grand martial epic. Bugle-calls and the roll of drums, the clash of steel and the roar of cannon were evident. Yet through it all, like a lyric undercurrent, there was heard a faint moan of pain that recalled the vague sadness of the northern melody which seems to be an echo of voices heard on the misty moors of the highlands or in pale valleys among the farthest hills of Europe. Once more the musician heard the call to war, and saw himself rise swiftly in the ranks until he became a general; and there, in the joy of action and the applause and confidence of his armies, he at times forgot his pain. Then came that day when, among the wounded prisoners, he found his successful rival, took him to his own tent and nursed him back to life. In those long days and weeks of watchful care all the bitterness he had cherished for years against the man vanished, and he climbed up from the dark valley within the shadow of Gethsemane, until he reached the tranquil heights of the soul at peace.

A song of joy and triumph recorded this victory over self; then, softening to a refrain of dreamy content, it lulled the minstrel to sleep. In his dreams all the turmoil of his life was forgotten; and he was carried back to the banks of the Loire, where he once more wandered, a lad, about his ancestral lands, among the hedges of roses and the gardens of fleur-de-lis, while the winds from the sea, breathing through the branches of the mighty oaks, seemed to whisper to his eager imagination the message of the years.

Annie I. Grierson, '10.

FORTUNIO'S SONG.

(Translated from the French of Alfred de Musset.)

Though you may think that I shall own
Who hath my heart,
I would not even for a throne
Her name impart.

But, if you wish, we two shall dare
This rondeau sweet—
She's whom I love, and she is fair,
Yea, fair as wheat.

Whate'er she asks in fantasy
I gladly do,
And should she ask my life of me,
I'd give that, too.

With ills but secret love doth know
I faint; my breath
Comes heavy and my life ebbs low,
As though to death.

Too well I love e'er to reveal
Whom I adore;
I would e'en die, my lips to seal
Forevermore.

W. Sherwood Fox, '00.

"THE MAN BEHIND THE BOOK."*

TUDENTS of the late Prof. A. B. Davidson, of Edinburgh, have generally found a difficulty in persuading men who have not sat in his classes that their own estimate of Davidson is not too high. This has perhaps been especially true since the publication of the two works issued after his death, that are supposed to represent the most mature views of the Edinburgh professor regarding some of the deepest subjects with which his life's work dealt. It had always been possible before this to say that the little and apparently rudimentary books that he issued during his lifetime could scarcely be held in fairness to represent what Davidson really could do; but when his great works were edited after his death the disappointment ensuing has been hard to meet, and perhaps fairness compels us to admit that for that disappointment there is, on the surface at least, a great deal to say. It is our present task to speak of "The Theology of the Old Testament," edited by Principal Salmond, of Aberdeen, now also gone, from notes left by Professor Davidson. Certainly, in view of the fact that this work had for so many years been promised for the series in which it was ultimately published, it does not look as if the Edinburgh professor had even at the time of his death made very advanced preparation for his long-advertised book. We ought not to blame the editor, who did no doubt the best that his materials allowed him to do, for the cause of it all was in Davidson's own literary habits and ways of working. The fact seems to be that he had high ideas of perfection in the making of a book. For what was required in the production of a small work he could apparently persuade himself to bring together the ripest fruits of scholarship that he had, but the demands of a great work were in his view so great that it would perhaps have required twenty or thirty

* Read before "The Biblical Club" of Toronto.

years more before he could have persuaded himself that the bricks and the timber and the stone that he had been diligently gathering were ready to frame into the building the ideal of which hovered before his eyes. The last thing that he did was to finish his "Temple *Isaiah*," for the final touch was given to this on Saturday evening and he died before church-time on Sunday morning. A small work like this he could persuade himself to finish; but his "Old Testament Theology" he apparently never persuaded himself even to begin to finish. We do not need to seek to convince ourselves that this is either admirable or defensible in a world such as we live in, but we ought to recognize the fact and its cause.

That "The Theology of the Old Testament" has as a book somewhat glaring defects we had perhaps better admit frankly and freely. It repeats its ideas very often and sometimes in very varied conditions; its attitude toward the same subject seems sometimes to vary; and the minor divisions and subdivisions are not always very carefully or very symmetrically made. For this Dr. Salmond, the editor, is not to blame. He used the material that he had and his very reverence for his friend led him to make as few changes as possible in what lay before him. Now this material was not yet nearly constructed into a building, but was rather in the form of more or less disjointed lectures. Davidson's courses in Old Testament Theology were not always the same from year to year, and so it came to pass that in the course of time he had gathered together a great many lectures that had, when all put together, no special cohesion because they had never been all worked into one course. It is these lectures that comprise our book.

But what Davidson's students remember most distinctly is the man behind the lectures. It is because he threw himself into his work that his work became what it did, and no one can properly estimate the "Theology of the Old Testament" who does not know something of the man that is behind it. This is true of almost every book; but it is unusually true of this. One thinks of the small lecture-room at the top of New College, Edinburgh, hallowed by the arresting voice and quiet presence

of one whose ample and careful scholarship was served by a deep poetic insight and a keen Scotch sense of humor, and consecrated by powerful spiritual intuitions linked with an evident communion with the Eternal. For Davidson seemed to leave the impression that it was from communing with the Eternal in his retiring-room that he came to talk to us in the class-room. Thinking over the teachers I came into touch with in Europe I find in my memory the following feelings that indicate the impression retained: For Driver and Dillman, sincere gratitude; for Sanday and Dods, profound respect; for Harnack, enthusiastic admiration; but for Davidson, subdued reverence. Davidson never sought publicity, or rather, he decidedly shrank from it. This was not due to an absence of desire to influence his age, but it probably arose from the discovery that his influence was to come from out of the quieter walks and not from the noisy highways. From chance words dropped now and then in his lectures one gathered that in earlier years he had had an ambition to take a full place in the public moulding of men, but that there had come to him by the discipline of life the conviction that these ways were not for him. But these quiet paths he came to accept with thankfulness and with great peace of mind, and the little Aberdeenshire farm where his father, formerly a quarryman, brought him up has been allowed to breathe its incense through Davidson's whole treatment of the life and thought of the Old Testament.

A few marks of the professor's character are especially evident in the book, of which we have already given the title.

(a) He felt very keenly the anomalies of life. Whether this developed later into an occasional enjoyment of the luxury of intellectual pain at the perplexities that meet the thinking man when he approaches the problems of life, one may, perhaps, find it hard to say. But for the most part this sense of the world's anomalies was with him not morbid but quite wholesome, and it gave him, moreover, a power that was quite unique to analyze such struggles in the life of Bible characters. He felt these things in others because he had passed through them him-

self. His biographer says of him that "he was a born sceptic who took refuge in God."

(b) He had power to see a great many things and a great many sides of a question. Principal Donaldson, quoted by Mr. Innes, says that he had "a strange power of seeing both sides of a question with great intensity in periods of time immediately succeeding each other. We could play on this feature of his character. We could rouse him to the warmest defence of the straitest orthodoxy by attacking the orthodox, and a short time after he would be equally decided in behalf of freedom of thought if we abused Schleiermacher and the Germans."

(c) Connected with this is another characteristic, which is perhaps only this power of seeing many things applied to classes of students for whom he felt responsible, and classes that contained members that were sometimes crude or full of prejudice. When we remember that what appears in the "Theology of the Old Testament" was written for such classes and not primarily for the world of scholars, the apparent irresolution of some passages may be seen to be really the proper caution of a sympathetic teacher who is dealing with man in the concrete. Davidson came to a place of influence in Scotland at a time of transition, and perhaps it is not partiality that makes one say that he did a very great deal to help Scotland, and subsequently the whole English-speaking world, to pass safely through this time of transition. Although not expressed by him in that form, his effort seems to have been to do in theology what the Grand Trunk Railway has done in the case of two of its bridges—the Victoria Bridge at Montreal, and the Suspension Bridge at Niagara. In each of these cases the old structure was replaced by the new, but during all the time of the change the traffic of the road was carried on with no perceptible interference. This does not mean to imply that such is the duty of everyone. But in the case of Davidson this sense of responsibility and this habit of caution that grew out of it helped much in the practical work, even if it does not show brilliantly in the text-books.

(d) Another characteristic of the man that shows itself in the book is his interest in men and in human life in their actual struggles. He did not seem to have a very great drawing toward abstract theology; but he was greatly drawn to the real problems of human life. This is what led him to introduce into his treatment of Old Testament Theology, biographical matter the place of which some scholars found it hard to see. This is that which also led him to take the view and to state it repeatedly and emphatically that Old Testament religion was practical.

(e) The last general characteristic that we shall name is Davidson's religiousness. He was out and out a religious man, and he yearned for real communion with God. It was not primarily the history of Israel and the neighboring nations that drew him to the Old Testament; nor was it the comparative study of religious ideas in the ancient world; neither was it archæology and the structure of the Hebrew language. What really did draw him to his subject, and kept him at it with enthusiasm, was the fact that in the Old Testament he saw the record of "God's great work in bringing in His Kingdom"—a phrase that he was very fond of quoting. It was because he loved the Kingdom of God that he loved the Old Testament. This is made abundantly evident from the manifest delight he took in expounding such devotional passages as Psalm cxxxix. and similar portions of the Old Testament.

Facts of this kind should be kept in mind in reading a book that, to those who knew the professor himself, becomes almost a manual of devotion as they read it, but which apart from this knowledge may be without special beauty and without special charm.

JOSEPH LEEMING GILMOUR

MY INCARCERATION IN THE BASTILE.
—*Marmontel.*

ARMONTEL was one of the gossipy and witty writers who looked to Voltaire for inspiration; though his versatile genius did not rise to any pre-eminent place in French letters, he obtained a fair degree of success in various branches of literary activity. His "Belisaire" and "The Incas" are his best titles to fame and to the appreciation of foreign readers.

Born in 1723, his long life embraced the stormy period of the eighteenth century. Marmontel frequented the salons of the nobility and took part in the discussions of the day without any sense of the yawning revolutionary abyss toward which French society was moving.

The extract here translated is from the writer's autobiography, "Memoirs of a Father for the Instruction of His Children," a work which relates his career in as naïve a style as that of the immortal Diary of Pepys. The accounts of his numerous love affairs, intrigues and relations with the courtiers and ladies who composed the brilliant but immoral society of Paris make strange reading matter for "His Children'," but are valuable as an adjunct to French history.

The incarceration of Marmontel was due to the suspicions of the Duke of Aumont, who credited a satire written by one of the friends of Marmontel to the versatile and busy pen of our author. The debonair manner in which this imprisonment was borne is seen from the following:

"In the morning I rose, packed up and went to the home of M. de Sartines, where I found the police officer who was to accompany me. M. de Sartines almost insisted on having a special carriage for the policeman, but I refused this courteous offer and rode in company with the officer. Arriving at the

Bastile I was received by the Governor and his staff and I saw that I had been well introduced, for M. Abadie, the Governor of the prison, after having read the letters handed to him by the officer who accompanied me, asked me if I would care to keep my valet on condition that he occupy the same room and remain in prison till my sentence expired. After consulting Bury, the valet, and finding that he was unwilling to leave me, I agreed to the proposition. My bundles and trunks were examined, and I was conducted to an immense room which was furnished with two beds, two tables, a wardrobe, and three chairs. The weather was cold, but the jailor kindled a good fire and brought in plenty of wood. At the same time I was given pens, ink and paper, with the proviso that I state what use I made of the writing materials, and account for the amount I used.

While arranging my table for writing, the jailor returned to ask me if I found the bed satisfactory. After examining it I told him that the mattress was too thin and the coverings soiled. All this was immediately changed. I was also asked at what hour I preferred to dine and I answered that I wanted dinner at the usual hour. The Governor sent me a catalogue of the prison library, for which I thanked him, while my valet asked for and obtained Prevot's novels.

I had indeed plenty of material to chase away ennui. Impatient at the contempt of literary men for Lucan's poem, with which they were familiar only through the barbarous translation of Bréboeuf, I had resolved to make a faithful prose version of that author; this task was indeed best suited to the solitary leisure of my prison. I had to this end brought the Pharsalia and Cæsar's works on the Civil War with me.

Here I was, then, seated by a good fire, meditating upon the quarrel of Cæsar and Pompey, quite forgetful of my own with the Duke of Aumont. Bury, quite as philosophic as myself, busied himself in making our beds, which were placed in opposite corners of the room, lighted up with the bright winter sun in spite of the heavy iron bars through which I could catch a glimpse of the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Two hours later I was roused from my revery by the entrance of two jailors with what I supposed was my dinner. They silently set the table, one placed three dishes covered with common earthenware plates before the fire; the other spread a table-cloth of coarse but white linen on the remaining table. A large pewter spoon and fork, good home-made bread, and a bottle of wine followed. The jailors retired and the doors closed with the same clang of locks and bolts.

Bury then invited me to take my place at the table and served the soup; it was Friday. The thin soup was a purée of white beans served in fresh butter sauce; this dish I found quite to my taste. The codfish which followed was excellent, and was accompanied by a garnish of garlic which gave a zest and relish to the dish that would have flattered the most fastidious Gascon epicure. The wine was passable; there was no dessert—one had to do without something, and I found the prison fare quite decent.

Rising from the table, and just as Bury was about to finish what remained of the dinner, I noticed the jailors returning with pyramids of dishes. Seeing the fine linen, porcelain plates, and the silver, we recognized the mistake we had made. But as soon as the attendants had left us, "Sir," said Bury, "you have just eaten my dinner. I hope you will not object to my sharing yours." "It's only fair," said I, and the grim walls of my cell were doubtless surprised to hear a burst of laughter.

The dinner consisted of good soup, a fine cut of juicy beef, boiled capon, artichokes, spinach, Burgundy and coffee and fruit. Bury left me the fruit and coffee but ate the rest.

After dinner I was visited by the Governor, who asked me if the food was satisfactory, assuring me that I would be served by his own cook and that he himself would attend the carving of my meats and see that nothing was interfered with. He suggested chicken for supper, whereupon I thanked him that I would be quite satisfied with some of the fruit left over from my dinner. From the menu given above one can easily see how reluctantly people served the Duke's resentment against me.

Every day the Governor made me a formal visit, and as he was not entirely ignorant of literature and Latin, he seemed to

enjoy following the progress of my work. I was for some time in doubt whether his kindness to me was purely disinterested till one day, chatting with the jailor, I spoke of the kind and sympathetic nature of M. Abadie and received ample proof. "He is the best of men," said the official, "and has only taken charge here in order to mitigate the lot of the unfortunate prisoners. His predecessor was so miserly and hard, and treated the prisoners so badly, that the change of Governors was noticed even in the dungeons. It seemed as if a ray of sunlight had penetrated to those dismal cells. Wretches to whom we cannot speak of affairs of the outer world would ask wonderingly 'What has happened here.' You see, sir, he helps the poor wretches, for he suffers with them." You can see from this that even my friendly jailor, who chatted with me so familiarly, was a worthy fellow, considering his calling, and I took care not to disparage his position, in which compassion is so rare and precious a quality.

The way I was treated in the Bastile made me think that I would not be there long; my literary work, mingled with interesting reading (I had Montaigne, Horace, and la Bruyère with me), seldom left me a tiresome moment. One thing alone inspired me with melancholy—the sight of one of the walls of my chamber covered with legends which betrayed only the sad and sombre reflections of my unfortunate predecessors in the prison. It seemed as if I could still see their melancholy pacings, hear their groans; it was as if I were surrounded by their shades.

* * * * *

In fact, the eleventh day after my incarceration, at nightfall, the Governor came to announce that I was once more at liberty and the same police officer who had brought me to the Bastile accompanied me back to the hospitable home of M. de Sartines."

C.

NATHANIEL.

AT dawdled nonchalantly out of the back kitchen and in the direction of the diminutive coal shed which graced one corner of the diminutive back-yard. His movements manifested tardy obedience to the command shrilled by an older sister. Polly: "Get a scuttle of coal and make haste about it, Nathaniel, you young imp." How he hated the name Nathaniel! Why did a fellow have grandfathers to hand down such a name as Nathaniel Augustus Cartwright? Why under the sun did father, mother and nine sisters persist in calling him by his first name with all its prim and decorous longitude? Ben Baker and Dicky Wales, his fast friends at school, had shortened it to "Nat" and this was ever so much better. It was far easier to say and it didn't sound anything like so proper and formal as Nathaniel. Besides, it rhymed with "Mat" and always at this thought the chubby cheeks of the Cartwright son and heir would flush with a crimson glow. Mathilda Catharine Lawson lived next door and was seven, a year younger than her admirer. She had the curliest little curls and the very bluest blue eyes you ever saw. She could repeat poetry, too—yards of it. Yes, and make it up as she went along. It was she who had suggested the shortening of Nat's name to Ben Baker and Dicky Wales and had afterwards artlessly shaved down her own to make it sound like his. It was such fun to sit in the shadow of the spacious hallway next door and listen to the rhymes Mat would make up about:

"The little girl Mat
And the big boy Nat
Who saw a black cat
Run after a rat."

But these stray reminiscences were rudely dispersed by the menacing crescendo of impatient Polly. "Nathaniel, bring that coal *now* or you'll get what for, my lad."

As Nat emerged from the aforesaid diminutive shed carrying his scuttle of coal, a bright colored India-rubber ball appeared

above the wall of the yard and fell bouncing at his feet. In an instant it was snatched up and hastily concealed in the ample folds of Nat's sweater. In the same instant could be heard the loud cries of Bobby Bailey, two doors away, and even Nat could understand that they had something to do with the ball which now reposed so snugly against his little tummy.

Nat's entrance into the house with the coal scuttle was accomplished with commendable celerity and, the errand being done, he fell speedily to wondering how he could successfully explain to the rest of the family his possession of the prize rolled up in his sweater. "Nathaniel, do clear out and let me get straightened around before your father comes in for his tea. Go off and play a while and for goodness sake do keep out of mischief." This from Mrs. Cartwright sent Nat out of the front door to grateful liberty and an opportunity of carrying out his nefarious scheme.

He trotted gaily off to the Top Field, a large vacant area bordering on the railroad, which with its network of rails often seemed to Nat like the web of some monstrous spider. Meeting Ben Baker and Dicky Wales he joined them in a game of "hide and seek" among the hills and hollows created in the vacant area by the removal of building sand for the rapidly-growing city near by. During the game, Ben and Dicky suddenly heard the excited staccato of their young playmate: "Say, boys, come and see what I've found; a ball, and a bouncer, too. Isn't it a slick one?" The two urchins cheerfully accepted Nat's good fortune and the remaining hour of the pleasant June afternoon passed all too quickly in a most strenuous game of "catch."

On his return home, Nat burst into the house and in well simulated exuberance announced the finding of his treasure. "In the Top Field, Mother," was his ready response to her sharp query as to where he had found the ball. "Are you sure?" The searching maternal gaze played over Nat's flushed face. With his eyes on the ball as he turned it over and over in his grimy little fists, the young Machiavelli hastened to clear away the gathering clouds of doubt and mistrust. "Sure, Mother, I was playing hide-and-seek with Ben Baker and Dicky Wales. You go and ask them." "Are you downright sure?" Again Nat

felt the maternal searchlight sweeping over his little cosmos and picking out the truth that lay under his dissembling. "All right, if you don't believe me, go and ask Dicky Wales and Ben," reiterated Nat, bold to outward seeming, but with a clutch of fear at his heart.

"Nathaniel," and the mother's voice sounded grave and impersonal, like an utterance from a judgment seat. "Nathaniel, you've told a story. You know that you got that ball in our backyard. Bobby Bailey knocked it over our wall this afternoon and you picked it up. That's where you got it. Top Field fiddlesticks!" The tones of Nat's judgment came out of the realm of the impersonal and became strident, harsh and vengeful. "March right upstairs and take off your clothes and go to bed. Not a bit of supper but bread and butter do you get this night. I'm coming up with the laces presently and see if I don't make you smart, my lad. We're not going to have story-telling in our family, if I can help it. If ever I catch you at it again I'll put a red-hot coal in your mouth and wash it out with soft soap, so there."

Nat did not know that an unkind fate had brought Mrs. Bailey to see his mother about the lost ball and that it had been discovered to have fallen into the Cartwright yard at the very time of Nat's errand to the coal shed. He had overlooked the incriminating fact that the ball was striped curiously in red and blue, which fact had been brought before Mrs. Cartwright during the interview with Bobby's mother. Late in the evening, Nathaniel, still smarting under the visitation of a Nemesis yielding a sinister arrangement of leather shoe laces—"it's not fair to make a fellow undress first"—came to the conclusion that his mother had an all-seeing eye and that after what had happened it might be safer to stick to the truth and leave "story-telling" alone.

The next day Nat played in the shadow of the spacious hallway with the little girl of the curly hair and azure eyes. When they came to playing poetry Mat wanted to make "ball" rhyme with "wall" and was completely mystified at Nat's savage assertion that she wouldn't do any such thing.

THOMAS WEARING, '09.

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Editorial Notes.

THE "Annual Prize Story Competition" has this year elicited a scant number of contributions from our graduates and students. Very few of those engaged in the activity of undergraduate life appear to be threatened with the classic malady known as *cacoethes scribendi*. Our graduates, too, as they leave us and mingle with the busy world outside, can seldom be accused of emulating Wilkins Micawber in their epistolary connection with Alma Mater. Wherefore this apparent sterility in literary production? Someone has said that "literature is the expression of a man's growth into comprehension of his own life and of the sublime order of which he is part." It would appear that we Westerners are so occupied with experience that we leave ourselves little time or zeal for expression.

CARELESS SPEECH IN CANADIAN COLLEGE LIFE came before our notice a couple of months ago. Very recently a leading period-

ical called attention to the fact that so far the literary education given in our universities does not result in actual achievement. What ever stray fragments of the fine art of literature appear in Canada would seem to be produced entirely apart from university training and influence. May there not be some relation between unlovely utterance and literary barrenness? Can we suppose that the rich and varied treasures of Greece and Rome would be ours to-day had not the common tongue of those ancient peoples first acquired strength and charm and adequateness of expression? "The literature of a nation is the quintessence of the speech of the nation."

Whatever else it may be, a university must preëminently hold place as a teaching institution. The personality of the professor in its impact upon that of the student is surely the transcendent factor in education and should rank before princely endowments and stately edifices, before libraries, laboratories and pedagogical appliances of like nature. Modern institutions of higher learning, on this continent at least, exhibit an increasing tendency to stress the machinery and paraphernalia at the expense of the spiritual forces operating through the college faculty. The material equipment of a university should rightly command the intelligent attention and liberal support of all who are concerned in the progress of the race. Yet supremest care in facilitating the direct impress of the character of the teacher upon the youth who sit under his influence is manifestly the first and most important consideration. It was the flaming enthusiasm and intellectual genius of teachers like Abelard that attracted mediæval youth in multitudes and led Western Europe into the splendor and glory of the Renaissance. The imposing structures erected in the centres of learning on the continent and in England came as a secondary development.

The prime purpose of the university is, we take it, to bring men of high scholarship and fidelity to truth, of spiritual insight and sympathy, into closest personal touch with the youth of the nation. After all it is the men, not the buildings, that make the

university. After comparing notes with students from universities having a wealth of material equipment, and looking at the question entirely from the viewpoint of a student, it is our opinion that in McMaster University may be found a not unworthy approach to this standard of higher educational requirements.

The race problem of the United States has an interesting sidelight thrown upon it in a well-known university magazine of the South. A movement to install white students as waiters in the university dining hall is met with strenuous hostility. The reason given is as follows: "It is not that we consider any kind of labor as unhonorable, and it is not because of the waiter we speak, but for ourselves. We do not want to be waited upon by white men, and, furthermore, we will not be." This spells out a warning for Canadian college men. The sweep of foreign life into our body politic bids fair to raise for us our own race problem. Is there the necessary leaven of Canadian intellectual, social and moral stamina to preserve our present ideals of individual liberty and opportunity? May the day never dawn when perverted custom shall dictate division of labor in such measure as to thwart the upward endeavor of youth and thus render nugatory all movements that make for true national greatness.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. McGREGOR, '10.

In his glittering power
The Master of mid-winter reveries
Holds all things buried soft, and strong, and deep.
—*Archibald Lampman.*

INTER stalks in, blusteringly throws his great winding-sheet over the freezing sod. His dazzling minions, thick as devouring locusts, swarm the air, speeding about, shrieking and menacing. At length their strength is spent and they fall to earth, covering every spot of ground with fleecy, glittering whiteness. The stinging, smarting cold, friendly to the sleeping flakes, hovers sternly over the slumbers of the frosty fairies. But Winter's reign is not long undisputed. No sooner have the white tents been pitched than

The Lord of Life shakes off his drowsihed
And 'gins to sprinkle on the earth below
Those rays that from his shaken locks do flow.

Thereafter the Storm King wars with the Sun for supremacy. By day the fiery rays blister the frozen crystals, and evening finds the Warriors of the Cold lustreless and sadly bedraggled. Happily for them, the night comes, and their forces are remarshalled, compacted and steeled for the morrow's conflict.

Nature likes not this bitter warfare. Quietly the trees have been short of their beauty. Like poor naked things, they stretch bared, imploring arms to the Sun-God, and sullenly await the end of strife. Yet the strife is not all evil; what a paradox is this Winter, for even the white symbol of his power becomes a protective blanket against his icy cold! If he brings seeming quietus, he also brings true stimulus to the vital functions, breeding vigorous resistance and encouraging a bounding response to the invitation of the vernal sun.

In relation to man, Winter presents this paradoxical attitude. Sharp distress follows in his train, and at the same time invigor-

ating life, when the sluggish blood is quickened and purified by the crisp, biting air. Who but has felt the intoxication of the deep breath of Winter's wind, the rapturous delight of the walk in the free, clear, bracing air, the keen joy of combat with Winter's storm?

Hail! Winter.

The New Term Commenced.—On the morning of January seventeenth it was pleasant to be back in Castle Memorial Hall to attend chapel service instead of facing "exams." The presence of a large number of students gave evidence of their appreciation of the changed conditions. The chapel exercises were led by Rev. M. T. Negus, of Buffalo. The Chancellor introduced Dr. Henry C. Mabie and Professor Trotter as new members of the faculty, and right royally were they welcomed by professors and students. Dr. Mabie has been appointed by the Baptist Theological Faculties' Union to give a series of lectures on missionary problems in each of the Baptist seminaries of the continent each year. This course of lectures was started at McMaster on the afternoon of Monday, January 17th. In a brief but telling reply to his introduction by the Chancellor, Dr. Mabie pointed out the importance and superiority of personality developed under the influence of the principles of Jesus Christ. Professor Trotter's pleasant words gave assurance that he will contribute largely to the life of the University.

At the Rink.—First Freshman: My ticket has "Not Transferable" printed on it. What is that for? Second Ditto (after some reflection): That means you won't be admitted unless you go yourself.

Juniors' Shower Party.—

> And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain
> Like a sopped sponge slunk the soused souls.

January seventeenth, a day full of events, the most important being the Juniors' gathering at the summer home of Mr. S. J. Moore, Lorne Park. Probably it would be more consistent to say "a night of events," for what is about to be solemnly revealed occurred between sunset and sunrise. Year Eleven met at Miss Denovan's. The sleigh-drive in the country was exceedingly invigorating to the constitutions that had been seriously undermined during the previous three weeks and no untoward incident marred the triumphant progress, except a scrap which might

have been. On arrival at "Breezy Brae," Year Eleven was made to feel at home beside the cosy grate-fires which made one forget the drizzling rain outside (it was an oversight not to have mentioned the dampness before). Miss Moore and her sister were the most excellent of hostesses, and Mr. and Mrs. Hudson, of chaperonic fame, added zest to the occasion. A delightful lunch was served at once, it being the hour at which Juniors hie off every night to the pantry after hours of strenuous study. Then the fun began. When the cut-and-dried hour for saying, "Ah, good-night, I've enjoyed it *so* much," came, no one could bear to leave. The night was spent most profitably in intellectual improvement; one result is that D—G—'s Whistling Orchestra is now open for engagements, their specialty being "musical chairs," as they know only one tune. At last it was decided to adjourn in time for 8.15, and hearty cheers for their bountiful entertainers shook the domicile. As the last load passed down the leafy lane, its occupants sighed regretfully and wondered what hidden charm daylight would reveal. Year Eleven was satisfied, proud of the best effort of its existence, and each member felt drawn to the other by new bonds which remain for the future to strengthen.

An Erotic Conceit.—Student (in Systematic Theology): Must there not be something in the object of love before one can love? Professor (smiling): There must be something, either real or imaginary.

Literary Society.—The first meeting of the Lit. for 1910 was held Friday evening, January 21. The reading of the minutes by our worthy secretary was acknowledged by a floral presentation of a beautiful bouquet of burrs and a housemaid's besom tastefully decorated with yellow roses and a sheet, which the secretary received in dignified silence. The programme was then begun with a vocal solo by Miss Jackson, received with the generous enthusiasm with which her selections are always greeted. This was followed by a humorous address by A. W. Wilson, '11, on Charles Farrar Brown, which was also much appreciated. Miss R. Donovan then delighted the audience with a piano solo after which C. R. Duncan gave an excellent reading of a selection from Drummond's Habitant which was most amusing and an encore was demanded. After a reminder from the president of the approaching Lit. dinner the meeting adjourned.

A Homiletical Paradox.—Professor: When a man decides upon a plan he rejects all others. When a man weds a woman,

he rejects all others, does he not? Up-to-date Student: Sometimes.

Forced Suspirations of Windy Breath.—Speech is a universal gift; good speech-making is a rare art. The Muse of Oratory has seldom been more assiduously and variously invoked by McMaster rhetoricians than during the past few weeks. Pulmonary concoctions have been in preparation for the Lit. Banquet, Intercollegiate Debate, Inter-year Debates, Junior Collation, Mock Parliament; add to these the great number of un- (or pre-) digested sermonic gushes that are weekly unloaded, and it is plain that we are no casual worshippers at the shrine of eloquence. Great events from little causes spring. The cause of our devotion to speech-making activities is to be traced to the Saturday Debating Society. On January twenty-second O. L. Ronson, '12, proved beyond any possible plausible shadow of doubt that trial by a judge, and not by a jury, is the best method of dealing with capital offenders. N. McCausland buttressed and palisaded a conclusive argument to the contrary. The speeches of the supporters of the two leaders bristled with facts and fancies. "Truly you have cleared that in very pithy words of which nobody made any doubt," said Panza to Don Quixote after one of the latter's pedantic explanations: and the weakness of La Mancha's knight taints us all. Messrs. C. Ronson and W. H. Firstbrook, as judges, bitterly disappointed the negative by shrewdly guessing that O. L. Ronson and his pals had won the day. Dr. Findlay helpfully criticized the speakers.

At this meeting P. N. McGregor, '12, was appointed secretary for the remainder of the year, succeeding W. B. Sinclair, who is not in attendance this term. It was announced that Mr. Harry Ryrie had duplicated his last year's generous donation of a gold watch fob for the oratorical contest. The contest will be held March eleventh.

Inter-Year Semi-Final Debate.—No ear trumpet was needed to make one aware that important doings were anticipated in the Chapel on the evening of January twenty-eighth. After certain lusty, prelusory war-whoops by the Juniors, after a pleasing piano solo by P. N. McGregor, '12, and after President Crowe's introductory remarks, representatives of the Senior and Junior classes debated the question, "Resolved: That there should be a system of external examination of banks in Canada." E. E. Sayles and W. A. Tilley, year '10, held briefs for the affirmative, and

F. W. Waters and V. E. Gray, '11, knocked the resolution on behalf of the Juniors.

The affirmative showed that although the Canadian Bank Act is an admirable measure, its regulations had been evaded by the banks, and this evasion could be remedied by external examination, the detailed workings of which system were indicated. The negative opposed the resolution because of the uselessness and impracticability of the proposed system. It did not and could not prevent bank failures from defalcation and imprudent management, although "the carping press and gaping public" might see in it a panacea for all the evils in present banking practices. Professors Keirstead, Matthews and Trotter sat in judgment on the case as presented and were unanimous in awarding the debate to the negative. Miss Flossie Poapst, of the Toronto Conservatory, beguiled the anxious minutes during the judges' retirement by two prettily-interpreted humorous readings.

The winning of this debate by Year Eleven puts them in the finals with Theology in the contest for the '09 Debating Cup.

A Timely Suggestion.—In re culinaria, our advice had been asked regarding a suitable bill-of-fare for the Lit. Banquet. We submitted the following, but it was unceremoniously rejected. If a less extravagant menu was desired, why the Progenitor of Prevarications were we not made aware of the Society's wishes?

MENU

Strictly Rope-u-in Plan

Hors d' Oeuvre—
Seasoned Coquettes
"Her waist is larger than her life,
For life is but a span."
Shells of Oysters—mal-en-point

Soup—
Dilute Skilligalee
"To blow and
Swallow at the same time isn't easy to be done."

Fish—
Jelly Fish
"Get the hook."

Entree—
Ha! Sh! Haggis
"I hacked him in pieces sma',"
Individual Hot Dogs
"Every dog has his day."
Lobster Salad
"Alas! my poor brother."

ROASTS—

Spring Lamb (née 1898)
Fillet of Kid—O you Kiddo!
Ribs of Beef—mighty spare.
Roast Beef—past its prime.

VEGETABLES—

Beans—Boston, Lima and Has-
Radishes—Horse or Red
Beets—Sugar, Policemen's, Dead

LIQUIDS—

Waters	*Tea*	*Milks (au biberon)*
Hard Water	Weak Tea	Skim Milk
Rain Water	Very Weak Tea	Hydrated Milk
Soft Water	Senna Tea	Buttermilk
Dish Water	Ginger Tea	Sour Milk
Gruel	Lemonade—au Crème de Tartre	

ENTREMETS—

Sandwiches Witches without Sand
Doughnuts Fried Cakes Crullers Twisters
Damsels' Digits Saw-log Cake
Caque Kake Caik

CHEESE—

Fancy Limburger—extra skippered
"All the perfumes of Araby"—and then some.
Readin' Sweeties Molasses Kisses
"I wonder who's kissing her now."

HEROIC CUTLETS.

Let us (since life but little more contains
Than class-room joys and after-dinner pains)
Expatiate free by means of rhyme and rune
O'er all the realm of apricot and prune.

A little honey is a dang'rous thing;
The added water constitutes the sting.

What can ennoble milk, or soup, or tea?
Alas! not all the water in the sea.

'Tis hard to judge if greater danger lie
In soup, or fish, potatoes, or the pie.

When waitresses spill tea adown one's spine,
To swear is human, to forgive divine.

Be not the first by whom the stew is try'd:
The martyr was a hero, but he died.

The steward hath the feelings of a man;
Don't criticize; be pleasant where you can.

Beware concoctions served in dressing grand
For gay-trimm'd vessels oft bear contraband.

Seek not the talking to monopolize;
The germ of wisdom is in looking wise.

W. C. R., '10.

MEN OF THE HOUR. No. 2.

President of the Literary Society.—It takes many phases of life to make up a university and not the least important is that represented by the Literary Society. If one should doubt the important place that this organization occupies in McMaster let him view the proceedings about the halls a few days prior to the balloting for the election of officers. Some poor innocent is held up in one corner while the respective merits or demerits, as the case may be, of certain candidates are poured into his bewildered brains. In another corner three or four old wise-acres are predicting the results with as much confidence as a young politician. Snuggled far off down the hall, in the darker recesses, a few, who herald the election as the time for some fun, are secretly endeavoring to persuade some "ambitious fool" to stand for nomination. 'Twas ever thus. Election night arrives. Speeches are made in which many reforms are advocated for the good of the students. Processions parade about the halls bearing aloft banners and placards. At last the returns are all in and the Executive is elected for the ensuing year.

One office stands out preëminently above the rest; it is that of the Presidency. To adequately tell the demands of this office would be impossible in this limited space. In short, it demands a leader. It is generally found that as a President is, so is the Executive. The President must take the initiative in most matters. A selection must be made from the great number who aspire to take part in the Friday evening programmes. Debaters for the Inter-college Debates must be chosen and then persuaded; the latter task, as a rule, devolves upon the President and is no easy one. A literary banquet is held each year, at which many prominent men speak; in addition to the many other duties in this connection, the President is also chairman on that occasion. Another important duty is the safeguarding of the bulletin-board against all stray notices, intelligible and otherwise.

Under the leadership of strong men, the Literary Society has in the past made itself indispensable to the student life. Under the present leadership of Rolly Crowe the Society is maintaining this high standard.

He has the necessary qualities which fit him for the office. Last year he occupied the vice-president's chair and accordingly came into touch with the nature of the work which his position

demands. Occasionally he finds that a few quiet words, not exactly prayer but just about as fervent, will often keep the reading-room in order for weeks at a time.

Altogether the office of President demands a man of no mean parts. The Society realized this fact last spring when they chose R. C. C. for President. And then, was the occasion not auspicious? With the advent of spring and the return of the birds, it seemed natural for us to elect Rolly *Crowe,* who, in ordinary language, has "made good."

Fyfe Day.—The day of prayer for colleges, January 27th, was duly recognized in McMaster University by the Fyfe Missionary Society. In the morning the only business presented was that of selecting a leader for the Evangelistic Band, and upon recommendation of the Executive of the Y.M.C.A. Mr.W. Ashmore was unanimously chosen to fill this important position. The remainder of the morning was given over to reporting the convention of the Student Volunteer Movement, held recently in Rochester, N.Y. Mr. Rutledge, the President, gave a brief history of the movement, and echoes of the convention were given by Dr. Findlay, Miss Arkell and Messrs. Jury, Jeffery and Haddow. The reports were characterized by the enthusiasm with which they were given. There seemed to be a realization of the intense need of the heathen world to-day as never before, because all countries are fast approaching a crisis. However, in the face of this world-wide need the spirit of optimism was manifest. The Gospel of Jesus Christ is able to meet the needs of the world, it has accomplished great things in the past, and those identifying themselves with the task of propagating this gospel feel that they are attached to a cause that is achieving much. The whole Christian world is uniting to undertake this gigantic task. Laymen are supplying the means and students their lives in a determination to make possible the evangelization of the world in this generation.

The meeting of the afternoon was presided over by Chancellor McKay. Before introducing Dr. Mabie, the Chancellor asked Prof. Matthews to give a short talk. He appropriately commented upon the fifty-first chapter of Isaiah, which was read in the opening exercises. Dr. Mabie gave a very helpful message, emphasizing the value of a proper choice in life. He declared the greatest need in the human life was that the soul early find the true master of itself. The first impulse seems to be in the opposite direction, for all long for freedom. Freedom, Dr. Mabie claimed, is the right of man to do as God pleases.

To do God's pleasure we must allow our lives to be given over completely to the mastery of the Christ. In this is real success found and the supreme need in the human heart is satisfied. At the conclusion of Dr. Mabie's address the meeting resolved itself into separate units, the faculty and each of the academic years retiring into different rooms, where prayer services were conducted. All agree that the prayer meetings this year were the best they have yet attended.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS JACKSON.

ELP! HELP!" Reinforcements have arrived even at the eleventh hour in the form of a reporter, fresh and enthusiastic, from "The little schoolhouse on the Western plains." No longer must this department be of necessity the "one-horse" conveyance it has heretofore been. It must be clearly understood that the *lightness* of the load carried in the near past has not been due to any lack of stability in the cart, but rather to the fact that one poor solitary horse was incapable of drawing weighter burdens. We gladly welcome our new assistant, and take much pleasure in selfishly turning over to her many of the less interesting duties connected with this department.

Freshettes, Therefore Notice!!—Should you behold a tall, golden-haired j—n—r floating into your sphere, run to her instantly and unlock to her the deep hidden secrets of your very soul, for in her you will find one who is much more than interested in all matters pertaining to you and yours!

W. L. S.—Our old constitution, like the streets of gay Paris, is on the brink of devastation. Crumbling in decay, several of the ancient "articles" thereof may shortly be swept away by the switching tide of revolution, and not the slightest vestige of a ruin will then remain for the tourists of '14 to behold. The knell was mournfully tolled on Friday, January 28, when notices of motion were first read aloud to the assembled members, then sadly, but firmly, placed on the secretary's table to be shortly

posted on the bill-boards of the "Ladies' Room" for consideration. Be present at the next meeting, and

"Ye shall see women's warre."

Business transacted, Miss Barbara Duncan, '10, gave a delightful reading, which was followed by a piano solo by Miss Ruth Denovan, '11. After a vocal selection by Miss Josephine Murray, '12, "Clementine" was sufficiently rendered by a "comb sweet comb" quartette* composed of Year Thirteen's four very latest additions. Mrs. Arnton then announced that instead of the usual Shakespeare reading, we are to give this season a recital, the new feature of which will be a ladies' chorus, serving the double purpose of entertaining the expected audience and guiding the superfluous voice-power into healthy channels.

"A Lamentable Tragedie."—Emeralde has received the results of her New Year examinations, and she is justly indignant at the partiality displayed by the professors of the University of McMaster's standing. It was sufficiently disagreeable to have them give "firsts" to some and "thirds" to others, without being so very thoughtless as to class her—Emeralde Greene—with those odious "others." She cannot understand why one professor who had been very kind and sympathetic all through the term should turn traitor just when his good-will had been most counted upon. How can she possibly explain this injustice to her parents in Greenton without imperiling the reputation of her college? In fact, out of sincere solicitude for her beloved Alma Mater, she has decided not to write home at all this month.

A TRIBUTE FROM THE PAST.

"I have sene women v hundred thousande,
And oft with them have longe tyme taryed,
Yet in all places where I have ben,
Of all the women that I have sene,
I never sawe nor knewe in my consyens,
Any one woman out of paciens."

Y. W. C. A.—Two meetings of different character have been held this month. The first took the form of an interesting discussion on Rebecca (one of the outstanding women of the Old Testament), and circled around the pivot, "Is a lie ever justifiable?" The whole matter was aptly summed up by Miss

*The comb chorus is open for all engagements during the present season. The comb is used exclusively. No 'air.

Baedinger's statement of Robert E. Speers' view. The following is the quotation referred to: "Life is not to be held as the one thing for which all else must be sacrificed. . . . . We exaggerate the value of life and we exaggerate the horror of death: there is no iron principle of unyielding rectitude anywhere in life. . . . . I believe that the solid and abiding foundation, not to be removed or played with or compromised or evaded or released in any way whatsoever, is the truth, the truth without qualification, open and void of all deceit." (From "The Marks of a Man.")

The meeting of January 26th was instructive in character. The Mission Classes have two leaders, Miss Dickens and Miss Steinhoff, and the girls adjourned after opening exercises to study Japan, or "The strangers within our Gates," according to their individual interest.

Some of the members are exceedingly interested in their work down in the Ward at the Jewish Mission. The bright faces and snapping eyes of the Rebeccas and Esthers are mirrors of their mental attitude which responds gratifyingly to the teacher's message. On January 18th a concert was given in the Mission for the benefit of parents and children. The McMaster students who were to perform were greeted outside by "Rah! Rah! Rah! College! College! Rah! Rah! Rah! from a crowd of urchins. Professor McCrimmon occupied the chair. Miss Kellock, Messrs. McKechnie and Iveson contributed solos. Miss Young's selection, "How Jimmie Took Care of the Baby," was a propos of the situation at the rear of the hall. Miss Poapst and Mr. Duncan delighted the audience with their share in the entertainment. Mr. P. N. McGregor was the accompanist. One of the main features was the lunch, especially for the boy who ate "nineteen" pieces of cake. He must have had the lion's share, for one poor mite with crumbs from top to toe announced that he "hadn't had a bit yet!"

> "What creature is in health, eyther yong or olde,
> But some mirth with modestie wil be glad to use?"

Is it not remarkable that during the very week of the Mendelsohn concerts, our own chorus should be practising for a similar entertainment in Castle Memorial Hall? For the "Children's Crusade" it has been suggested that we secure the services of as many fresh young voices as possible from Year Thirteen, accompanied by the Comb Chorus, which so ably assisted at our last W. L. S. meeting. For several reasons we have decided that it would not be practicable to go abroad for

several years yet, but in the meantime Mr. Newton, our able conductor, will seek to bring the chorus up to the very pinnacle of home success. Subscribers wishing to secure seats in advance may apply for same from members of the Executive of the Women's Literary Society of McMaster University.

"And here I take my leave for a certaine space."
"Therefore ay in your hartis ze holde
This counsaile clene.
And fares nowe wele, both younge and olde,
Haly be-dene!"

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS, '11.

My voice is still for war.
War, war, is still the cry,
War even to the knife!

THE fact that McMaster's hockey teams have been unsuccessful during the past three years seems to have shaken the faith of many around these halls in the ability of our boys to play the game. We often hear it said "McMaster can't play hockey, anyway." The score in the opening game of the series that our first team played this season would seem to prove that this lack of faith in McMaster hockey is ungrounded. It might be helpful, too, for such faithless unbelievers if just a little were said of what McMaster has done on the ice in days of yore. In 1901 our forefathers decided to enter with Varsity and its affiliated colleges in the series for the Jenning's Cup. Their quest was successful, and we read of a great pow-wow when the first athletic championship was brought to these halls and draped with green and black. The game which shut McMaster out of the finals the next year was lost by only one goal. In 1903 we entered the intermediate intercollegiate series, in which our first team has been playing ever since. In 1904 M. S. McArthur captained our braves past Varsity's intermediate team and led them out against the R. M. C., the winners of the Kingston series. The first game was played in Kingston and our boys came

back with the score 8—8, and a glowing write-up in the Kingston papers. However, in the final game the soldiers pulled out with three more counters than McMaster. The same thing happened in 1906, when "Rolly Young" piloted the team safely past the reef upon which we have so often come to grief and led on towards Kingston. But again the soldiers proved the means of our defeat. However! Our first team has done things in hockey, and they have made a splendid beginning this season. Things are beginning to look brighter, too, for our junior team. On January 31 they won the first scheduled game in the history of McMaster junior hockey, when they defeated St. Andrew's College team by a score of 4—2 in a double-header game. Therefore, fellows, in your support of the teams be not faithless but believing.

McMaster I., 4; Trinity I., 2.—McMaster's astrologer read correctly the mystery of our hockey star for 1910 when he predicted "stellar work for McMaster in the first game." On January 25, at Mutual Street Rink, Trinity was defeated by our septette in the first game of the intermediate intercollegiate series. It would be useless to attempt to classify the type of hockey served up in the first half. Once a little intermediate intercollegiate class emerged when Fuzzie and Pat. worked some nice combination for the first goal. Trinity, however, scored the next two and the half-time score stood 2—1 in their favor. In the second half Trinity started in hard; but our boys were out to win. The result was much faster hockey. H. R. H. started the telling work for McMaster by making a spectacular rush from his position at point to Trinity's end of the rink. His shot did not register, but before Trinity had recovered Fuzzie had done the deed. The rest of the game was McMaster's. Lawton scored the next counter, and Pat. the final one, when h ecarried the puck from the far end of the rink and located it in the far croner of Trinity's net. McMaster line-up: Goal, McGregor; point, Silcox; cover, McKay; rover, Firstbrook (capt.); centre, Haydon; right, Cline; left, Iveson.

Junior Intervollegiate Games: Jan. 26, Varsity III., 4; St. Andrews, 1. Jan. 27, Trinity College School, 8; McMaster II., 1. *Jan. 28, Varsity III., 5; McMaster II., 2. Jan. 29, Trinity College School, 7; St. Andrews, 2. *Jan. 31, McMaster II., 4; St. Andrews, 2.

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*These games were double-headers, counting two wins for the winners and two losses for the losers.

T. C. S., 8; McMaster II., 1.—McMaster's first game in the junior intercollegiate series for this season was played on January 27, when our second team lined up against the Trinity College School seven from Port Hope. Owing to the particularly mild weather the ice was covered with pools of water several inches deep. The first half of the game was strenuous and exciting, our boys first finding the net. But by steady play, coupled with good combination work, the visitors made the half-time score stand at 3—1 in their favor. In the second half it was practically nothing but Trinity. The Port Hope boys gave a splendid exhibition of team work, and except for a few lightning rushes by Silcox, played all around our men. McMaster line-up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox (capt.); cover, McKay; rover, Ryrie; centre, Cline; right, Gray; left, Matthews.

Varsity III., 5; McMaster II., 2.—The following night we were the victims of Varsity's junior team in a double-header match. The game was very evenly contested throughout. Only one thing prevents us from calling it an interesting game for the spectators—there were none. Our boys put up much better hockey than they did against T. C. S., and would doubtless have been heard from had they started in the game of the day before. McMaster line-up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox (capt.); cover, McKay; rover, Ryrie; centre, Chave; left, Iveson; right, Cline.

McMaster II., 4; St. Andrews, 2.—On Monday, January 31, the junior team lined up at Mutual Street against St. Andrews in another double-header match. McMaster rooters were again chiefly conspicious by their absence, while St. Andrews men filled both galleries. However, the few who were there cheered the team on to victory, for they won in what was certainly the fastest and most interesting game of the season. McMaster scored one goal early in the game, but the score was evened up by St. Andrews and the tie remained unbroken at half-time. The second half was nearly all McMaster and although shorter by nine minutes than the first half it made the final score 4—2 in our favor. Our defence played an especially strong game and the forwards aided by checking back better than usual. Altogether the junior team is to be commended on their good work, especially their improvement in team work, which they sadly lacked before. McMaster line up: Goal, Wilkins; point, Silcox (capt.); cover, McKay; rover, Ryrie; right, Sline; centre, Chave; left, Iveson.

R. S. V. P.

Whether it's just some pretty freshette
Expressing opinion and feelings upset,
Or are these the words of a suffragette,
Which bring us remorse and gloomy regret?

But since there's desire for closer relation
To our Athletic Association,
We offer just this little intimation—
It costs two dollars for representation.

But still your opinion has had some weight,
For lengthy discussion and heated debate
Held many a student from lecture late,
And the daily topic was, "Where shall we skate?"

So because your hopes are "put on the bink"
Don't start scolding and wasting your ink.
But just sit still and stop to think,
Don't other girls skate at Victoria Rink?

—Ibid.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: K. A. Clark.

THE conception of McMaster University in the mind of the general public is that of a theological institution. While it is true that a larger per cent. of our students have entered upon ministerial work than upon any one other calling, McMaster graduates may be found successfully following most every worthy walk of life. It is noteworthy how many have turned their attention to science and are now either teaching in this department or engaged in industrial work. This is particularly noticeable in regard to chemistry. Our chemistry department was organized by a McMaster graduate, W. P. Cohoe, '96. As all know, Prof. Cohoe is now President of the Chemical Laboratories Co., Toronto. Another of our successful chemists is R. D. MacLaurin, '02. After graduating from here, Mr. MacLaurin went to Harvard University, where he obtained the degree of Ph.D. From Harvard University he went to the Rockfeller Institute, New York, having been appointed to a fellowship. Later he accepted a position at the Agricultural Station, Amherst, Mass. Last spring

Mr. MacLaurin came to Toronto and is now with the Chemical Laboratories Co., above mentioned. He is very successfully engaged in solving research problems in connection with the company's affairs.

F. C. Mabee, '04, was mentioned in last month's number. He is teacher of chemistry and physics at Mount Union College, Alliance, Ohio.

E. Viens, '05, has been very successful in Government work at Ottawa. He is the chief chemist of the cement department of Public Works.

J. A. Weir, '05, and G. C. McEwen, '07, are both chemists with the Imperial Paint and Varnish Co., Toronto.

C. E. Burke, '07, is fellow in chemistry at the University of Illinois.

S. J. Bates, '07, M.A. '09, is at McMaster University, engaged in research work in organic chemistry under Dr. Tingle. He has been very successful in his work, the results of his research being recently published in The Journal of the American Chemical Society. Mr. Bates is also abstractor in the organic department of the Chemical Society.

L. D. Jackson, '09, is fellow in chemistry at the Guelph Agricultural College.

H. F. Rolker, M.A. '08, who came from Johns Hopkins University to take his degree here in chemistry, has now an important position with the American Naval Stores Co., Savannah, Georgia.

B. F. P. Brenton, M.A. '09, also from Johns Hopkins University, has been appointed lecturer in chemistry in the University of Minnesota.

Judging from the growth from year to year of the class in chemistry, and from the increasing interest being displayed in the pursuit of this study here, one is safe in saying that McMaster will continue to supply many men to the field of this science, which is ever becoming more and more important in economic life.

It would be strange if, among all the marriages that take place during the Christmas season, some McMaster man did not follow suit. On December 21, Wm. F. L. Edwards, '08, was

married to Miss Leonie Bernice Van Horn, daughter of Rev. T. M. Van Horn, at the bride's home, 50 Brunswick Ave., Toronto. The wedding was quite private, the ceremony being performed amid a small circle of intimate friends. The couple set out at once for New Haven, Conn., where they have established themselves at 100 York Square. Mr. Edwards is in high school work and is also taking lectures preparatory to obtaining the degree of Ph.D. Mrs. Edwards is a graduate of the Conservatory of Music, Toronto, and before her marriage was soprano soloist at Jarvis Street Baptist Church.

T. M. Dadson, '06, was ordained at his church in Orillia, Monday, Jan. 24.

J. B. Pengelly, '06, received in December the B.D. degree at the University of Chicago. He has been ordained to the ministry of the Anglican Church by the Bishop of Chicago.

Dr. C. C. Lumley, '03, is practising his profession—dentistry—in St. Thomas. At the recent municipal elections he was elected a member of the Public School Board. The Monthly congratulates Dr. Lumley upon his success in winning the confidence of his fellow-citizens.

E. J. Tarr, '02, is secretary of the Winnipeg Committee of the Laymen's Missionary Movement. Mr. Tarr is a member of the legal firm of Macdonald, Haggart, Sullivan and Tarr.

J. A. McLean, '02, spent a few hours at the University lately. Mr. McLean has been for some time experimentalist in animal husbandry at the Agricultural College of the State of Mississippi.

We are glad to learn of the success that has attended Dr. J. H. Sowerby since his college days at McMaster. Mr. Sowerby graduated from here in theology in '90. Later he went to the Wesleyan University of Illinois and in '98 received the degree of Ph.B. Two years ago Ewing College of Illinois honored him with the degree of D.D. Dr. Sowerby is now commencing his ninth year as pastor of the First Baptist Church, Canton, Illinois. The church has a membership of seven hundred. Not many Sundays ago the pastor had the joy of receiving into his flock seventy new members, sixty entering by baptism. Prosperity has rewarded Dr. Sowerby's efforts in every department of his work. We congratulate him upon his success.

Rev. Archi. J. Darrock, '96, died early in January at Medicine Hat. His remains were brought to Ontario and buried at Tara, near his old home.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EDITH ELLIOTT.

ALAS! even Christmas holidays will finally end and once more Moulton has returned to her methodical ways. Studies have been resumed and the alluring visions of home put resolutely behind a wall of Latin grammar and algebra problems.

Examinations have once more been visited upon us, casting their gloomy shadows over our lives. We can only say with the poet:

"Let us be patient, these severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise!"

MISS STONE, who for over two years taught in the College here, has left us to take a position in Welland Collegiate Institute. She takes with her to her new work the good wishes of all.

Two of the prayer meetings this month have been particularly interesting. At one of them Mr. Kolesnikoff, who is working among the Slavonic people in Toronto, spoke to us of the two missions in the city for these people and the work which is being done among them.

THE evening before the Day of Prayer Dr. Farmer, of McMaster University, led a meeting of deep spiritual interest.

ON Thursday, January the 28th, Moulton observed the Day of Prayer. In the morning a service was held in the chapel, the sermon being preached by the Rev. J. J. Ross, of Dovercourt Road Baptist Church. The class prayer meetings followed and in the evening a service of prayer and praise brought to a close a day which it is hoped will prove very helpful to all who were present.

WE enjoyed having Dr. Mabie with us at our chapel service one morning not long ago.

THE meeting of the Heliconian Society was held Friday evening, January the 21st. A splendid programme, in which Miss Rance, the teacher of elocution, assisted, was much enjoyed, being as follows: Piano solo, Miss Lorna Black; Reading, "The St. John's Fund." Miss Rance; Vocal Solo, selected, Miss Vera Scott; Reading, "L'Envoi" (Rudyard Kipling), "Crossing the

Bar" (Tennyson), Miss Rance; Piano Solo, Miss Mary Veale; Reading, Act III., Scene 1, "Mary Stuart" (Schiller), Miss Rance; Instrumental Duet, "Zenobia," Misses Hodson and Fairchild; Reading, "The Children's Crusade" (Piernè), Miss Rance; The Heliconian Paper, Miss Muriel Sayer.

Oh just look at that, girls! Isn't is simply splendid? I wonder if we may go on it now? A chorus of approval was heard as we looked out of the big window at the school rink. Large and smooth as glass, the ice stretched out before our delighted eyes, inviting us to come out and enjoy it. Soon the jingle of skates echoed through the halls, accompanied by the plaintive voice of a poor unfortunate whose skates were in the very bottom of her trunk, which hadn't arrived. What fine ice it was, and how we all enjoyed it! To be sure, since then our hearts have gone out in sympathy to the wobbly beginner as she bravely overcomes the obstacles in her path, but soon we hope to see all the girls gliding gracefully about enjoying that best of all sports—skating.

Here and There.

Editor: N. S. McKechnie, '08.

IT took us quite a time to locate the article, but at last, after some historical research work, we found it in The McMaster Monthly for October, in the year of grace nineteen hundred and eight. What started us on the quest was just this: When the holiday number of *Vox Wesleyana* came into our office we were attracted by the cover design of Christmas bells and sprays of holly, therefore we undertook to read the magazine. Naturally we turned first to the exchange department and there we read a review of the aforesaid article. A careful examination revealed the fact that we had not been reading a year-old copy of *Vox* and so we could only conclude that we had discovered another Rip Van Winkle. Doubtless, Rip, the gentleman who wrote the article would be greatly benefited if your somewhat out-of-date and exceedingly (forgive us!) patronizing criticism ever comes to his attention. Doubtless he will "tear down his scaffolding"

next time. Doubtless, too. he will be pleased because you were pleased, in the main, with his article. And in conclusion, Rip, do you mind quoting your authority for the spelling of *impedimentia?* Typographical error, did you say? We thought as much.

TITHON.

Tithon, first son of that Laomedon
That built up Troy with sweet Apollo's song,
At sunrise in the dew-wet fields alone
The goddess Eos saw that loved him long.
Kissing she bore him to her eastern cave,
Lost in the mazes of her golden hair,
And gave him endless length of life to have,
For which to Heaven he made his ceaseless prayer.

Forsaken, every glass upon the wall
Mocks him with biting age that Death passed by,
The cobwebs cluster in the palace hall,
The clock's heart stops, and all the old court die;
But one in motley serves him land and sea,
Idiot, unswerving Immortality.

—K. H., in *Oxford Magazine.*

"YOUNG ladies," said an absent-minded professor in second-year Latin, "I understand that you count upon my calling on you in alphabetical order, and prepare your lessons accordingly. I am surprised and disappointed at such conduct. Hereafter, I warn you, I shall begin at the other end of the alphabet."—*Varsity.*

I put my arm around her waist
And drew her closely to me,
And even as we had embraced,
Ye gods! a pin ran through me.

He put his arm around her waist,
The color left her cheek;
But on the shoulder of his coat,
It stayed about a week.

—CAMOSUN.

If I should die, and leave you here awhile,
Be not like others sore undone, who keep
Long vigils by the silent dust, and weep;
For my sake turn again to life, and smile,
Nerving thy heart and trembling hand to do
Something to comfort weaker hearts than thine.
Complete these dear unfinished tasks of mine,
And I, perchance, may therein comfort you!

—*East and West.*

CONTEMPLATION.

Art thou discouraged, or beset with sullen thoughts?
Or dost thou walk with down-cast eye, o'ercharged
With cares of Earth or small annoyances?
Then raise thy head, and let thy sad eyes dwell
Among the clouds of whitened creaminess,
And far beyond them into deep blue depths
Of distance yet unmeasured, send thy soul
With mental transport, and stretch out the scope
Of vision, which before was narrow, dim.
And there with all-embracing gaze thou mayst
Look down and out and up, 'till all things made
Appear in true relation, and thy soul
Can find no place amid such grandeur vast
For little things that once did burden thee.
And when thou'rt sated, disenchant thyself
To mingle once again with fellow-men.
And so be happy at thy toil or play;
For when the harrowing things 'gin to oppress
And tend to hold thy thoughts in confine close,
Thou'lt lift thine eyes and look into the sky,
And looking read the truth, and reading laugh.

—*Colgate Madisonensis.*

From the Yukon country one is sending out his rhymes whom I would fain call "poetry's butcher." We may read his work if we must; we may revel in it if we must; it may be realism; it may be a true picture of Western life; it may be strong and virile; but do not, in the name of all that is artistic, do not let us beguile ourselves into believing that we are reading poetry; and do not let us call our wallowings in the mud enjoyment, although vast enjoyment it undoubtedly does mean to many who know not the meaning of æsthetic or artistic pleasure.—Etta Campbell (*Guardian*).

Our first thought on reading the above extract, culled from one of our exchanges, was one of pity for the poor young poet, just struggling into fame, who had received so cruel a blow. Our next thought was one of shame that we should have to confess to enjoyment of the alleged poetry. How *awfully* degraded our tastes must be!

The next thought was one of amusement. This, be it noted, was our last and best thought. We like literary criticism, but such unadulterated verbosity as this is wholly ridiculous.

No trace has been found of Prof. C. K. Leith, of the University of Wisconsin, who went to Canada last summer on a scientific expedition.—*College Index.*

Rash man, to venture into Canada thus! But if our memory serves us well we Canadians returned the professor some time ago.

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following: East and West, Varsity, Notre Dame Scholastic, Starkey Seminary Monthly, William Jewell Student, Queen's Journal, Manitoba College Journal, Colgate Madisonensis, Glasgow University Magazine, Trinity University Review, University of Virginia Magazine, McGill Martlet, St. Andrew's College Review, Argosy, Middlebury Campus, University of Ottawa Review, Acta Victoriana, T. C. D., Western University Gazette, Dalhousie Gazette, Lux Columbiana, Philomathean Monthly, Hya Yaka, St. John's College Magazine, Athenæum, Acadia Athenæum, Oxford Magazine, Vox Collegii, St. Margaret's Chronicle, St. Hilda's Chronicle, The Collegian, Viatorian, O. A. C. Review, Mercerian, The Acta, College Index.

However much we might wish to quote various selections of poetry which appear, at first sight, to have merit, we believe that most of those who contribute in verse to our magazines could justly make the same apology as the witty Frenchman who closed his letter thus: "I am sorry to have been so tedious. If I had had more time I would have written you a shorter letter. The verses below are from a poem, too long for publication here, which appeared in the *Western University Gazette:*

" Of course the place looks nice in print,
Or hung up in a frame;
But when you're "Johnny on the spot"
It don't seem quite the same.
And Oh! the flies; I bade adieu
To them with great thanksgiving;
Though very faithful, I disliked
The way they got their living.

" Last May when up the College broke,
Away the students went;
Some to pursue their studies still,
And some the "dirty cent."
Two other "studes," whose names are "mum,"
And I, a giddy roamer,
Sought solitude away up there,
In beautiful Algoma.

" Away with all this silly talk
About the clear ozone!
Avaunt! ye Nature fakirs, who
Exclaim in fervid tone
About the joys of loneliness!
Henceforth I tune my song
To match the crowded sidewalk
And the gladsome trolley gong."

—*Western University Gazette.*

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FLORA OF DOMINION CITY.

First Prize—Undergraduate Story Competition.

HUGH LIVINGSTONE had failed. He knew it only too well; but the sense of it was keen and almost uncontrollable as he slammed the heavy door of The Mother Lode road-house in Dominion City on Christmas Eve, 1901.

Another Christmas was upon him, and with its coming flocked the memories of by-gone days; shattered idols and unrealized hopes. When he left the old home in Bruce, five years before, an awkward, raw-boned stripling, clear of head, big of limb and strong of heart, the fires of youth ran riot through his whole being. High ideals stood with beckoning hands. The world was a highway, fortune his guide, and the realization of his hopes an easy accomplishment.

A measure of wealth was indispensable. The old folks had toiled long and hard and their comfort must be his first consideration. How well he remembered father's encouraging words at parting, mother's tearful eyes, warm caresses and oft expressed hopes. Then there was Bessie! That last quiet evening at the gate—the starlit heavens, the loving look of those splendid eyes. Ah, yes! As he stood at the door of the Mother Lode the memory of it all rushed in upon him. But he had failed. He had tried, had toiled, had striven; but fortune seemed to say him nay. With the tightening of the lips had come the tightening of the heart. The glow of rising hopes had been replaced by a leaden grayness like unto the dulness of a sun-forsaken sky.

Ideals were crumbling to decay and cynicism was surely enfolding him in her chilly embrace.

Livingstone's western journey ended in the Klondiké. From the very commencement of his search for gold, fortune apparently delighted to make him her plaything. At times she held just beyond his anxious grasp all for which he strove, and then vanished, leaving naught but the echo of her maddening laugh sounding in his ears. Leads rich in colors had in a few yards petered out. A group of shining nuggets marked the existence of a mere pocket. Weary tramps were productive of little else than disappointments. Ground scanned and passed by as worthless had to others yielded wealth in abundance. Shafts had been sunk many feet and then deserted as failures; a chance passer-by going down a few inches more had discovered the hiding place of fortunes. He had laughed the gay careless laugh of the miner. "His luck would turn; every shovelful was great with possibilities; in every stroke there was the key that might unlock the treasure-house of nature." Not so, however. Carelessness had merged into recklessness many times, but memories had repeatedly saved him and impelled him on his way. He was still pure, still strong, but he was drifting—drifting fast.

"Why not live as most of his fellows did in this far Northland? Have a good time? Drown his discouragement at the bar and lose his troubles in the whirl of the music-hall?"

So far he had remained true, but the glitter and glare of the road-house bar had attracted him to-night as never before. The laughter, coarse jest and insinuating glances of the women failed to repel as hitherto. Drifting with the tide, apparently soon to be caught in the current of so-called Christmas festivity, he summoned his ebbing courage and strode from the house, face pale, lips compressed and teeth set hard. The cold atmosphere of 40 degrees below stung his face as with needle points. The sharp air rushing upon the lungs caught his breath, and its freshness seemed to clear his brain. With ear-laps adjusted and gauntlets on, he stepped deliberately out into the night. What a night it was, cold, and bright as a diamond! The snow, the stars, the very air seemed to be one gigantic sparkle. Dark?

Yes, dark as any night must be that follows a sunless day, but yet the exceeding clearness enabled him to see plainly for many rods. Gradually his pace quickened and became more certain. The snow crunching beneath his moccasins was sweeter music to him than the clatter within the bar-room, and the white spiral-like smoke from the cabin chimneys a more wholesome and prettier sight than the painted faces of the glittering damsels who would lure him to what he firmly believed would be his doom.

His grit began to return and his resolution to strengthen under the influence of the glorious northern night. The gleaming stars, how each one seemed to beckon him away from earthly things.

"Yet must it not come?" he mused. "I'm hardly getting a square deal. I've been straight all through. My motives are unselfish so far as I know. I've been led to understand, too, that the Almighty is with a man whose life is clean and whose purposes are honest. Why am I balked like this? Why does God not help me?"

In the midst of his soliloquy he discerned the figure of a woman approaching and staggering as she walked.

"Just another derelict—yes, it's Flora—and full of 'hooch' at that."

In passing she lurched against him and caught his arm. His lip curled, and he was about to throw her off when the clear light of the stars upon her upturned face revealed a countenance still showing traces of singular beauty, and more—there was that look of appeal which always finds its way to a true man's heart. He stopped and her hands fell from his arm. Looking about him he saw none other but themselves, and was about to roughly enquire of her when in a low, beautiful, cultured voice she said:

"I know you, Hugh Livingstone. I speak to you because I need your help. I've been drunk. I'm drunk now, but not as drunk as you think. Catheart is drunk, too. He's in the cabin over there. He has just thrashed me within an inch of my life, but I deserved it, Livingstone—yes, I did! Catheart's all right, but say, I'm—I'm down, and—and, friend, I'm damn near out."

Overcome with weakness she fell a crumpled heap at his feet. Gathering her in his sturdy arms he made his way quickly in the direction of Cathcart's cabin, from the window of which a light shone.

Shoving open the door, he beheld Cathcart in a drunken stupor upon the bed. The fire in the tiny sheet-iron stove had burned low and the cabin was cold—deathly cold. Cathcart in his drunken rowdyism had smashed the only window and split the door. The rough table was upset and the well-nigh expended candle flickered on its rude shelf near the broken glass.

Livingstone laid his burden upon the floor and replenished the fire. Then, looking about him for some old garment with which to stop the draught, he discovered that the place was destitute of clothing; even the bed-clothes were reduced to but one pair of blankets.

"No robe?" he said. "God, they will freeze to death."

He ran to a cabin close by, kicked in the door, seized the robe and blankets of the owner and taking a flask of whisky from the shelf hurried back to the prostrate woman. Wrapping her in the robe and blankets he poured the liquor between her lips. Soon she revived and sank into a quiet sleep.

Livingstone again filled the stove and sat down upon the only stool in the place. The bloated, discoloured face of the besotted wretch upon the bed scowled upon him even in its sleep. Cathcart was a giant in stature, well known as a ne'er-do-well, a lazy, hulking wretch who lived upon the ill-gotten gains of his enslaved mistress, despised by all the miners far and near. The coarse, low nature of the man seemed to reveal itself upon his countenance. The long arms were flung out from the body across the bed, the huge hands open and turned palm upward.

The sight of the hands caused the eyes of Livingstone to turn toward the face of the woman. He saw the cruel blackened marks of the blows that had been rained upon it. The face, too, in spite of its years in sin was still in possession of evidences of refinement which showed that some time its owner had moved in an atmosphere far removed from that in which she now existed. Livingstone began to ponder. The faint streaks of

light gleaming from the cracks in the stove caught his eye and the memory of his own struggle returned, bringing with it a realization of how near he too had been to taking his first downward step.

The woman moved, and the eyes opened with a frightened look toward the sleeping figure upon the bed. Then their gaze rested quietly on the watcher's face.

"It's cold, very cold—he must be cold," she said, glancing anxiously from Livingstone to Cathcart.

"Cold! He can't be too cold," muttered Livingstone; "but why don't you sleep? I'll watch him."

"Oh! I was afraid he would freeze; he isn't so bad after all."

Livingstone shuffled his feet and growled.

"Then I was dreaming, too," she went on, rising on her elbow, "and it woke me, I guess."

Her face took on a wistful look.

"You know there was a baby ten years ago. He is in Montreal now, and I was dreaming of him. Cathcart laid him upon the steps of a nunnery and I haven't seen him since—but I hear of him, yes, he's at school. I've sent money right along. . . . He will be singing this morning—this Christmas morning—in a white robe. I saw him in my dream; I heard his beautiful voice, too. He doesn't know of me; thinks I'm dead. Oh! how I do long to see him! He is my only hope, the only brightness in my life. . . . But I shall never look upon his face again. No, never again, Livingstone. Many a time when I was tired and lonely, or when Cathcart was drunk, or when he would beat me, I would go up on the Hill—you know, Livingstone—and I would look long and thoughtfully—dreaming of him and wondering—and—yes, Livingstone—praying about his future. The Hill is the sweetest spot on earth to me.

"I didn't see Cathcart for seven years after the night he put my baby on the doorstep. I supposed he was dead until I met him in Dawson three years ago. You know the rest; but Oh! how I would like to see my boy, and hear him sing in the great choir!"

There were no tears, just great gulping sobs, and the image

of sorrow upon her face. Livingstone coughed, and Cathcart stirred.

"He is cold," she said again, "I'm afraid he is. You were very kind to get these blankets and this robe. I'll wrap them around him," and she half rose to do so when Livingstone sprang to his feet, a fierce gleam in his eyes.

"No, you don't " he said. "I'd like to smash his head. No, you keep the blankets."

"Oh! you know he wasn't so bad—only at times," whispered the shivering woman. "You know he had hard luck, and when he drank he was not himself. He sold his blankets to a couple of 'Cheechakos' mushing down the creek. Don't blame him too much."

Livingstone rose, lost in astonishment.

"You keep the robe and blankets about you, hear? and I'll go out to the boys at the Mother Lode and see what we can do. Keep yourself wrapped up. You can't take chances on a night like this."

Half an hour afterward Livingstone stepped into the bar-room of the Mother Lode and told his story.

"I broke into your cabin, McCarthy, and took your blankets."

"That's all right, Livingstone, but what are we going to do, boys?"

First one and then another offered his blankets, though not one had more than he needed.

"The place isn't fit to stay in," said Livingstone. "Can't we bring them over here, Patterson?"

"Hell! I hate to have such cattle about the place, but bring 'em along. We'll keep 'em warm anyway."

Half a dozen men started off in the direction of Cathcart's cabin. Livingstone led them in. But what a change! The broken window was stuffed up with a woman's coat and skirt. The room was tidily arranged, and prone upon the bed still lay the stupefied Cathcart—wrapped in McCarthy's robe and blankets. The fire had died out for lack of fuel and on the table lay a piece of paper upon which was scrawled the following:

"I'm going. I cannot take your gifts. To go to the road-

house would only make matters worse. I want to save Cathcart and for a long time I've wondered how to do it. I have thrown the blankets and robe over him to keep him from freezing. I have stuffed the broken window. When he finds that I have died on the Hill, perhaps he may be a better man.

"Thanks, Livingstone, may God forgive me. Perhaps I shall hear my boy singing to-morrow after all. Good-bye, boys."

"Flora! She'll freeze! She's gone to the Hill, boys. There may be a chance. Come on!"

In his heart, though, every man felt he was hoping against hope. No woman clad as she was could live half an hour out in such a night as this. She had half an hour's start anyway; yet every one of them pushed on as quickly as he could. Taking the trail that led over the rise known as the Hill, they filed up one by one, and there she sat, her back to a great boulder and her face to the southeast—dead.

Tenderly they carried her frozen body back to the Mother Lode. The northern lights danced in all their accustomed brilliancy, and over Dominion City a strange stillness reigned.

Late the next day, as the early darkness began to gather, Cathcart stretched his limbs and rolled from his couch. He gazed in a bewildered way about him until his bleared eyes caught sight of the paper upon the floor. Picking it up he read its message. For some time he read and re-read; what could it all mean?

"What had she done?" "Dead on the Hill!" "Who?" "Flora?"

Pulling on his cap he staggered from the room and made his way to the Mother Lode. As he entered he noticed the silence; he noticed also the solemn faces or turned backs of the miners. All seemed to shun him, until Livingstone, taking the wandering man by the arm, led him into an adjoining room, where lay the body. Closing the door, he left him alone.

An hour passed and Cathcart re-entered the bar-room, his blotched face now white and drawn. Looking steadily around upon the crowd he said: "Boys, you know all about it. . . . I'm no man. . . . It was all—all for me—I—I—see it now." His frame shook, his hands twitched and his head wagged from

side to side. "I see it now—but it's too late—too damn late—the jig is up."

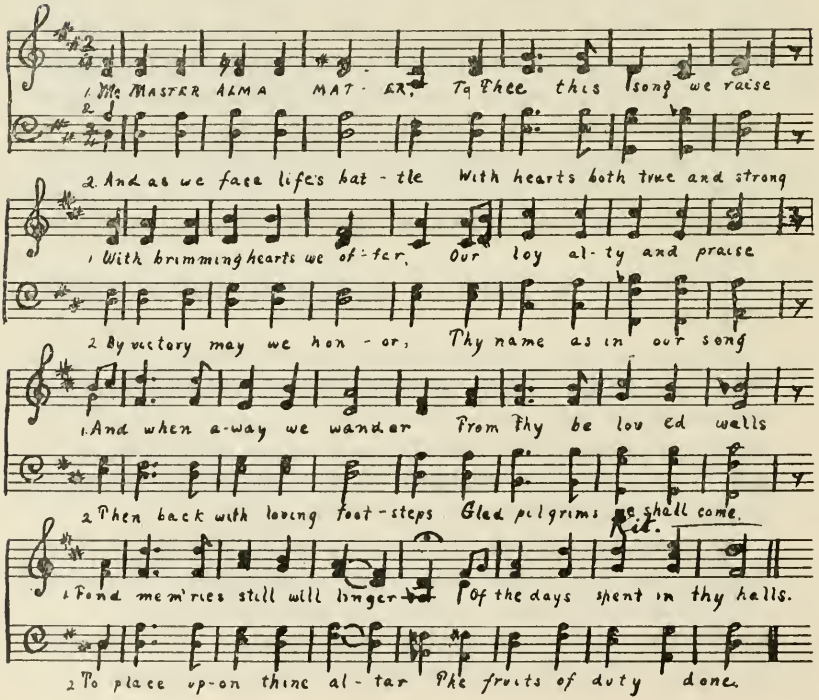
The dull eyes gleamed, his body straightened, he threw back his head, drew his revolver, and, flinging out clear and strong the words: "But I am man enough to cash in," sent a ball crashing through his brain.

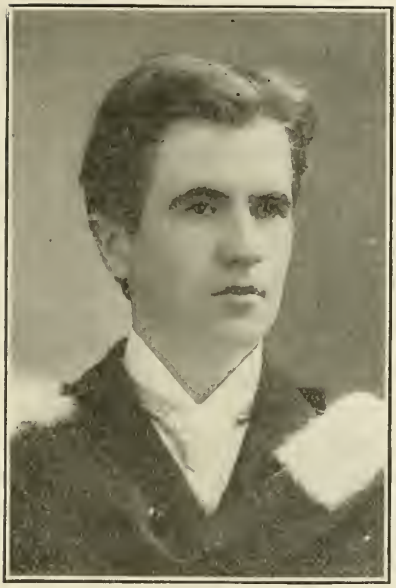
On the same day, while all that was mortal of a man and woman lay cold in death in a back room of a Klondike inn, a little choir-boy in surplice white sang to the assembled multitudes in a great cathedral the glad song of God's forgiveness to a sinful world, and a man named Livingstone caught a new view of life and felt that after all he was perhaps the chief participant in a great redemption.

JAMES STRACHAN, Theol.

McMASTER, ALMA MATER.

Words and Music by L. A. Therrien, '94.


1. Mc MASTER ALMA MAT - ER, To Thee this song we raise
2. And as we face life's bat - tle With hearts both true and strong
1. With brimming hearts we of - fer, Our loy al - ty and praise
2. By victory may we hon - or, Thy name as in our song
1. And when a-way we wander From Thy be lov ed walls
2. Then back with loving foot - steps Glad pil grims we shall come.
Rit.
1. Fond mem'ries still will linger Of the days spent in thy halls.
2. To place up-on thine al - tar The fruits of duty done.



HENRY PROCTER, 1876—1909.

THE shadow cloaked from head to foot'' has been busy amid the ranks of Class '99. The sense of loss caused by the sudden departure of John Hannah was still keen when it was heightened and intensified by the death of Harry Procter. These two men, united in class-fellowship, co-operating in college life, collaborating in a common task with God, are gone; and the manner of their going was not all unworthy. To both men the call came with appalling suddenness, but both were, ''Far out on the roaring, red firing line,'' with faces foe-ward. They would have wished it so.

For the University there is the loss of two strong sons, for their class, that of two brilliant members, and for many the places of two firm friends are vacant. Other voices have spoken of the worth and work of Mr. Hannah. To the writer there

remains the sad duty of doing a last honor to his fallen comrade.

Henry Proeter was born in Heywood, England, in the year 1876. At a very early age he came with his parents to Chicago. Some years later there was another removal, this time to Toronto, where Harry (as he was known) was to spend the greater part of his life. His career in the public schools of that city was exceptional, and he obtained a scholarship which sent him to Harbord Street Collegiate Institute. It was here the writer first made his acquaintance, and a friendship which was to last through the years was formed. In 1895 he matriculated into McMaster University, from which he graduated with the Class of '99. A year of travel in Great Britain and Europe was succeeded by a course of theological study, which was completed in 1903.

Through all his school life he manifested the qualities of thoroughness and diligence. The fidelity which so strongly marked his later work was well disciplined here. He did his daily tasks as part of a divine life-work. But devotion to study did not deprive him of a keen zest for life. He loved to live, and to the very last he kept the heart of a boy. Long before graduation he had won the respect and love of his fellows.

To be a preacher of the gospel was his ideal. In earlier years the allurements of other professions were presented and made strong appeal, but the victory was decisive. He neglected nothing which he thought would render him more efficient. He *learned* to preach in a very real sense. Speaking at the Baptist Social Union of Chicago in November, 1908, he epitomized his life in clear, epigrammatic way, "I was born in England, I learned to walk in Chicago, I learned to talk in Canada."

Many will remember the surprise with which his prize oration on "Wendell Phillips" was heard. This was delivered in McMaster Hall in 1899. It was the first heavy responsibility that Harry had been given by his class, and possibly some were apprehensive as to the outcome. Perhaps it is not too much to say that that oration and its delivery became a standard of excellence for many years. His eloquence was torrential. He seemed to dilate and grow large before his audience. His perora-

tion was a flood-tide of splendid speech which knew no ebb; he swept everything before him and would not be denied.

The secret of his life's success is indicated by his naïve reply to inquiries concerning his productions: "I wrote it all five times, the introduction nine times, and the last paragraph fifteen times." He had not failed in his trust.

It is a coincidence that he should so soon have followed Mr. Hannah, who was his colleague in the first debate McMaster won from the University of Toronto. The men were complementary. The unyielding doggedness of the one was admirably helped by the facile and brilliant powers of the other. They there served their University as they served their Master—with honor.

His work in the world-field was equally successful. A three years' pastorate at Oxford Street Church, Woodstock, was succeeded by a ministry with the Lakewood Church, Cleveland, Ohio. Climatic conditions forced a removal to Calgary, where he served the Olivet Church. In these places his memory is revered. A short period of study in the University of Chicago was followed by his last service. He became the pastor of the Western Avenue Church, Chicago.

His success here was phenomenal. It was as though God had kept the best for him until the last. Going to a church which had known discouragements, his firm faith and strong optimism became contagious, and in a short time vital forces were throbbing in every department. It was the writer's privilege to preach in this church some short time since. The story of his labors was heard with conflicting emotions. It was a deep delight to learn of the triumphs of pastor and people, but there was real pathos in the wistful loneliness of his "Young Men's Class" whom he had trained to speak and sent out to do mission work.

His last Sunday, November the fourteenth, was transfigured by the brightness of the prospect, and the assured love of his people. He administered the ordinance of Baptism in the morning, and at the close of the service the officials spoke in terms of gratitude of the progress of the work and of the fact that the church had become free from all indebtedness. At the conclusion

of the day's duties, which had been marked by an evening service of unusual power, the young minister spoke to his deacons of his sense of the Divine Presence and of his plans for future achievement. In this spirit he left forever the scene of his labors. At four o'clock on Monday morning he was dead. A desolate wife, an orphaned child, a bereaved father, and a leaderless church lifted their eyes and wondered. The thoughts of many are expressed in the question iterated and reiterated by an old saint to whom the minister had been a very servant of God, "Why did He take him from us?" For the full answer we shall have to wait.

A funeral service was held in Chicago by the city ministers and the stricken church. The memory and influence of that hour abide still. The voice is hushed, but he lives and is enthroned in hearts that will not forget. He lives in

> "That best part of a good man's life,
> The little, nameless, unremembered acts
> Of kindness and of love."

The body was brought to Toronto and Harry Procter now sleeps under the Canadian sky he loved so well, awaiting "that day." We do not understand. Perhaps we do not want to. He has lived, and loved, and labored. It has not been in vain.

> "With him all's well,
> His barque has passed the narrow sea of time,
> His tears are dried forever."

Ernest W. Parsons, '99.

The University of Chicago.

THE RETRIBUTION FROM THE GODS.

Second Prize—Undergraduate Story Competition.

IDNIGHT—and the silence of a calm Indian moonlight night, broken only by the occasional hooting of an owl in the tree by the village well, and the piteous howling of some hungry jackals, skulking in the shadows on the outskirts of the village. Midnight—and outward calm and peace. But within the court of the small mud temple and within the home of Appao Rao, the head-man of the village of Chuttapetta, there was bitter grief.

Within the temple stood two men—the priest and the head-man. The soft, radiant moonlight bathed the two figures—the priest, tall and lean, his head clean shaven except for the sacred *jutu*, deep caste marks on his forehead, his eyes keen and fiery, his bosom bare save for the threefold Brahminical thread across it—an ascetic, devoted to the worship of the Hindu gods; and the head-man, tall and well built, a magnificent, snowy, gold-bordered turban on his shapely head, caste marks on his forehead, his white robes—half English, half native—gleaming in the moonlight—a prosperous merchant, high in favor with Montague Doragaru, the British Collector.

"Well," said the priest, his long, lank finger against his spare cheek, "it is as I have already told you many times, Appao Rao. Those who forsake the ways of their fathers must not expect the favor of the gods. You fear the white man yonder. Think you so trivial a circumstance as taking another wife will alter his regard for you?"

"Is there no other hope? Can I do nothing else—no penance, no pilgrimage, no——?"

"Have you not already done all in your power in penances and pilgrimages? But what have you sacrificed for the sake of your gods? When your wife bare you a second daughter, did not I tell you that the anger of the gods must surely be

upon her. Did not I bid you accept the offer of your neighbor, Poonaswami, and take his daughter as your wife? And when the aged husband of your first-born, still a tender child, innocent of guilt in this birth, departed this life, did I not, Appao Rao, tell you that, to atone for the misfortunes of your house, the child-widow must be burned? Ay, could the gods be aught but angered by your refusal? And the betrothed of your second daughter is a leper—ha! you start! Well, such is the case. You have done nothing about the marriage of your youngest. And now, when the gods have once more shown their displeasure towards you, in giving you another daughter, you still hesitate. Can you doubt but that your wife, lovable though you now believe her, must have committed an awful crime in some former birth? I warn you that, unless you sacrifice your daughters to the deities, you can hope for nothing else. Your eldest, young as she is, must soon be divested of her jewels, her hair must be shaved, and she must subject herself to many fasts. You would interrupt me, but know that where the curse of the gods rests upon a house, there must there be the strictest observance to all rules of the sacred rites and customs of our forefathers. Indeed, were you to be zealous of your sacrifices, the divine anger might soon be removed. Be careful, and do not re-marry your first-born. Montague Doragaru, if he could, would willingly have you break all the time-honored customs of your country. Beware! lest worse calamities befall you. Your second daughter must speedily be married. You cannot break the betrothal. Your third daughter must be immediately consecrated to the temple service. Your last, born this night within your house, must be given in the sacred manner instituted long ago. The journey to the Ganges must be made as soon as possible, and the mother herself must cast her daughter, accursed from above, into the waters. There is no other course. Upon your arrival, marry the fair young daughter of your neighbor. Go, now. Perform the duties commanded by a servant of the all-powerful gods."

The priest turned and entered a low mud hut at one side of the courtyard. Appao Rao stood for some moments, deep in thought. He gazed about him—the moon, clear and calm, was

unmoved by his sorrow; the palm-tree branches waving without were care-free; the green, stagnant water of the sacred tank at his feet seemed to leer at him in the gleam of the moonlight. He stepped inside the temple, and there the hideous eyes of the idol stared at him, unseeing. Sick at heart, he turned away. What did the gods care for him, or anyone? Did they wish mortals to be happy? Then, why spoil his wedded life with his beautiful wife? And his daughters—fair and happy—had they no souls that the gods should hate them? Though influenced by English customs and modes of thought, he was still Hindu enough to long for a son to light his funeral pyre. And if he had none—! But the gods forbid! Would Montague Doragaru ever hear of it? And if he did, what then? Yes, the gods were propitious—the Collector was away on a month's leave. Ah, well! the gods were inexorable, and one daughter, more or less—what mattered it? And he laughed a low, hard, mirthless laugh, for the inevitable is sometimes cruel.

The journey avowedly was for the purpose of visiting the parents of Appao Rao's wife, but the ascetic fire burning in the priest's eye forbade the truth of such a statement. He became impatient at the few delays, for such unpropitious circumstances as the screeching of an owl or the shadow of a widow falling on one of the palanquins, necessitated a postponement of the journey until the next day. At last, however, they set off—the priest, Appao Rao, his wife and youngest child, and some servants. All day long the palanquin-bearers chanted their monotonous song along the dusty roads, through the heat and glare of the tropical sun. At night they rested with the priest in the little village. Then on again in the morning, still on, on, on. And the mother within the closed palanquin, unable to see the outside world, all day long pressed her babe against her bosom, and crooned drowsy slumber songs. But as the day wore on, and they two, the chief actors in the horrible tragedy about to take place on the banks of the pitiless Ganges, were borne along at the rhythmic pace, a wild light began to shine in the woman's eyes.

"My darling, my baby," she moaned, "how can I throw you

away, into the cruel, cruel waters? But, no! I will not do it. I will not. Kali is merciless, but you shall not be the victim."

* * * * *

Midnight—and outward calm and peace. In the blackness of night, the hungry waves of the river lapped the shore on which stood the priest and the head-man of Chuttapetta. A deep, fanatic fire burned in the priest's eyes, gleaming in the flickering light of a small, sputtering torch.

"Open the palanquin," commanded the priest, his whole figure dilated with the joy of the coming sacrifice to his gods, "and let your wife come forth and offer her babe as an atonement for her sins."

Appao Rao, broken in spirit, silently obeyed, and spoke in a quiet voice to his wife. Suddenly he started. "She—she is not here," he faltered feebly.

"Not there!" screamed the priest, "are you mad, Appao Rao? Where, then, is your wife? Have you attempted to save her? Confess, or the fury of the gods will fall heavily upon you."

"No, no," the wretched man stammered. "I know nothing of it. You would allow no communication with her—not even food to be passed in to her, to-day. She is gone, gone!" and he sank to the ground.

"Come," said the priest angrily, "those palanquin-bearers have been bribed. Ha! you thieves!" he shouted, "where is the woman?"

The bearers, sleepy and stupid, rubbed their eyes and stared wonderingly. "The woman? We know nothing of her. Where is she?"

"Where *is* she?" burst forth the infuriated priest, "ay, where is she?"

But the frightened bearers, though threatened with direful vengeance from all the gods, could think of no explanation, except that all day the palanquin had seemed lighter than formerly.

"She is gone, she is gone," wailed Appao Rao, "the tiger we heard last night has devoured my beautiful wife. She is gone, gone, gone."

"Stop your wailing, fool!" exclaimed the priest with many execrations. "Rise, and let us return. Would you complain against the will of the gods? Besides," and the fiery eyes gleamed triumphantly, "you can now fear nothing from the disfavor of Montague Doragaru. Come!"

II.

The deep blue sky overhead, the guava trees in the countyard, the water-lilies blooming in the limpid water of the tank, the marigolds blossoming all around, and a handsome little boy, clad in silks and many silver *rupees* playing joyously among the flowers—these brought a smile to the sad face of Appao Rao, seated within the court of his house. Presently a young woman, beautiful as the lotus flower which she wore in her jet-black hair, came out from the women's apartments. Her gold jewels, gleaming richly against her olive-tinted skin, tinkled joyously as she went to meet her son, with outstretched arms. From another door came a widow, with shaven hair and bereft of jewels, clad in a coarse white cloth. Emaciated from many long fasts, she could scarcely raise to her head the heavy vessel with which she had drawn some water, and bear it back through the door-way.

A look of pain crossed the man's face. This, then, was the retribution from the gods—his first-born wasting away under the heavy penalties imposed by the priest; his second—she who used to be the life of the courtyard—enduring a living death with her leper husband just without the village; his youngest daughter serving in the temple; and his first, beloved wife and babe—ah! where were they? What animals' bodies did their souls now inhabit?—but, a fair, loving wife, and, above all else, a young son to light his funeral pyre. After all, the first were sacrifices; this last was the retribution from the gods.

* * * * *

Midnight—and overhead the lustrous moon shone peacefully. It flooded a courtyard of a Hindu home, and a few stray beams even stole soothingly through a small, high window into a bare mud room, where a young woman lay in unconscious pain upon

a low cot. Beside her moaned her little son, calling unceasingly for his mother. Victims of the plague were they both. A large, complacent-looking man entered, glanced carelessly at the woman, now almost dead, then poured a few drops of ill-smelling medicine between the parched lips of the little sufferer.

"That will surely cure the child," he said indifferently to the stricken father, "and this amulet, tied about the boy's wrist, will keep away the evil spirits. If not, he must be burned. Sometimes the spirits dwell long within the body, and can only be frightened away."

He turned and left the room. Appao Rao sat down to watch the patients. The painful, irregular breathing of his wife soon ceased entirely. Presently some women came in and bore the dead body to another room, but the bereaved husband stirred not. His eyes, dilating with terror, were fixed upon his child—his only son.

"The child must be burned," said a quiet, cruel voice beside him.

The father writhed in agony. "No, no, I cannot allow it. See, is he not suffering, now?"

"It is the only way of expelling the demons," said the hard, unfeeling voice.

The red-hot irons were brought in and laid heavily against the tender body of the young child. With a terrified scream and an awful convulsion the sick boy threw out his arms and then lay perfectly still.

"He is gone, he is gone!" wailed the terrified father. "What sin have I committed? What more can I do to atone? He is gone, he is gone! My son! Ay, no son may I have now to light my funeral pyre!"

Was this, then, the retribution from the gods?

III.

The silver bells tinkled musically as the great white elephant, richly adorned with wondrously wrought trappings, majestically paced along the dusty roads. A sweet, joyous laugh pealed softly from the sheltered *howdah*.

"Won't Father be glad to see us—Mother and Baby and me?

And, just think, my lord, there will be my sisters, too. I wonder what they are like now. Sairtri was always gentle and sweet, and happy, too, even though she was a widow. And dear little Soobamma was as merry as the sunshine. Then there was Lelamma, next to me. And I've known them all these years, for Mother has told me about them, though I suppose I scarcely saw them. I wonder if they are all married, and as happy as I am. . . . But, see, we are ahead of the others."

The driver halted the elephant before the most pretentious house in the village. "Salaam," he said to a servant standing in the door-way, "is this the home of Appao Rao?"

"Salaam," he returned, "and may the blessings of the gods rest upon you. Enter!"

Appao Rao was startled by the unwonted noise without his courtyard, and still more so when a servant ushered in a young *rajah*. Close behind him tripped a lovely girl, and beside her came an elderly matron, bearing a young babe. He started. Was that his wife come to life again, and that his child? But before any words could be uttered, the impulsive *rani* had thrown her arms about his neck and covered his face with kisses.

"We've come back, Father," she cried joyously. "Mother and I, you know; when that wicked priest wanted me to be thrown into the Ganges, Mother got out of the palanquin and went into the jungle with me. Then a great white elephant, which had escaped from the palace of the Rajah of Chinnapuram, found us, and looked after us. The people in the village would give it anything. And so we lived happily in our jungle home. Then, one day, when the *rajah* had returned from England, he came riding through the jungle and discovered us all. And now, father, I am his *rani*, and he treats me as the English treat their wives. We came on my elephant, and I've brought you a gift. Mother told me that you were disappointed that I was not a son, that I might light your funeral pyre. But, look! here is my little son—your namesake."

She took the babe from her mother's arms and gave it to her father. And the little one laughed up into his grandfather's face. This, truly, was the retribution from the gods!

Laura J. Craig, '10.

A TRIP TO MAGNOLIA GARDENS.

LATE in March, when spring is dawning on the northern world, visitors returning from Florida flock to the quaint southern village of Summerville as an intermediate point before journeying farther north. By this time the last of the camellia japonicas have faded and the buds of jasmine are beginning to give a golden tinge to the young birch trees and shrubs. It is usual for these visitors to remain long enough in Summerville to make a pilgrimage to the Magnolia Gardens when the azaleas are in perfection. A pilgrimage, it has been named by a modern writer, who says that the Southern visitors go to Magnolia very much as the folk of Tokio go out to worship the beauty of the cherry-blossoms.

Let me hope that I may be able to suggest something of the indescribable charm which belongs not only to the Southern people, but to every tree and flower that grows in that sunny land.

Incredulously, skeptical Northerners listen to tales of the beauty of the azaleas; scornfully, they toss aside gorgeous water-colors of bushes covered with flaming colored blossoms, and decide to drive some twenty miles to the gardens. The early spring morning is fresh and cool. As we leave the village, the odor of the pine woods fills the air. By the roadside grow wild-flowers, blood-root, violets, and cacti, and palmettoes grow everywhere. Across from the ruins of an old fort is a cotton-field, with little patches of white gleaming here and there from last year's withered pods. The jasmine with its golden yellow flowers covers the leafless trees and shrubs, the gray Spanish moss forming a quiet background. There is silence except for the songs of the cardinal and mocking bird. Here and there we see trees covered with a mist of purplish blossoms—Judas trees, we are told, for in popular tradition Judas is said to have hanged himself on a tree of this genus.

A few miles more, and we turn in a gateway, driving up an avenue bordered with magnificent live-oak trees "that stand like Druids of eld." At the end of the avenue stands Magnolia Hall, the old plantation house. The pillars and broad verandahs are overhung with English ivy. Beside the house grow tall magnolia trees, and on one side we catch a glimpse of color, the azaleas reflected in the water of the bayou.

Attended by negros, like dusky guardian angels, the visitors take the path leading to the gardens and stand enraptured with the luxuriance and beauty of the azaleas. The bushes, which stand from twelve to fifteen feet high, are covered with large, sweet-scented flowers. The flaming colors of the azaleas contrasted against the delicate green of the crepe-myrtle and the gray moss, blaze with an unearthly brilliance. Against the old oak trees and the cypresses the azaleas gleam like a forest fire. Here, pure white in color, there rose, red like glowing coals, orange as a flame bursting forth, the flowers are reflected in the waters of the dark cypress swamp. Rightly have the gardens been named a fairy-land, for to them belongs a mystic, indefinable, enchanting loveliness, a personality and charm lacking in the gardens of the colder North.

Driving away in the dusk, the visitors wonder if their vision of the azalea gardens is an illusion or a dream. They can say in Byron's words, "I had a dream which was not all a dream."

E. Gladys McKay, '12.

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Editorial Notes.

It affords us no little comfort and satisfaction to note the growth of college song in McMaster. For some years our halls have resounded to a song that is not our own; the McMaster muse has appeared so far in borrowed plumes. This *régime* is rapidly passing and we trust that before very long our *répertoire* of song may possess many rich treasures of our own finding. We are comparatively young and therefore cannot expect to have anything like the famous songs of the English schools—"Dulce Domum" of Winchester and "Forty Years On" of Harrow—or those of the college world on this side of the Atlantic like "Old Nassau" of Princeton, "Fair Harvard" of Harvard, "All Hail to Thee, Toronto" of Toronto, and that magnificent achievement of Brian Hooker in "Mother of Men—Old Yale." Yet we may reasonably hope that from the ever increasing family of our Alma Mater may spring noble words and stately music that will sway the hearts of all who know and love McMaster. L. A. Therrien, a graduate of '94, sent the words

and musical setting of a song to the Literary Society a couple of years ago. Unfortunately the copies were mislaid and came only to notice during the past month. We are giving the production a fair trial and expect that it will usher in a new era for our college songs. The words and music written by Mr. Therrien may be found on page 248 of this number.

The University of Toronto has during the present month received notice of a magnificent gift from the Massey Estate. This will consist of the cost of erecting as a memorial to the late Hart A. Massey three buildings, one for the Students' Y.M.C.A., one for the Students' Union and Athletic Union, and a beautiful Gothic hall for the use of the students. In conjunction with these buildings, the University is to provide a gymnasium, swimming baths and other equipment necessary to the physical well-being of undergraduate life. Would that such a beneficent visitation might be accorded to McMaster. No one need doubt that amongst our graduates of to-day there would be fewer cases of nervous breakdown had a gymnasium and a physical director been reckoned as an imperative and early need in the development of this University. The graduates of to-day and to-morrow are calling out for these essentials in university training. Where is the benefactor who can and will respond?

The judges in the Sixth Annual Prize Story Competition of The Monthly take pleasure in announcing the following results:

Graduate Competition—

1st prize—Miss Elsie R. McLaurin, B.A., '09.

2nd prize—Miss Bertha Jean Thompson, '07.

Undergraduate Competition—

1st prize—James Strachan, Theol.

2nd prize—Miss Laura J. Craig, '10.

3rd prize—Miss E. Winnifred Dengate, '10.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. McGREGOR, '10.

E have at our elbow four college papers. Nothing could be duller." So spoke *Collier's Weekly* recently, in one of those trenchant, pregnant editorials for which that publication is noted. We hurried to our Subscription Manager to know if perchance our McMASTER MONTHLY had ventured into the high editorial sanctum. "Subscription lapsed" was the heartening and yet discouraging reply. Yet we are consoled by the thought that our journal was not the direct cause of the laconic criticism.

There is truth and untruth in the editorial referred to. It deplores the lack of ease in manner of writing and the straining for effect that is evident in many of our college papers. We believe this awkwardness and seeming affectation is not so much to be adversely criticized, as directed and chastened. It is not to be expected that an Addison or a Ruskin is produced without some marks due to immaturity of thought; yet who would be so bold as to esteem lightly the stepping stones to higher things?

The discerning editor of *Collier's* makes no mistake, however, when he laments the dulness of academic productions. "Humor is the golden thread of literature, but the college paper knows nought of it and cares less." This is only too apparent a fault, and one which we may well study to avoid.

THE LIT.—A well-represented meeting of the Literary Society was held on Friday, February 11th. From the moment the programme started, everyone present seemed apprehensive of impending evil; the juniors especially affirmed that there was "Something doing!" After the reading of the minutes by the Secretary, Mr. E. D. Gray, who presided over the meeting, rose to declare them approved, when, to the horror of the audience, the room was suddenly left in darkness, the large drop-curtain used for lime-light views came slowly grinding down and mysterious, rumbling sounds issued from the region of the main hall. The source of this ghost-like disturbance

is still a matter for conjecture. However, nothing further happened and after comparative order had been restored the following programme was given: Cornet duet, Messrs. Mercer and Goodfellow; "Two Aunts and a Photo." The Freshettes; Vocal Solo, Miss E D. Kellock, '11; "News of the Week," V. E. Gray, '11; Piano Solo, Miss Gladys Murray, '11.

Literary Society.—The programme presented at the meeting of The Lit. on Friday evening, February 18th, did not in any way belie our well-founded belief in the capability of those having the affair in hand. Regret was expressed that Mr. Moe, of Year '10, owing to an indisposition, was unable to appear, but '10's budding orchestra nobly saved the situation for the Seniors and contributed largely to the pleasureableness of the occasion. Miss McKay's contributions to the musical part of the programme were much admired, and heartily appreciated; while Miss Murray, of Year '12, delighted the audience with two splendidly sung solos. A most *realistic* and charmingly given reading, "A Telephone Romance," by Miss Selby captured the gathering; the number was especially enjoyable and proved a capital finish to a splendid evening.

The Evangelistic Band.—On Fyfe Day, January 27th, the Evangelistic Band was organized under the leadership of Mr. W. Ashmore. Though somewhat late in the season, numerous requests have ben made for the services of the Band.

On Sunday, February 13th, with the usual misunderstanding among a few who wondered why it was that the Baptists were getting a brass band to try to convert people, meetings were conducted at Mount Denis Church. The afternoon session at the Sunday School was the chief feature of the day, when the boys and girls gave a splendid account of themselves in chorus singing.

On February 20th Jones Avenue Church was visited and three services held during the day. The splendid singing of the quartette contributed greatly toward bringing a large crowd to the evening service. Nine members of the student body were present, and the manly, forceful addresses from the platform were in keeping with the title "Evangelistic." March will be a busy month, Bloor Street Mission, Aurora and Acton being on the list for a visit.

The Kewpies.—On February 14th the Kewpies were out for another lark, disguised this time as juniors, and invaded 102 Howard street with their pranks and plays. The sentiment of

the day was not lacking, for the girls in their quaint costumes from grandmother's attic represented valentines instinct with life. After the old-fashioned games a delicious old-fashioned supper was served. The table looked lovely under a red-shaded light and red candles, with red hearts and heart-shaped menu cards, containing an interesting toast list. The impromptu speeches were witty, clever, eloquent and weighty in turn, though it is difficult to say where the cycle began. Appreciation of their host and hostesses, Mr. and Mrs. Jackson and Miss Gladys Jackson, was expressed by song and story.

> Then all with one concerted flight
> The Kewpies vanish in the night.

Required: A New Yell.—"Knock, knock, knock! Here's a knocking indeed!" Here we come with our little hammer to knock the good old slogan that has for years made vocal our most exuberant feeling of lusty joy in our *Alma Mater*. Our "Oski-wow-wow" yell is too long. Enthusiastic feeling is not best vented in prolonged declamation, but in short and crisp ejaculations. When the energy is diffused over ten lines the snap and vim are lost. The sense and nonsense in the yell are out of proportion: eight lines of preface and preamble introduce the two lines that bear the essence of the cantation, "Mac-Mas-ter, Mac-Mas-ter." There is too much *gabble* about our war-whoop. We may marvel at the brain that could collate such a concourse of hideous sounds, but the sounds are meaningless, and meaningless vocalization should not be the dominant note. The yell lacks the uniform, rhythmic beat that should characterize it. The time has always been a puzzler. The yell may be started never so bravely, yet it invariably becomes more or less ragged in the middle, and there is small chance for a concerted and concentrated attack when "Mac-Mas-ter" is reached.

There may be a difference of opinion about the efficiency of the yell, but there can be no doubt that there is room for improvement. In these days of prizes for scholarship, stories, bulletins, athletics, would it not be reasonable for the student body to offer a modest premium for a short, rousing, characteristic yell?

A Successful Skating Party.—The Aura Lee Club courteously invited McMaster students to make use of their rink and club-rooms for a skating party. The weatherman objects to McMaster and Aura Lee getting together, and tried by slush and rain to damp the project. But on February 22nd, after two postponements, we manipulated the barometer for "fair." The

weather guy had to honor his chief prophet, although his spite was evident in the snow flurry that made heavy skating for about fifty McMaster folk. "God Save the King," played by the band, was but the prelude to a frolicsome evening within Aura Lee's spacious and well-appointed club-rooms. Dainty refreshments were served, and the remainder of the evening was enjoyably spent in varied pursuits, ranging from high intellectual pleasures to more vapid and inane joys.

Debating Union.—During the month of February Castle Memorial Hall has been the "Campus Martius" of four contests in connection with the Debating Society. On consecutive Saturday afternoons the affirmative, under the respective leaderships of E. G. Black, '13, W. J. Donald, '10, R. V. Howard, '12, and E. T. Newton, '11, ensconced themselves within the seemingly impregnable fortresses represented by the following resolutions: "That there should be a system of compulsory military service adopted in the British army." "That in university education the principle of separate instruction for men and women is preferable to a system of co-education." "Resolved, That in Canada there should be an educational qualification for suffrage." "Resolved, That the principle of referendum as applied in the Swiss Constitution should have a place in the legislative system of democratic forms of government."

Each fight was brisk and sharp. In every case, however, the bulwarks of the besieged were demolished by the oratorical battering-rams of the negative, directed by F. H. Jeffery, '11, D. A. Bates, '13, R. A. L. Knight, '12, and H. H. McGregor, '10. Judgments were passed upon the weaknesses in the mode and means of both attack and defence by Professors G. H. Campbell, Clark, Gilmour and Trotter.

Inter-College Debate.—Once more The Monthly records a victory for McMaster in the debating field, this time over Victoria. A worthy feeling of pride pervades the whole student body, for it was rumored that Victoria was making elaborate preparations to wrest the Kerr Shield from the custody of McMaster. But such presumption received its due reward, for, as a freshman says (he learns readily), "Although McMaster men may not be able to win out in rugby or hockey, they certainly can talk."

The subject of the debate was: "Resolved that the Lloyd-George Budget was an unwise financial measure." Messrs. Joseph Wearing and S. Roy Weaver represented McMaster, upholding

the affimative, and Messrs. Pearson and Glover supported the negative for Victoria.

Mr. Wearing opened the debate for the affirmative with a splendid debating and highly polished speech. In fact, in literary style, in concise and decisive statement of arguments, and in general presentation and delivery, Mr. Wearing's speech was admirable. He dealt mainly with the land taxes, showing the unwise and even iniquitous propositions of taxation as advocated in the Budget. Space does not allow a more complete review of his speech. He was followed by Mr. Pearson, who also creditably presented his arguments, pointing out the great expenditure and consequent deficit that necessitated the raising of the money by some system of taxation. He then justified the raising of this money by the income tax, the motor tax, undeveloped land tax, *et cetera*. Mr. S. R. Weaver followed with a brilliant and convincing speech, in which he pointed out that the system of increased death duties would spell bankruptcy for many business concerns, and drive much capital out of the country. He attacked the taxes on liquor licenses, motors, petrol and conveyances, and offered the alternative method of raising money by protection duties.

Mr. Glover then ably completed the argument for the negative, holding forth the virtues of free trade, and the justice and appropriateness of the unearned increment tax.

Such a succession of sound arguments was well calculated to cause anxiety to the supporters of both sides, and the issue seemed much in doubt. However, the judges, Prof. Mavor, Mr. Paterson and Prof. Kilpatrick, gave a unanimous decision in favor of the affirmative, to the delight of the McMaster element of the audience.

The enjoyment of the evening was added to materially by Miss Beatrice Carey and Mr. Percy McKissock, who contributed numbers to the programme.

Literary Society's Seventh Annual Banquet.—For ages the numeral seven has been accounted the perfect symbol, and whether it was due to the influence of this magical number, or whether—more probably—to the taste and toil of the Executive, the degree of perfection attained at the Seventh Annual Banquet of the Literary Society, held on Friday evening, Feb 4, in Castle Memorial Hall, was undoubtedly high. From the decoration of the hall to the menu and toast list, there was upheld a standard of excellence so high and so well sustained that the Society, and indeed, the University at large, may be justly proud. At the conclusion of the dinner, Mr. R. C. Crowe, '10, President of the

Society, who acted as toastmaster, called upon the visitors to drink with him the health of the King.

The toast to Canada was proposed in a fluent and graceful manner by Mr. James Strachan, Theol. Senator G. W. Ross arose in response, and when the enthusiastic greeting had ceased, began, with that eloquence for which he is famed, an address, in which were intermingled humor, pathos, touches of poetry and imagination, and a restrained, but passionate, patriotism, and beneath which there ran an undercurrent of intense earnestness, bringing his statements home to his hearers with conviction. "The twentieth century" he said, "has been called Canada's; the first decade of it is about to end; and I, as a man of the past decade, wish to speak to you, men of the coming decade, concerning matters it is well for you to know." He then pointed out the needs of the approaching years: as the country developed, he said, there would be demand for another transcontinental railway, for more and longer canals, and for improved means of communication and freightage; there would be more and greater problems to be solved by more and greater men; there would be the necessity of nationalizing the vast masses of heterogeneous people surging in upon us; there would be required improved systems of technical and of higher education; these tasks and many others were to be performed during the coming decade, and the responsibility as to whether they were performed well or ill lay with the men, and more especially the university men, of that decade. For the university was a dynamo, producing heat, light, and power; and should it fail, the nation's life would be at an end.

Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, in a speech both witty and strong, proposed "Canada's Public Men," which was responded to by Hon. W. J. Hanna. Mr. Hanna began by referring to the need of practical knowledge in the university man, whether he enter law, medicine, or any other profession. "In a law office, for example," he said, "beginners are required to dust desks and copy letters; and the man who copies those letters best, be he graduate or not, is the man who will get the increase in salary." He then emphasized the demand of the future for men fitted to hold positions of public trust and duty. And it was to the universities, he said, that Canada would look for such men; and upon those institutions the responsibility for producing them rested.

"The Ladies" were humorously toasted by Mr. J. A. Moe, '10, and in reply, Miss E. W. Dengate, '10, Vice-President of the Society, spoke in a manner that was an unconscious refutation of the arguments of those opposing co-education. Mr. T. M. Dad-

son, M.A., B.Th., with his characteristic intermixture of earnestness and quiet wit, proposed "Alma Mater," and in response, Prof. Gilmour spoke of the progress of the University, both that which had been and which was to be. During the evening vocal solos were given by Mr. E. T. Newton, '11, and Miss May Bagshaw. Before the gathering broke up a flashlight photograph was taken.

MEN OF THE HOUR. No. 3.

President of the Athletic Association.

There are reasons, other than alphabetic, for giving athletics a conspicuous place in any catalogue of the various interests of student life. The enthusiasm and co-operation which are so manifest in our athletic life are ample proof of the place given to sport. The class of men who have been chosen as presidents of the Society from year to year attests the fact that the Association stands for clean, wholesome sport. Mr. Firstbrook, who now holds this office, has been intimately connected with both the theoretical and practical side of athletics since commencing his university course, and has done perhaps as much for field sports as any one man could do. For an athletic organization to have at its head one who can himself excel in football and hockey, and who, moreover, can see not only the needs of the Society but some good means for their realization—in short, a practical man among men—is a guarantee of its progress and development. Few men could have better fulfilled these conditions than the subject of this sketch. To play on the rugby team, to captain the hockey team, and to discharge the functions of President of the Society make heavy demands on a man who must on many occasions sacrifice his interests to those of the School.

But Mr. Firstbrook's abilities are not alone confined to this sphere. His reputation as an after-dinner speaker is by no means slight, and as a gentleman he stands high in the estimation of his fellows. In addition to these characteristics, there are many of like nature which might be mentioned were it not for the fact that so modest a gentleman would blush to see in print facts which are usually held in abeyance until a man's decease.

Literary Society Representatives.—Out Literary Society had the pleasure of being host at its Annual Banquet to representatives from Knox College, Trinity College, Victoria, Wycliffe, Ontario Agricultural College, Woodstock College, Toronto University Medical Society and Engineers' Society.

In return we were privileged to send members of the McMaster Literary Society to represent our University at the different annual social functions of these institutions. Mr. H. F. Veals, '10, represented us at Knox College Conversazione; Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, at Victoria; Mr. O. E. Rutledge, B.A., at Wycliffe; our High Kakiak, Mr. E. E. Sayles, '10, spent an enjoyable evening with the girls at the Ontario Ladies' College at Whitby; Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, represented us at the Ontario Agricultural College at Guelph; Mr. W. E. Hodgson went down to the Woodstock College soirée.

We also sent our President, Mr. R. C. Crowe, to the first Arts Society Dinner at Queen's University ,where he was royally entertained by the Queen's students. All our representatives reported spending very pleasureable evenings as the guests of these societies.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

Editor: Gladys D. Jackson, '11.

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."

N early March the growing year cuts but a sorry figure. Large of limb, and "gawky" as a maiden in her young teens, hair either sleek or straggly in the drizzling sleet and wind, she seems to be but walking the hyphen between winter and the gay springtime. Harsh and discordant are the tones of her voice as she races boisterously through the clattering streets, for by this time her snowy "hush cloth" is wellnigh threadbare. But alas for her clothing! Mother Nature is taking her own time with the finery for her glorious debut, and meanwhile the poor child has ridiculously out-grown the soft white garments of her infancy, which are of a muggy hue, and sadly "out at elbow." A sorry figure, indeed.

And yet—— Had a fairy charmed the landscape, or was it but the low, sweet voice of the woman in the next seat that seemed

to send a radiant smile over its homely features, and transform it? She had only requested a transfer from the conductor, but her voice was so low, so pleasant, and so musical, that when she spoke—and smiled—into that uncouth day there swept a ray of April sunshine, all the music of far-off song-birds, and the breath of morning violets.

Girls, let us try to cultivate a low, gentle tone of voice. It will be worth our while.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

"Frailty, thy name is woman."

"As You Like It," they assured her,
" Aura Lee, or What You Will;"
But the sequel promptly cured her,
When the Tempest waxed still,
From the calm a voice was heard,
Declaring that her hopes were blurr'd.

A Comedy of Errors, true,
She had to laugh when it was o'er;
But then she wept—what could she do?—
For underneath, her heart was sore,
Though ice at Little Vic was fine,
And had the charm of Auld Lang Syne.

Measure for Measure she was giv'n;
Then said she to her heart: " 'Tis you
That have been rather sorely driv'n,
And maybe you deserved it, too."
The ice was smooth as Aura Lee,
But how forget " R.S.V.P.?"

What shall we call our Winter's Tale?
We well may take the choice of two:
If "All Is Well That Ends Well" fail,
We'll try "The Taming of the Shrew."

—DIBI.

Y.W.C.A.—During the past month, members of the Y.W.C.A. have felt an awakening of interest in life in its truest, best sense, in its problems, and its outlook. The result has been a larger attendance at the meetings, and the prevalence of a different spirit among the girls towards the work and its aims. This has been caused by the earnest talks of several visitors whom it has been considered an honor to have with us. The first of these was Miss Taft, a traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. The girls were completely won by her charm and earnestness as she spoke of the call for a consecrated life, and

the necessity of prayer, Bible study, and service. On February 9th Miss Priest spoke, comparing the Christian life to a walk in agreement with the Master of Life. Miss Anderson and Miss Little gave short addresses on the 16th on Y.W.C.A. work in India, and Miss McDonald's work in Japan. At the regular Mission Study Classes on the 23rd, an avenue for work at home was opened in the form of an appeal for help for a Roumanian family whom, being destitute owing to the father's death, friends are trying to send back to their native land.

Our Social Whirl.—On Friday, February 18th, the members of the W.L.S. and the Y.W.C.A. were "at home" to their many city friends, and the joint event was perhaps the most successful in the history of either society. The fact that pink teas and rosebud parties are not specifically mentioned in the university curriculum is surely the result of an oversight on the part of "the powers that be," for what is more inherent in a girl's nature than the love of arraying herself in all her Sunday afternoon glory to be entertained by entertaining, unless it be the utter fascination of preparing dainties, unappreciated, strangely enough, by the gods (to their perverted tastes, as "caviare to the general"!) but fit for any goddess whoever deigned to tread the earth?

The two real mistresses of ceremonies were Miss Laura Craig and Miss Etta Pugsley, the Presidents of the two societies, but what a host of hostesses! and what a lesson in mental arithmetic to figure out just when, and where, and how often they had been introduced to the different guests!

"I am not a bit at home at an At Home" sighed a freshette, squirming to escape the fourth introduction to a lady she had known since childhood. A mere novice from the corridors might wonder how such a constantly reiterated "How do you do?" could refrain from inadvertently sliding into a feeble "Ho' d' do?" on the principle of ease, but no such falling off has been placed on record.

The programme was delightful. A piano solo by Miss McKay, and two vocal selections by Mrs. Pickard were highly appreciated by all, as was also a clever reading by Mrs. Fenton Arnton.

Presently the merry clang of a bell in the hall, followed immediately by the "loud tramp of noisy feet, and the busy murmur of expectant voices" reminded all that the hour for supper had arrived, and the thought was sufficient to worry the hostess of a much more limited company. But the college spirits rose nobly to the occasion, and the guests were pressed to remain, for was it not the essence of inhospitality to send them all empty away?

"If you will just step into the other room, we can surely find *something* for you." The supply of "something," as it happened, proved equal to the demand, for some certain members of the executive had that very day been lucky enough to lay in a stock of provisions for just such an emergency as this. Following the departure of the last guest (may we tell?—No, of course there is nothing to be ashamed of!) several hungry mortals gathered very informally about an exquisitely-decorated table and partook of—ahem!—a slight repast.

A MODERN CASABIANCA.

The boy stood by the bun-feed wreck,
  Where all but he had fed,
And left him not a single speck
  Of anything save bread.

His brother called, he would not go.
  "This staff of life forsake?
If I remain a while, I know
  I'll run across some cake."

The moon alone shone round about,
  And no one was beside,
Full stealthily he prowled about,
  Until at length he cried:

"Fee! Fie! Fo! Fum! My heart's unmann'd
  When near these pigeon-holes.
What find I here?—some olives, and
  Nice little cakes from Coles'.

Those dear, sweet juniors set them by
  Against to-morrow's luncheon;
But then they would be very dry,
  They'd scarce be worth the munchin'."

The olives coaxed his appetite.
  "This fishing in the dark,"
He said, "at this dead hour of night
  For olives is"—but hark!

What noise was that? He swallowed quick
  And mak'ed for the door,
And O his craven heart was sick
  As up those stairs he tore.

Next day, he grinn'd an elfish grin.
  What cared he for their groans?
Two things got left (it was a sin),
The Juniors, *and the stones!*

McMaster Hall, Feb. 16th, 1910.

Dear Mummy:—I have learned my lesson, or have I really learned that any better than anything else? Perhaps I have only had a peek at the frontispiece. Gracious me, if I knew as much to-day as I was absolutely certain of a year ago, I could separate the germs from the Toronto drinking water without boiling, or even make a ladies' residence at McMaster sprout up like a young mushroom. Getting educated is something like that old jelly-bag of ours with the hole in the bottom. I guess it felt pretty decent in the winter lying down underneath the dish-towels in the drawer, but when we took it out and began pouring crab-apple juice into it, I bet its conceit made for the nearest tree pretty quick. And the more we poured in, the crazier it looked and the more disgusted it must have been with itself. Wherever does the learning go to that we get poured into us every day in the week and twice on Sundays! Goodness me, if this awful "gone" feeling keeps on for the next three years I'll be graduating into the kindergarten.

But that ladies' residence! Mummy, do you know I've been flipped about from one boarding-house to another till I feel like a piece of badly-made jumble-cake. I think I could stand any amount of hot and cold without turning into a icicle or melting away into a hot springs, and I could eat—goodness gracious, if I should tell you all the things my digestion has got accustomed to since Christmas you would send me a big box of doughnuts and mince pies on the very next freight car that gets shunted into Greenton.

And mustard pickles. I have to sleep all by my lonesome where I am now, because the old maid that owns the place says "if thar wuz two of yez ye would raise the roof," which would be the only way she'd have of knowing about our noise, because she's deaf and has a glass eye. And powders her face. I've got to sleep way up on the top crust and a person might catch their death of cold going up those drafty stairs. (Never mind sending any cough-mixture; I've got three bottles yet.)

Just think what a dandy place we'd have to entertain our friends. I am supposed to have the use of the parlor or "settin'-room" here; I really am. But wait till I tell you. The other night when we came in I opened the door, and what do you suppose I saw? That widower from next door, sunken on one knee before Miss Pickabody, with his loving gaze focussed on the eye next the glass one. (I thought he was sick in bed with the grip.) "What is that? What did you say?" she was asking him, awfully excited.

No place for us. We tried the dining-room and finally the kitchen, but that pleading voice wheezed through every crack and keyhole until I had to go and disgrace myself laughing. The wedding is next week. Hurrah for another boarding place.

Love to all. EMERALDE.

P.S.—As Shakespeare says: "We know where we are, but we know not where we shall be." EMERALDE.

ATHLETICS.

EDITOR: F. W. WATERS, '11.

"Great things thro' greatest hazards are achieved
And then they shine."

E have now reached the last course on this year's bill of fare. Field Day, intercollegiate rugby, inter-year rugby and intercollegiate hockey have each contributed their share towards satisfying our athletic appetites, and now we are being fed on inter-year hockey as entremets. We have also a few words to say in this issue concerning the dessert course that was served up for us this year, but not much. Inter-year hockey has aroused interest this season as keen as in previous years. The results of the inter-year rugby left the standings of the various years in points towards the Matthews' Cup such that the winners of the Cup will not be determined until the hockey series is finished. Three teams are yet in the running for first place, the teams of 'Ten, 'Thirteen, Theology. 'Ten is scheduled to meet Theology next and the winner will play off with the Freshmen. Three teams will then be left in line for second place. Our final course certainly promises to be well assorted.

MCMASTER I., 0; TRINITY I., 0—

"He which hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart."

Neither team was able to score in the return game that McMaster played with Trinity on February 1. However, Mc-

Master wins the group from Trinity, having defeated them on January 25 by a score of 4—2; and so will play home-and-home games with Varsity II. for first place in the western district of the intermediate intercollegiate series. In the game on January 25 the class of hockey played in the second half was a decided improvement upon that played in the first half; but not so on February 1. It grew worse as the game proceeded; and the spectators were treated to many of the old-time shinny stunts. Both goal tenders, McGregor for McMaster and Lunan for Trinity, played about the only real hockey on the ice. They made many brilliant stops when it came their turn to be bombarded, for each team seemed to bombard its opponents goal quite regularly in turn. Only once was either net broken; and then the referee decided that it could not be allowed for the reason that one of the players on one of the contesting teams—McMaster's, by the way—did intentionally, and when apparently in his right mind, take the puck with which the said contesting teams were playing and deliberately throw it into the net of the opposing team. However, nothwithstanding the "tightness" of the game, both teams were able to come off the ice unaided.

VARSITY II. VS. MCMASTER I.—

"They never fail who die in a great cause."

Once again we have come to grief on the same old rock. It was a terrific smash that we experienced this year; and it was almost miraculous that our crew escaped with their lives from such a wreck as our hockey ship was. In both home-and-home games at Mutual Street Rink, on Feb. 10 and Feb. 16, our first team was beaten by Varsity II., by the scores, respectively, of 9—2 and 8—0. Varsity thus wins the western district of the intermediate intercollegiate series and will play home-and-home games with R. M. C. for the championship. Our boys worked hard from start to finish in both games, but Varsity outclassed them at almost every stage of the game. Their men were heavier and faster, and their combination work was excellent. In the first game Silcox twice made a splendid rush and scored; but in the second game he was watched closely and got no chance to get away. Our forward line put in many good shots; but Parker, who played in goal for Varsity, was always in the way of them. Hal had a much more difficult problem to face in our goal and only his excellent work saved the score from being much larger in Varsity's favor. McMaster line-up: Goal, McGregor; point,

Silcox; cover, McKay; rover, Firstbrook (Capt.); right, Haydon; centre, Ryrie; left, Iveson.

INTER-YEAR HOCKEY—'THIRTEEN VS. 'TWELVE.—

"We must have bloody noses and cracked crowns."

The Sophs. and Freshmen came up against each other in the first inter-year game of the season at Mutual Street Rink on February 22. The game finished with the score a tie, 1—1; but despite that fact was slow and uninteresting. 'Twelve's defence saved the day for the Sophs., Wilkins playing a great game in goal. Both goals were scored by the point men, Silcox and McCrimmon, on long rushes.

The tie was played off on Victoria Rink on February 25, and was broken by the Freshmen. Both teams played a strenuous game from start to finish. So excited did one section of the rooters become at one time that the fence, unable to bear the extra strain, gave way, hurling certain of the Freshmen on the ice so heavily that another rink had to be secured on which to finish the game. The Freshmen forward line worked together well and succeeded in getting past 'Twelve's defence for a score four times. The Sophs. overcame "Samson" but twice. 'Thirteen line-up: Goal, Goodfellow (1st game), Cook (2nd game); point, B. McCrimmon; cover, McEnteer; rover, Ryrie; centre, Postill; right, Cline (Capt.); left, Matthews. 'Twelve line-up: Goal, Wilkins (Capt.); point, Silcox; cover, Brown; rover, Graham; centre, Howes; right, McGregor; left, Campbell (1st game), Ronson (2nd game).

'TEN VS. 'ELEVEN.—

"What though the field be lost? All is not lost."

On February 24, in a fast and exciting game of hockey at Mutual Street Rink, the Seniors won from the Juniors by the narrow margin of nine goals. The game was instructive as well as interesting, many new and tricky plays being cleverly worked out. From the moment that the puck was faced until the referee called time, the interest of the spectators was kept at a high pitch—not, however, as to who should win. Suffice it to say that McMaster's confectionery department was kept busy filling orders for a number of days after the game. The final score was 10—1. 'Ten line-up: Goal, McGregor (Capt.); point, Robertson; cover, Firstbrook; rover, Iveson; right, Curtis; centre, McKay; left, Sayles. 'Eleven line-up: Goal, Bracken; point, E. Gray;

cover, Wilson; rover, L. McCrimmon (Capt.); right, Price; centre, Dodge; left, Waters.

The Editor of the Athletic Department,
McMaster University Monthly.

Dear Sir:—The nature of your heading cannot be said to smile upon contributions from the more or less fair occupants of the front lecture-seats. Notwithstanding this fact, I take the liberty of submitting to you this poor, bedraggled poem, with the hope that it may find a refuge in the shelter of your honorable department:

EPITAPH.

Our Pride and Dignity are dead.
Lay them in a coffin;
Don't have such a splendid chance
For a funeral often.

Dig a grave beside our Hopes,
Daisies at the head,
At the foot a sweet bouquet
From Ibid's flower-bed.

We pray the comforts of the sod
May cause them due elation;
At Little Vic. they seldom had
Such good accommodation.

Alas! they might be living still,
(As one of late hath noted),
If we had joined th' Athletic Club
Before we ever voted.

—Bidi.

OUR GRADUATES.

EDITOR: K. A. CLARK, '10.

THE "First Report of the Colorado Geological Survey," recently added to the library, brings to our notice the success of one of our earlier graduates, Mr. R. D. George, B.A., '97, M.A., '98, who is now Director of the State Geological Survey of Colorado and head of the Department of Geology in the University of Colorado. This report is a very creditable piece of work, containing two hundred and fifty pages and numerous maps and illustrations. It gives a historical sketch of the State Survey and a number of technical papers on the Geology and Mineralogy of Colorado, among them one by the Director of the Tungsten area of Boulder County. This volume reflects the more credit upon Prof. George, for not only has the organization of the State Geological Survey fallen upon him but it was largely through his efforts that the State Assembly has been induced to grant to the Survey an appropriation of $10,000 a year. Prof. George was in Toronto some time ago and favored us with a visit.

MISS MURIEL FARMER, '09, who after graduation was for some time in New York studying with the view of being a nurse, is now at the Toronto General Hospital, engaged in further preparatory work.

A. W. ROSS, '07, is in Vancouver, teaching in a High School.

J. F. INGRAM, '99, of the Baptist Mission in northeastern Burma, has forwarded to Chancellor McKay the skin of a leopard which he shot within his own compound. The skin will be dressed and placed on the floor of the Chancellor's office.

B. R. SIMPSON, '99, has been, for the last year and a half, a member of the faculty of the Brooklyn Training School for Teachers, his special department being Psychology. During the past summer Mr. Simpson married, his wife being formerly Miss Geary, of Niagara Falls.

MISS GRACE L. STONE, '06, is now teaching modern languages at Welland High School. Miss Stone was formerly one of the

teaching staff of Moulton College but resigned her position there and has been with the Welland High School since the commencement of the present term.

Rev. D. Reddick, B.Th., '92, who has been at the High Park Sanitarium for a number of weeks, has returned to Boston, Ont.

Rev. L. Brown, '96, who for six years has been pastor of Trinity Church, Cleveland, has accepted the call to the First Church, South Bend, Ind.

Rev. A. S. Cross, '99, formerly of Caledonia, who spent some months at Chicago University, returned to Ontario a few weeks ago. Mr. Cross has taken the Principalship of Trenton High School until midsummer, when he expects to settle with some church requiring a pastor.

W. D. Whan, '06, has been ordained to the work of the ministry at Aurora, Ill.

Geo. E. Tomkinson, '05, assistant pastor of First Church, Lowell, Mass., has resigned to accept the call of the church in Southbridge, Mass.

Rev. M. C. McLean, '98, of Ingersoll, has been heartily called to the pastorate of Ossington Ave. Church, Toronto, made vacant by the resignation of Rev. W. J. Scott.

W. Daniels, '98, Representative of Western Missions, was in Toronto a few weeks ago and preached at Walmer Road Baptist Church, presenting the cause of our Western missions.

W. A. Cameron, '06, of Bloor Street Baptist Church, has been in St. John, N.B., for the last several weeks, engaged in evangelistic work.

Rev. W. E. Boggs, B.Th., '90, is a missionary of the American Baptist Missionary Union and is located at Narsaravupett, India. *The Canadian Baptist* recently published a communication from Mr. Boggs in which he gave an account of the Annual Conference of the American Baptist Telugu Mission.

MOULTON COLLEGE.

EDITOR: EDITH ELLIOTT.

THE regular meeting of the Heliconian Society, on the evening of Friday, February the eighteenth, was of unusual interest. A debate between the Third and Fourth Years formed part of the programme, the subject being: "Resolved, That change of fashion in woman's dress is undesirable." The affirmative was upheld by the Third Year, the negative by the Fourth. Many arguments were advanced by both sides, the decision being finally given in favor of the affirmative.

IN the weekly prayer meetings lately we have been studying "Lessons from the Women of the Bible." So far papers have been read on the lives of Ruth, the Little Syrian Maid, and Esther, and the series promises to be most interesting.

IT looked very much like a spring millinery opening as the drawing rooms filled with bright-colored hats of every description presented a very gay appearance. But in reality it was the Second Year party and the girls, so busily engaged in making the hats of tissue paper, succeeded in producing some very elaborate creations. Then millinery gave place to games, in playing which the rest of the evening was spent most enjoyably.

ANOTHER important event, it fact it was thought by some to be the *most* important event of the season, took place on Friday evening the twenty-fifth when the Faculty gave a skating party for the Third and Fourth Years. About seventy guests were present and with the splendid ice and beautiful weather could not help being merry, especially when the witching melody from the street piano floated through the clear night air. It was with much regret that we saw our musicians finally depart and ourselves left the moonlit sheet of ice.

Here and There.

EDITOR: CALEB HARRIS, '09.

'Tis pleasant through the loopholes of retreat
To peep at such a world.

IF a magazine be closed our first impression of it is received from the cover. Usually first impressions are most lasting; consequently the reader is prejudiced, before opening, against what may be, and indeed what very often is, a worthy journal. John Lyly truly said that "a fair exterior is often deceitful, and that in the greenest grasse is ye greatest serpent and that the ostrich carieth faire feathers but rank flesh." Although this is no doubt true, it is also a fact that, however well edited a magazine may be, many of the covers are sufficient to prejudice any artistically inclined reader regarding the merits of the publication.

A number of colleges have taken this into account and have sought to be an example to sister institutions in this respect. Without attempting to place them in their order of merit, we would say that the following present the best external appearance: *The Middlebury Campus, O. A. C. Review, Queen's University Journal, The McGill Martlet, The Collegian, The Acta Victoriana* and *The Trinity Review.*

'Twas in a restaurant they met,
One Romeo and Juliet:
'Twas then he first fell into debt
For Romeo'd what Juliet.—*Ex.*

THE following lines, which appeared in the *Manitoba College Journal*, contain some good advice in a general way for all college students, and, besides, we would place in quotation marks two portions that require special emphasis: Help your year along. When the Rep. calls a class meeting, don't sneak off to the rink with a freshette. If he calls for aid, back him up. "Possibly the girl you condescend to take has been praying for better things." Don't chuck the Athletic Dinner; without it your college could not hold the football cup. Be decent to the freshies —they too are human, and "next term will be in your year if

you don't get to work." So wake up, show dad you carry some of the family grit. Above all, be a man.

INFATUATED youth (standing on a young lady's dress)—"We're having a ripping good time, aren't we?"—*Middlebury Campus.*

THE local conditions as expressed by the *Manitoba College Journal* in the following lines are undoubtedly capable of universal application. The advantages arising from the establishment of such a parlor would also be universal:

A UTOPIAN PARLOR.

'Toba has a parlor cold
Where ladies congregate,
Whose voices shrill are never still;
You hear them soon and late.
* * * * * * *
Oh! for the dear Utopian days,
When all our dreams come true.
* * * * * * *
There will be no hats upon the chairs,
No muffs upon the floor
We'll have a 'phone all, all our own
And wait on boys no more.

SPEAKING of presence of mind, it is related that not long ago Judge Rodger fell down one of Eaton's stairs, and exclaimed: "Help! I've broken my leg!" Whereupon the floor walker instantly replied: "Cork legs, second floor, on the right!"—*Hya Yaka.*

THE *Notre Dame Scholastic*, in its lengthy article "To Tinhorn Critics," comes perilously near to the class it attempts to call to task. It, at least in this article, justifies the accusation made against it of using its space to give vent to its spleen and at the same time damn with too faint praise other magazines of genuine merit.

IDEALS AFTER.

A girl's ideal at seventeen
Must have fine eyes;
Likewise a bold and striking mien,
And faultless ties.
But later on her fancies roam
To one who'll bring his wages home.

A man's ideal at seventeen
Must be a sprite;
A dainty, fluffy, elfin queen
Of sheer delight.
But later on he sort of feels
He wants a girl who can cook meals.

—*O. A. C. Review.*

Among the sixteen grists that come from the "Philosopher's Millstones" of the *College Index* two at least were worth the grinding:

A rolling stone gathers no moss. Who wants to be a moss-back?

Beauty is only skin deep—sometimes not even that.

EVENING IN MARCH.

Far-lying leas where grows the wild night wind.
Dun, sodden earth beneath a starless sky.
Chill gusts of rain that drown relentlessly
The few dim lights along the distant town;
And then the sunless, dreary day goes down,
And oh, the long night waste that lies behind!

—*Albert Bigelow Paine, in Scribner's Magazine.*

A SONG.

Sing me then some simple lay
Of a sunny, far-off land,
And a vine-clad, grassy slope,
Sing me—ah! you understand!

Though the rain drops patter down,
Though the city's grey, unkind,
Sing me songs of southern loves
Whispered to the summer wind.

Sing to me of long-dead hopes,
Joy and sorrow once I dreamed,
Sing me half-forgotten youth,
Where the sunlight ever gleamed.

Though the sea be tempest-tossed,
Though the sail be tempest-rent,
Though the harbour lights be out,
Sing me of a calm content.

—*Pais in Glasgow University Magazine.*

Fresh Freshman—"Do you know what the leopard said to the lion when he saw Roosevelt coming through the jungle?"

Soph—"Nup."

F. F.—"Beat it! I'm spotted already."—Ex.

THE TERRORS OF ENGLISH.

If an S and an I, and an O and a U
With an X at the end spell Su,
And an E and a Y and an E spell I,
Pray what is a speller to do?

Then if also an S and an I and a G
And a H, E, D, spell side,
There 's nothing much left for a speller to do
But go commit sionxeyesighed.

—*R. Rochester in "Success."*

First Boy—"Your father must be an awful mean man. Him a shoemaker, and makin' you wear them old boots."

Second Boy—"He's nothing to what your father is. Him a dentist and your baby only got one tooth."—*Hya Yaka.*

THE PATH OF HOPE.

"Build on resolve, and not upon regret,
The structure of thy future; do not grope
Among the shadows of old sin, but let
Thine own soul's light shine on the path of hope
And dissipate the darkness. Waste no tears
Upon the blotted record of past years,
But turn the leaf and smile, oh, smile to see
The fair white pages that remain to thee."

—*Rev. John A. Simpson in East and West.*

We beg to acknowledge the receipt of the following: *East and West, Varsity, Notre Dame Scholastic, Queen's Journal, Manitoba College Journal, Colgate Madisonensis, Glasgow University Magazine, Trinity University Review, McGill Martlet, St. Andrew's College Review, Middlebury Campus, University of Ottawa Review, Acta Victoriana, T. C. D., Western University Gazette, Lux Columbiana, Philomathean Monthly, Hya Yaka, Athenæum, Acadia Athenaeum, Oxford Magazine, Vox Collegii, St. Margaret's Chronicle, The Collegian, Viatorian, O. A. C. Review, College Index.*

MORS IMMATURA.

Let fall thy sickle; leave thy sheaf unbound!
While it is day
Come thou away,
Nor heed the scythed corn scattered on the ground.

Question thou not, but follow: time unspent,
Task unsustained!
So God ordained;
Death bears His uninterpret ordainment.

—*C.W.G. in the Oxford Magazine.*

"Accustom yourselves to the habit of weighing carefully all you read or hear. Learn to sift the chaff from the grain. Only in proportion as you digest and assimilate to your own thoughts what you read do you acquire genuine knowledge. Out of the world's thousand ideas make a single one your own and I assure you that you will have made more intellectual progress than if you were able to repeat Milton or Homer from memory."

Some time ago we clipped the few sentences quoted above from a copy of *The Viatorian.* We think that with such a text we could preach a little educational sermon. There is a great tendency in these times to spread our energies over too great a field. We refuse to recognize that there are limits to the amount of work that can be done profitably in a given time. The characteristic of this age is specialization. Some students seem to be so seized of this idea that they make it their endeavor to become, in the four short years of their course, specialists in every subject on the curriculum. As a result they scatter their energies to such an extent that they are specialists in nothing. A determined and thoughtful study of a few subjects undoubtedly develops greater power of strong, independent thought than does the dissipation of one's energies in many different directions.

"THERE'S A BIRD-NOTE IN MY SONG."

Philomel at close of day
Sweetly tells her true-love tale.
Starlings sing not, what do they?
Strut and chatter, talk and rail.
Little garden owls repeat
To the moon their wood-notes sweet.

But the thrush with speckled breast
Sings each song a second time.
Lesser verse suits others best.
Only thrushes speak in rhyme.
Starlings, as the whole world knows,
Outcast starlings, speak in prose.

—*K. H., in Oxford Magazine*

How wonderful is the influence of the gentle members of the fair sex! We repeat the following story to illustrate our point. John came home rather late one night. He came in very quietly —he did not wish to disturb his wife's rest! But in spite of all his care her sleep was broken, and in a moment she called over the bannister above, "John, what time is it?" "Twelve o'clock," said John. Just then the clock in the hall cuckooed three times and poor John was compelled to take up the strain and cuckoo

nine times more as best he could. Truly, the influence of a woman is wonderful!

WANTED: A BOOK OF TRAVELS.

Oh, who shall write the voyages down
Where dragon-flies set sail and drown?
Who knows the rigging of the craft
Where fare the fat moths, drunk and daft?
Oh, come, historian of the sky!
Name us the navies of the fly.
And trace the pathways up the blue
Where prayers arise, where Ariel flew,
Which Shelley's sun-wooed skylark knew;
Show us the canvas, gossamer-thin,
Which wafts the dream-boat, Might Have Been—
Fathom the leagues of ether-sea,
And write the Odyssey of a bee!

—*Frederic Lawrence Knowles in On Life's Stairway.*

If college bred means four years' loaf,
(Some people say 'tis so),
Ah, tell me where the flour is found
By one who needs the dough?

—Ex.

The McMaster University Monthly Publication Board, 1909-10

Top Row—V. E. Gray, '11, Reporter; L. W. Smith, '12, Reporter; F. W. Waters, '11, Athletics; Prof. J. G. Matthews, Consulting Editor; W. G. Ramage, '11, Advertising Dept.; K. A. Clark, 10, Our Graduates; W. C. Ronson, '10, Reporter

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Third Row—P. N. McGregor, '12, Subscription Dept.; H. H. McGregor, '10, Around the Hall; F. H. Jeffery, '11, Reporter

The
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THE LURE OF SPRING.

All the long winter through it lay unknown,
Buried 'neath wrinkled leaves and grasses sere;
And of the busy world that bustled near
No eye could tell the seed had e'er been sown.
Shrinking from blasts it crouched, afraid, alone,
As some spurned beggar hides himself in fear,
Till Spring's warm finger touched the wretched bier,
When lo! men marvelled at the flower full-blown.

E'en so, amid the ruined stalks of life,
The worthless, wind-tossed wreckage of the years,
With pain forspent, with sin and sorrow rife,
Some noble soul may crouch in shame and tears,
Till God's warm love-call finds him through the strife,
When lo! the human flower full-orbed appears.

A. Eustace Haydon, M.A., '07.

DAS SCHICKSAL.

"That Fate was law since the world was made,
That it shall be law till the end of all."
—*George Frederick Cameron.*

Third Prize—Undergraduate Competition.

THE West is a hard place; it gives, but it takes away so relentlessly. People that come from the Old Country won't believe this. To them it's a wide, wonderful place, where you own acres of land, for the mere living on them, and where you can shoot a partridge on anyone's land and not be called a poacher. The Church can't tax your land or take your first-fruits, and if you keep your boy home from school to hoe potatoes no truant officer comes to ask the reason why. These people don't know that there's a demon in Saskatchewan called Hail, that beats down cherished crops; an early frost that blights erect, green ears on the very eve of ripening. They don't know that every time a well is dug some woman endures a day's suspense lest the cribbing cave in or the mine-damp choke the digger. A man's life is of no more account than crops or cattle.

Dan Baird didn't know any of these things. He was a Welshman, twenty-eight years old, homely and (unlike most of his Celtic brethren) phlegmatic. There was nothing interesting about Dan. No one noticed his awkward ways or plain face. But this didn't worry him. He came to this Western land of promise alone in early April, booked for Saskatoon via Halifax. He had no particular object in choosing Saskatoon, except that this was the destination of many of the second-class passengers who crossed the Atlantic with him. The detached social life on board ship appealed to Dan in a remote way, not as partaker but onlooker. He liked to watch the laughing couples on the promenade deck, and the concerts given by the passengers at

night made his broad mouth expand into a smile and the ugly lines around his lips deepen.

Saskatoon is charmingly situated on the South Saskatchewan. There are sloping driveways on both sides of the river, bordered with white poplars and birches, and on top of the hill are homes of wealth and Eastern affluence. But why should all this interest Dan Baird? As long as the journey lay between him and his future he could enjoy the present with mild security, but now he and the future were at close range. He was lucky, however. He heard of a farmer, thirteen miles out of town, who wanted a hired man. A neighbor offered to drive him out, but his box had not come and he wanted to wait till the next day's train to see if it was safe. So the neighbor said he would tell Scott to expect him. As there was no trace of his box next day, he set out to walk along the beautiful Saskatoon trail, leading to Scott's farm.

Scott was an Englishman and superior (by which I mean condescending). He was nearing forty, good-looking, and married to a girl-wife for whom he cared nothing. He could play the tyrant with good effect, for she was abjectly devoted to him. He had not thought it worth while to meet Baird or tell anyone else to look out for him, though it was a thirteen-mile walk. The young Welshman is tired with the long walk in the bad spring roads, and glad to find, on inquiring at the first shack he comes to, that Scott's is the next along the trail.

All this has been a long preliminary, but we have now succeeded in getting Baird to Scott's homestead, where occurred the one event of his life of any dramatic significance. But here we must stop again to tell you that Scott's shack is the most beautifully situated in Saskatchewan. It is approached by a north and an east trail, both of which drop upon it with insulting suddenness. On the west is a steep slope to a stony ravine. The door of the humble little place opens to the south, at the base of a high bluff—in summer for smoothness and greenness like an emerald.

Baird approached this house in the valley by the north trail. In response to his knock there was a decisive movement inside and Scott opened the door. He held out his hand and drew Dan in.

"You found your way all right?"

"Oh, yes; it's a long walk."

Both men were laconic. The one was brusque and self-possessed, the other tired and never did have much to say.

"Jennie, you'd better get some supper ready. Warm up some of that soup there was left. You can take your bag into the bedroom and come and sit by the heater. You must have had a cold walk."

Scott seemed half-ashamed of his attentions, yet conscious of some duties he owed a stranger. The meagre hospitality he had to offer did not in the least detract from the regal way he dispensed it. No one would have imagined from his manner that he was the maddest, gayest company at the schoolhouse dances, or the one brilliant talker at the Sunday dinner table when company came in after church. Perhaps just now he was seeing if the new hired man knew how to act.

Dan sat down beside the stove and awkwardly rubbed his hands. "Keeps cold pretty late," he ventured timidly.

"Yes," said Scott drily, and returned to the *Winnipeg Free Press*. It is to be feared the hired man was disappointing.

There was silence broken only by the clatter of dishes.

"Your supper is ready," said the little woman. "Will you set in?"

"Thanks," said Dan, and sat down with relish to the good supper farmers' wives know how to prepare.

"Do you take milk and sugar in your tea?" Presiding with dignity at the tea-table was not one of her accomplishments, and she fumbled as she put the spoon in his saucer.

"Yes, please," said Dan.

"When you've finished your supper we'll go out and do the chores," said Scott, and Dan looked up with some interest in his duties. He finished his meal noisily and shoved the chair under the oilcloth-covered deal table.

"You can make up the stretcher by the heater for to-night," said Scott to his wife as the two men passed out.

The sod barn was on the slope to the ravine. Seven beautiful horses stood in the stalls. Dan stroked their noses delightedly and talked intelligent nonsense only a horse understands.

"Now, if you'll hand me that pitch-fork, I'll show you where the straw and oats and green feed is." So they went out again into the spring evening. "While I put the bedding in for the horses, will you milk Men?" (The old cow rejoiced in the name of Mennonite, but Scott didn't bother explaining; this fellow had no sense of humor.) "I suppose you can milk?"

"Oh, yes," he replied, and fell to the task with finesse.

As they entered the house again Scott spoke to his tired young wife, who was busy folding and damping clothes—"Good pail full from Men to-night. Where's your strainer? Is the kid asleep?"

"Yes, he cried himself to sleep—I hadn't time to pick him up."

"Huh—it'll do him good anyway."

Dan hung up his hat and sat down again by the stove. Scott turned toward him. "We turn in early here. When it gets warm you can make yourself a bed in the granary. I'll have my wife leave this stretcher in the kitchen for you for now."

All of this was unhomelike and unlovely, but not depressing to Dan. To be only the hired man had no terrors for him. There's a magic white light goes on before us—hope, a sweet, alluring thing. For Dan this had never been extinguished. In Wales he had left an old father who had spent his life in keeping sheep at the foot of Snowdon. He was old now and in debt. He was the Mecca of his son's thoughts. He thought of him now as he sat by the fire. "I will make money. I'll learn how they farm out here, then I'll live on my own place and have my own crop." The lust of possession made his dull gray eyes light up. The thought of keeping the old shepherd lifted his mood into exaltation. He little knew how few that come out ever return.

Before nine the lamp was blown out and the little shack was in darkness. Coyotes were yapping in the ravine and the collie in the yard was weirdly imitating them.

* * * * * *

Scott's hired man failed to become a personage in the district. This wasn't because of his position, such things don't count in the West if you can make good in spite of them—but because he

didn't possess any easy give-and-take qualities, which are coin most current in a new country.

Time passed. On Sundays he went to church. This had become an event. He walked up the trail to the schoolhouse in pleasurable anticipation. The organ was played vilely, but Dan only knew that the singing was clear and ringing. The little group of farmers, their ill-clad wives and children, grasped their hymn-books and sang with feeling:

> "Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
> The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea—
> And laden souls, by thousands meekly stealing,
> Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to Thee."

For him the lines were full of memories, regrets, lost faces. He looked out of the open window, but saw neither the low green grain or delicately streaked clouds. He could see a little Congregational chapel and hear the call of its sweet chimes. There was a lonely old man in the front pew, and through the stained glass window he saw Snowdon rise in the distance.

But the singing didn't take Dan to church. It was the Presbyterian student from Manitoba College who preached every second Sunday. Nobody out there read Ralph Connor, and so they couldn't call him the Sky Pilot; but there is really no other name for him. He was wonderful. His presence was sunshine, his passion, humanity. The first Sunday he preached Dan was late for church. Hat in hand, he looked stealthily around for a seat, but there was none empty. The smile that flashed on the face of the young preacher was radiance. He walked down the aisle. "Have mine, sir," he said briskly, and his glowing smile filled Dan's simple heart with joy.

This Sky Pilot could preach. He stood at that school desk in his city-made clothes and looked upon the congregation with a heart of love. With fire and sweet persuasiveness he talked to them.

"I've just got five months to be with you, and I've been here two already. There isn't one of you I don't love and honor. There isn't one of you I wouldn't serve with joy. But there's

someone else I've got to serve first, and before next October I hope everyone in Spruce Bluff District will feel that way too. There's one sad, sad sentence in the Bible. I hope we'll never have to say it here, 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' "

Men were held by his plain directness, women charmed by the pathos of his appeals, his grace and youthfulness. But the praise of women was a light thing to the Sky Pilot. For him there was only one passion.

He stood on the schoolhouse steps as the people passed out; for everyone that rare smile, for everyone an interested word.

"Can't you get your husband out, Mrs. Scott? He'll be having me down after him." He looked pityingly on the tired-faced girl-mother and the sleeping boy. "How's the Teddy Bear anyway?"

"Good morning, Dan—can't complain of you not coming out. I wish I could get down to see you oftener, but I'm so far off. I'll hitch up Billy and drive over some day. I'm doctoring him just now for a sore under his collar. Someone told me to try bluestone. Ever use it?"

If Dan ever had any views on the merits of bluestone they deserted him now. He could only allow his hand to be shaken and pass down the steps without a word.

After this the Sky Pilot came often to the house in the valley. With Scott he discussed everything—from the price of dressed hogs in Edmonton to the prospects of the budget in London. He played with the youngster and fed him rusks. He helped Mrs. Scott plant out her young tomato plants. One touch of his pervading personality transformed humble duties. At mealtimes Dan was speechless but happy. He passed the Sky Pilot cream for his berries and urged him to try more sugar. One Sunday he came for dinner after church. About six he went out with Dan to do the chores—the chores, the wood-pile and clearing stones preparatory to breaking was the extent of Dan's labors. When milking was over they walked up the hill to examine the garden. But this is not what the Sky Pilot was after. He wanted to make Dan talk, to be a friend to him, so he could show him the other Friend who was always in his mind.

"I suppose you'll take up land yourself soon, Dan?"

"I dunno," he said shyly. "I've got to learn their ways first."

"I suppose you can save a little money?"

"I only get fifteen dollars a month, and there's my father."

"And what about your father?"

"He expects me back. He ain't in very good lodgings, but I can fix that."

"And you think a lot about him?"

"Yes, sir-ee." This in entire self-forgetfulness.

"And what you do here's a pleasure because it's for your father?"

The man nodded emphatically. This was the Sky Pilot's chance and he pressed it home. When they returned it was twilight. A warm, red flush overspread the sky.

The next morning Dan ate his six o'clock breakfast alone. He was going out to clear stones off the field by the north trail. It was a dewy June morning. The saskatoon bushes were covered with white, sweet blossoms, and the bush was thick with them. Twice he came across a nest of baby partridges, but never noticed their feeble attempts to fly. He was thinking of the night before. "What did he mean by saying I must make up my mind for sure for Him? And he said not to do things yourself, but let Him do them for you—a bit queer that. The old man would be gladder, eh? Would he? I'm sure no one else ever talked to me about such a thing. He said I mustn't wait, but I'll have to, till he talks about it again."

He was sitting in the field now, leaning against the big rock he was to move first. He took off his coat and picked up the spade. Scott had showed him how to go at it; dig a hole around one side, deep enough for the rock to drop into, then cover it over with dirt.

* * * * * *

Dinner time at the house in the valley, but Dan hadn't returned yet.

"There's a pot-pie spoiling with standing," said the young housekeeper, her face flushed with exertions in the hot kitchen.

"Well, we'll not wait. Give me the kid and bring on your dinner."

At four Scott went out to look for Dan. He sauntered up the north trail, whistling a bar from "Red Wing." Occasionally he shouted. When he reached the field he was surprised to see Dan's motionless figure in the shadow of the rock in a kneeling posture, spade in hand. He had been dead four hours. The rock had struck his head. It weighed two tons. The J. P. came and gave the verdict of accidental death. The Mounted Police came and took the body to Saskatoon—picturesque fellows with dissolute faces. There was a letter in Dan's vest pocket, containing fifteen dollars, addressed to the old man who had kept sheep at the foot of Snowdon.

Poor Dan, he little knew how few that come out ever return.

E. Winnifred Dengate, '10.

BEES AND THEIR WAYS.

"The gifts of heaven my following song pursues,
Aerial honey, and ambrosial dews.
Maecenas, read this other past, that sings,
Embattled squadrons and adventurous kings—
A mighty pomp, though made of little things.
Their arms, their arts, their manners, I disclose,
And how they war, and whence the people rose."

—*Virgil, in Dryden's Translation.*

THE habits of bees have supplied delight to the naturalist, strange phenomena to the scientist, inspiration to the poet, examples for the moralist, and their thrift has furnished a dainty food to all generations from earliest history. It may not be out of place for one who grew up amidst the hum of fifty winged cities, and whose rustic ramblings have brought him face to face with many species of the bee race, to give a brief account of some of the more common species.

In popular opinion there are just two kinds of bees, honey-bees and bumble-bees. Actually there are a host of species. Huber has found fifty species of bumble-bees, and nearly one thousand other genera. Many of these are small and scarcely noticeable and are easily mistaken for other insects. Still all the family of bees have the "bee-y" manner and features, which mark them out to the careful observer. Some flies, for example, the flower-flies and bee-flies, resemble bees and are often mistaken for them; but careful inspection reveals the fact that flies are furnished with only a single pair, bees with a double pair, of wings.

Bees are divided, by their habits, into three great classes—communal-bees, solitary-bees and social-bees. The best types of communal-bees are the honey-bees and bumble-bees. Most species of communal-bees are composed of three classes, females or queens, males or drones, and workers. In the solitary species, such as the carpenter and cuckoo bees, and in the social species, such as the mason and miner bees, the male and female alone appear.

A colony of honey-bees is composed of one queen, from none at all, up to several hundred drones, according to the season, and from forty to eighty thousand workers. The queen is the centre of the home life and is much loved and respected as mother of the entire colony. Her long, slim body, light-brown color and graceful movements mark her out from all the others. Her sole duty is to lay eggs for recruiting the colony. Day after day she may be seen walking up and down the comb, placing at the bottom of each empty cell a tiny, white egg, about two millimetres long. During the busy season she deposits as many as three thousand eggs in one day. These eggs, although they all appear alike, are of two kinds, fertilized and unfertilized, according to the will of the queen. The fertilized eggs produce queens or workers according to the care received from the nurses. If the production of a young princess were left to the queen she would utterly refuse to be the authoress of one that some day should hazard her throne. All the fertile eggs deposited in common cells produce workers.

In order to rear a queen, which may or may not take place in the colony during the season, a special cell is constructed by the workers, near the centre of the hive. It is much larger than the ordinary cell, and the walls are very thick. In this is placed an egg, which Huber thinks is often smuggled by a worker from a common cell. Now it is destined to royalty. This cell is protected by a squadron of alert warriors and cared for by attentive nurses. When the larva hatches it is still that of a worker, but a special kind of food is placed in the cell by the nurses and this produces the queen.

The birth of a princess is accompanied with excitement. The old queen becomes furious at this demonstration of joy and rushes towards the cradle of the newly-born with a savage hum, but only to meet a bristling throng of warriors which repel her. Her fury continues for a day or two, but, despairing of success, she leaves her home followed by her supporters, who often amount to three-quarters of the entire colony, to found a new one.

The life of the old home now depends on the young, untried queen. When a few days old she ventures into the sunshine, for the only time in her life, unless she leads forth a swarm, to accomplish her love-flight. Followed by many suitors, the drones, she darts upwards on ever-aspiring wings, far above the ken of man, and beyond the flight of bird, into the blue sky, where none but the brave, the daring and the strong of her would-be lovers can follow. Here in a realm of her own she meets her true-love. Her successful suitor, having yielded his life in the moment of triumph, tumbles down to the ground, a corpse, and unaccompanied she returns to her expectant home, where she is received with joy. She is now a fully recognized queen.

The life of the drone is looked upon as one of idleness and feasting. This is due perhaps to the fact that opportunity does not permit more than one out of every hundred to fulfil his mission in life; but do they not also serve "who only stand and wait"? His daily life is very simple. In the forenoon he will be found, with head plunged into a cell of honey, feeding, or

lazily lying in some corner where traffic has ceased. In the afternoon, if the day is fine, he goes out for a labored flight, returning in an hour or two to eat and rest. As autumn approaches their mission has been accomplished to the following spring, and well the little workers know that it is much cheaper to create a new race in the spring than to winter these gourmands. Consequently one fine morning the "slogan" is passed from bee to bee, and the wrathful indignation of these hard-working little creatures is aroused against these idle consumers. An angry mob, as if governed by one mind, rushes to the secluded corners, where the drowsy drones are huddled together. Here they are hemmed in on every side until starvation has done its work. Their dead bodies are then dragged out of the home.

But often the pangs of hunger will cause a bold drone to charge the line, and very often successfully. I have seen as many as three workers hanging to such a one in a vain attempt to bring him back, while the infuriated giant rushed out of the hive to freedom, dragging his tormentors after him. Once out of the hive they abandon him to his fate. As night comes on the escaped drones, with humbled hearts, seek admission at the door of their old home, only to find it blocked by a strong guard. Many times they approach pleading for mercy; but the laws of the bees, like those of the Medes and Persians, cannot be altered. In despair these unfortunates huddle together in the damp, cold grass, at the very entrance of their hive. One or two nights are sufficient to end the lives of these children of fortune.

The workers seem imbued with the fear of famine. This impels them even before sunrise to venture many miles from home through the trackless air, and to dart from flower to flower in search of the sweet honey. Their little nectar sacs now bursting with booty, and their thighs grown large with the yellow bee-bread, they begin their long, weary journey home. We are forced to ask the question, as we watch their straight course to the apiary, what is the guiding star, what the compass of that little bundle of energy, which yesterday emerged from its cradle, to guide it through the vasty deep? The life of the worker during the busy season is from two to eight days. A strong wind works

havoc on the delicate wings of the heavily ladened homeseeker especially if he must make his way against it. Many a faithful laborer is forced to stop by the wayside never more to rise.

The bumble-bee is perhaps the best known of undomesticated bees. A community exists for the summer season only; in the fall all die except the queens, and these seek shelter in some crack or stone-pile till spring comes again. In early spring each queen selects a home for the summer, very often choosing some deserted mouse's nest. Here she heaps up pollen and honey in a shapeless, pasty mass. On this lump of food she deposits her eggs. The young larvae feed on the mixture until they have eaten out a cell for themselves. When full grown they spin cocoons about themselves and remain in their cells to pupate. In a few days they emerge from their cocoons ready for work. The mother now leaves all work to her children except the laying of eggs. These young bees gather honey and pollen, and the colony goes on increasing. The succeeding larvae no longer spin their own cocoons, but are enclosed in a cell of wax by their older brothers. The work goes on all summer without interruption.

The little blue or green carpenter-bee is quite common and interesting. I was once much interested in watching a female of this species as she made her nest in the trunk of a locust. Little by little she bit off small pieces of wood with her mandibles, carried them to the door, and dropped them. This she continued to do for days, till at last she had a vertical tunnel, somewhat smaller than a lead pencil, down the stem of the tree. More often she chooses a bramble or a plant with a soft pith; this she can excavate very easily. When the nest is complete she gathers pollen, places it in the bottom of the nest, lays an egg on the pollen, tops it over with little pieces of pith, lays another egg, and so continues until the channel is nearly full. She now rests in the space above the last cell and waits for her children to grow up. The lowest one hatches first, and when it has attained its growth tears the ceiling out of its small house. It then waits quietly till one by one its fellows have succeeded in breaking through their confinements. When the top bee has matured and eaten its way out all are set free and, accompanied by their

mother, they take their first flight in the sunshine. According to Comstock, this is the only solitary bee which watches its nest till the young appear.

Most solitary bees are parasites by nature. They build no nests of their own, but, like the cuckoo bird, depend on friends to rear their young. For this reason they are called cuckoo-bees. While a boy I had the opportunity of observing one of this species. I had discovered in the meadow a nest of bumble-bees, and with great precaution I managed to open the nest. Immediately an angry mob of very small bumble-bees darted here and there seeking the disturber of their peace. However, I had lost no time in gaining a safe distance. They soon settled down upon their brood, but continued to run over it in an agitated manner. I then ventured to come within a few feet of them, to examine them more closely. I distinguished one which was quite different in size and color from a worker or queen. It was twice as large as any of the others and much respected by them. In its movements, too, it was much slower, and in flight produced a hum of decidedly lower pitch. I did not understand its place in the colony at the time, but learned later that it was an alien, a queen-bee of the cuckoo family, which had selected this home for the rearing of her young.

The mining-bee is perhaps the best example of the social species. In spring the female bee sinks a hole in the ground resembling a miniature well. Her only tools for the work are her mandibles. With these she loosens the earth, carries it out and deposits it in a cone-shaped pile about the entrance. Some species build a canopy of earth over the opening. Branching off from this main tunnel, she excavates a number of cells. In these she lays her eggs and rears her young. This species manifest a desire for social life, a large number having their homes close together. Comstock tells of a village, consisting of two thousand homes of miner-bees, on one square rod.

"Sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child," must have been a true lover of nature and a fond student of the tiny bee. In the following passage he has portrayed the life of the bee in immortal verse:

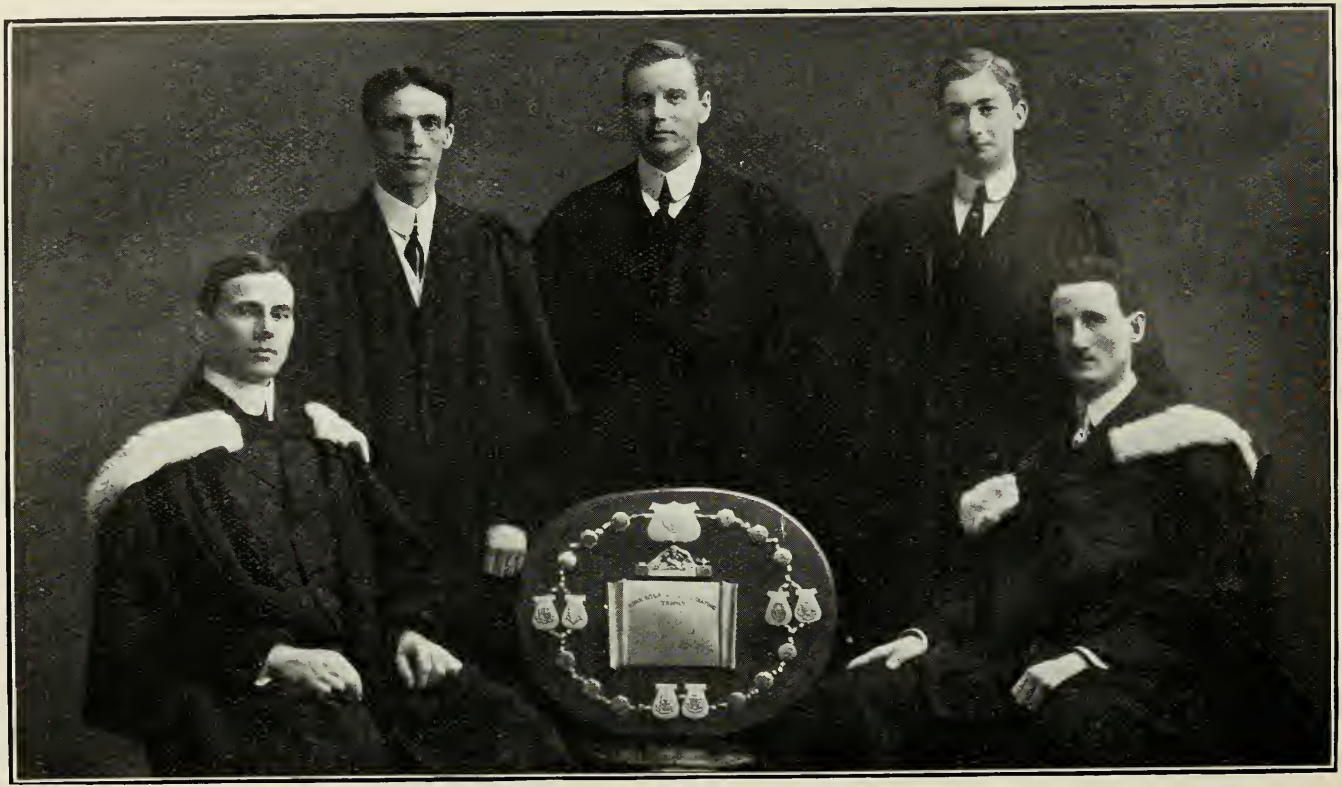
" . . . For so work the honey-bees,
Creatures that by a rule in nature teach
The act of order to a peopled kingdom.
They have a king and officers of sorts;
Where some, like magistrates, correct at home,
Others, like merchants, venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer's velvet buds,
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent royal of their emperor;
Who, busied in his majesty, surveys
The singing masons building roofs of gold,
The civil citizens kneading up the honey,
The poor mechanic porters crowding in
Their heavy burdens at his narrow gate,
The sad-eyed justice, with his surly-hum,
Delivering o'er to executors pale
The lazy, yawning drones."

J. J. McKendry, '12.

McMASTER DEBATING CHAMPIONS.

AGAIN The Monthly is pleased to make room for the photograph of a winning debating team. In December N. S. McKechnie, B.A., and J. Strachan, Theol., debated against Osgoode; in February J. Wearing, '10, and R. C. Weaver, '10, debated against Victoria, and in the finals G. S. Jury, B.A., and N. S. McKechnie, B.A., were successful against Knox. Our men are to be highly commended for their excellent work and to be congratulated on their success, which has proclaimed McMaster champions for the seventh time of the Intercollegiate Debating Union, which has been in existence for twelve years.

The history of debating in McMaster University dates back as far as 1888. In that year the first intercollegiate debating union was formed and remained in existence ten years. McMaster took an active part during four years of that period.



McMASTER UNIVERSITY DEBATERS
WINNERS KERR INTER-COLLEGE CHAMPIONSHIP TROPHY, 1909-10

J WEARING, '10 J. STRACHAN, THEOL. S. R WEAVER, '10
N. ST. C. McKECHNIE, B.A. G. S. JURY, B.A.

debating six times, winning four and losing two debates. Apparently the union was not successful, and in 1898 was reorganized as the Intercollegiate Debating Union, which has been active during the succeeding twelve years. In this Union McMaster has won twenty-three and lost five debates, and has been successful in winning the championship seven times. In 1906 Mr. H. L. Kerr presented to the Union a shield to be contested for annually and to be held each year by the winning team. The first contest held in 1906-7 was won by McMaster, and the shield has been in our possession ever since. Last year the donor of the shield presented the University with a permanent trophy in recognition of the three consecutive championships.

Too much cannot be said in commendation of the excellent work of the Literary Society executives, who have chosen the debaters. Much depends on their choice, and it may be said that they have never failed to choose the strongest men available.

A glance over the list of those who have upheld the honors of their Alma Mater in the debating realm shows the names of men who, successful in the college halls, have become successful in professional and commercial life. We give here a list of our debaters since 1888:

L. S. Hughson, Th., '90; W. T. Graham, Th., '89; S. J Arthur, Th., '98; W. B. Hutchinson; J. C. Sycamore, '96; J. F Vickert, '97; C. J. Cameron, '94; B. W. Merrill, Th., '96; W. W McMaster, '94; E. J. Stobo, Th., '96; R. Routledge, '95; M. C. McLean, '98; A. B. Cohoe, '98; S. E. Grigg, '00; D. B Harkness, '99; A. M. McDonald, '99; T. H. Cornish, '00; E. W. Parsons, '99; J. H. Hannah, '99; H. Proctor, '99; J. D. McLachlan, '99; A. E. Haydon, '01; H. S. Arkell, '02; E. A. Brownlee, '01; A. C. Watson, '01; F. J. Scott, '99; J. M. Warner, '04; I. G. Matthews, '97; A. L. Huddleston, '02; J. M. Cornwall, '00; G. W. Gorman, '05; J. B. McLaurin, '05; W. A. Cameron, '06; T. M. Dadson, '06; W. P. Freeman, Th.; H. R. Nobles, '06; R. C. Benson, '06; F. S. Beddow, '06; M. H. Long, '08; W. A. Scott, '09; G. S. Jury, '09; N. S. McKechnie, '08; A. Ward, '10; J. Strachan, Th., '11; J. Wearing, '10; R. C. Weaver, '10.

THE SPIRIT OF SPRING.

"I come, I come! Ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountain with light and song:
Ye may trace my step o'er the 'wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass."

ONG, long has the Winter King held all things captive with his icy magic. Sullen and angry, he gripped the mighty waves, and in their joyous leaping they fell, obedient to his sway. And there through the long, cold months they have lain in their gleaming bond, passive and unheeding. In vain have I called to them. Far out in the sea the surly waves have moaned and fretted, and I have been helpless to comfort them. Over the earth and the trees the Winter King flung wide his beautiful snow, white and glistening. Now he would transform a rude little shrub into a fairy fountain, its sprays ever ready to fall; now he would send forth the mighty North Wind to hurl the snow and cause all things to seem as shapeless masses. Yet always I remembered,

"Under the snowdrifts the blossoms are sleeping,
Dreaming their dreams of sunshine and June,
Down in the hush of their quiet they're keeping
Trills from the throstle's wild summer-sung tune."

Through the months of their bondage they have called to me to free them—the waters in their unceasing restlessness, under the captive ice; the leaves of the trees, eager to be free; and the seeds beneath the earth, waiting for the glad resurrection time. All these have called me, and now I come.

Canst thou cease in thy work and thy play, O mortal, to come out to welcome me? Dost thou complain that I snatch away thy playthings, the ice and the snow? But come and talk with me a while and learn to know what gifts I give to thee.

Hush! Heardst thou not that dull, rumbling sound as of a great, distant army? Lo! the waves dash up to liberate their

fellows on the seashore. Now slowly advancing, now crashing the ice with its might, comes one great wave and yet another. Ah! one huge mass of ice has yielded, and is tossed about by the turbulent waters. Still another breaks away from captivity, and another and another. Now all are free. Glad to dance again in the sunlight, the waves dash high to kiss the open shore, so long ice-locked. See them leap and sport about, intoxicated by my magic touch.

Go thou to the mountains, and there watch the unloosing of Winter's bonds. Slowly, steadily down the mountain-side, like some mighty dragon, the great avalanche begins to move. Clumsy and ungainly, yet majestic in its very massiveness, it goes downward, ever more swiftly. As if angered, it brooks no delay, but rushes fiercely down, aided by the strong winds. Far below in the valley, startled by the invasion, the trees shake to and fro, and, tossed by the wind, the branches wave like great bare arms, groping for help. A blinding flash, and then the riving thunder, rolling and reverberating from mountain to mountain, from valley to valley. And then the storm in its fury, seeming almost to shake the immutable mountains. Fierce and wild, the Storm King wages his avenging war. And now, exuberant in their wild delight at being free once more, the tiny brooklets struggle forth from underneath the snow, and tumbling recklessly down the mountain-side, they "chatter, chatter as they flow to join the brimming river." There the thundering cataracts leap down the resounding rocks. Swirling and eddying, dashing impatiently against the banks, at last the river flows darkly, quietly past great towns to the boundless sea beyond.

Come forth, thou mortal, for the resurrection in the woods.

> "The clouds consign their treasures to the fields,
> And, softly shaking, on the dimpled pool,
> Perlusive drops, let all their moisture flow
> In large effusion, o'er the freshen'd world."

Come forth and feel on thy cheek "the frolic wind that breathes the spring." Feel in thy soul the sweetness and triumph of the resurrection. All around thee is gladness in newness of life, hope breathing through the woods, softly yet persuasively. There

budding forth are the "infant blossoms on the trees, rock'd in the cradle of the western breeze."

"And all the woods are alive with the murmur and sound of spring,
And the rosebud breaks into pink on the climbing briar,
And the crocus bed is a quivering moon of fire,
Girdled round with the belt of an amethyst ring."

There wilt thou find the sweetest gifts of Nature—the budding trees, shy and tender in their first pulsating life-passion; "the liquid lapse of murmuring streams"; the eager love-rhapsodies of the birds; and the beautiful flowers—the happy crocus and the shy hypatica, the ethereal Star of Bethlehem and the pure lily-of-the-valley, the demure Jack-in-the-Pulpit and the sweet

"Queens of secrecy,
The violets, whispering from the shade,
Which their own leaves have made—
Flowers amid the dripping moss,
Tearful flowers that sweeten loss,
Pressing closer on the myriads in their train,
White as milk and perfume-laden,
Purple-veined and golden-eyed,
Still with sweeter solace waiting,
Where the swollen streams divide."

At sunset come again into the woods, when all is calm. "Hast thou left thy blue course in heaven, golden-haired son of the sky? The west has opened its gates; the bed of thy repose is there. The waves come to behold thy beauty. They lift their trembling heads. They see thee lovely in thy sleep; they shrink away with fear. Rest in thy shadowy cave, O sun! let thy return be in joy." "And soften'd sounds along the waters die: smooth flow the waves, the breezes gently play. And on the balmy zephyrs tranquil rest the silver clouds."

"Hear the wind among the trees,
Playing celestial symphonies;
See the branches downward bent,
Like keys of some great instrument."

Anon the night comes with her mantle of darkness. Then from out behind the clouds comes the moon, shedding a soft radiance, a mysterious calm, over the waters and the woods.

"Why, O mortal! thus longing, thus forever sighing,
For the far-off, unattain'd, and dim,
While the beautiful all around thee lying
Offers up its low, perpetual hymn?"

Come out to Nature's temple and worship. There wilt thou learn

"All harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voiced fountains;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of quiet seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening."

"And beauty born of murmuring sound" shall pass into thy face. The secrets of the springtime shall be thine.

"Earth's glories flee of human eyes unseen,
Earth's kingdoms fade to a remembered dream,
But thine henceforth shall be a power supreme,
Dazzling command and rich dominion,
The winds thy heralds and thy vassals all,
The silver-belted planets and the sun.
Where'er the radiance of thy coming fall,
Shall dawn for thee her saffron footcloths spread,
Sunset, her purple canopies and red,
In serried splendor, and the night unfold
Her velvet darknes wrought with starry gold,
For kingly raiment, soft as cygnet-down."

All that I have I give to thee. Yet one gift I cannot bestow, for

"Beauty and sadness always go together.
Nature thought beauty too rich to go forth
Upon the earth without a sweet alloy."

Perfect peace I may not give, lest man should rest in Nature, not the God of Nature. Yet come, O mortal, and commune with me; come out to the woods, join in the beauty and the love, the joy and the sadness, and learn my sweetness in the wonderful secret of the glad resurrection.

Laura J. Craig, '10.

BY CAMPFIRE AND CATARACT.

"Oh, it's northward Ho! where the paddle drives,
And the sweating trunk line packs,
With an outward lease on our care-free lives,
And our dunnage bags on our backs."

THE problem of pleasant and not unprofitable summer employment is one which annually presents itself to nearly every McMaster man as vacation approaches. Eventually some set off for the Home mission churches, some to educational work in the West; some ally themselves with the Canadian Reading Camp Association, while others fall a prey to the silver-tongued promoter of the book agency. Yet the one which seems most nearly to embody the ideal summer occupation and to offer the greatest return in many ways is the coveted position of fire-ranger.

The happy few who for the first time turn their faces to the forest primeval do so with delightful dreams of green woodlands, cheerful campfires and a pleasant holiday. To some the actual experience is painfully disappointing and even disgusting, but to others it brings a wonderful exhilaration, which can only be understood by those who have known the forest life.

"The savage vigour of the forest creeps
Into our veins and laughs upon our lips;
The warm blood kindles from forgotten deeps,
And surges tingling to the finger tips."

On the first of June a number of Toronto students, including the writer, discovered the location of the town of Nepigon, bought tickets therefor, and stowed themselves away on the steamboat express for Owen Sound. Here a welcome transfer to the lake liner was made, and that glorious tourist trip up Lakes Huron and Superior was begun—and duly negotiated. Finally the train discharged us at Nepigon Station, eighty miles east of Port Arthur, where we were met by an immense pair of jack-boots containing a jolly little lumberman, who proved to be our

Chief Ranger. The boots piloted us to the hotel for dinner, where we were informed that on the morrow our journey would be continued up the river and into the bush some two hundred miles.

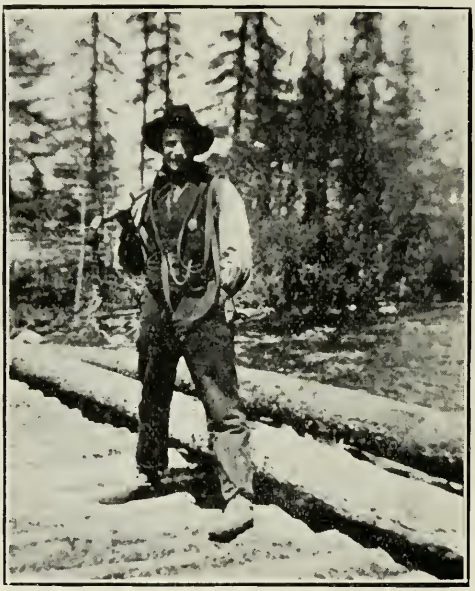
The memory of that trip is crowded with interesting incidents. A little tug took us up the Nepigon River, known to so many tourists for its beauty of scenery and wealth of trout, till our way was effectually barred by a fall and rapids. Then came the little narrow-gauge railway, where operated a train which reminded us of the animated toys we are accustomed to present to our grandchildren at Christmas, but much more effective. Here an old scow which we had towed with us from Nepigon was loaded on a flat car, and we on the scow, and forthwith the donkey engine puffed and wheezed its laborious way through the woods. Except that we knocked over a telephone post, ran off the rails twice and made several stops to repair the track, our ride was an uneventful one.

From South Bay the little steamer Ombabika took us across Nepigon, a lake practically full of islands, most of them rising abruptly from the water in great cliffs of rock, to whose sides the spruce and poplar hang with marvellous tenacity.

This brought us to Ombabika Post, the headquarters of the rangers, where our party disintegrated. In pairs we were supplied with tent, blankets and cooking utensils and despatched to our respective posts. My partner and myself, with two Indians, again turned northward, paddling across the bay and up the Ombabika River. My partner—whom I shall introduce as Billy—had been there before, but that day I got my first experience of portaging. We made eight portages—three trips over each—loaded down with our dunnage, provisions and canoe. Imagine our relief when we came to the last portage, where we had our supper before crossing to our final destination. This meal consisted of desiccated potatoes, bacon, apple sauce, tea, bread—which we had procured two weeks before in Nepigon and was now a little dry—and butter. But how good it all tasted!

Much refreshed, we made the last portage from the Ombabika River to Grasse Creek. The first intimation of approach to

our destination was a sudden break in the bush disclosing an avenue cut and burnt through the forest, stretching far to the east and west of us. This was the right-of-way of the great Transcontinental Railroad, which is to stretch from ocean to ocean, and which penetrates far into the wilderness of Northern



"The glass of fashion and the mould of form."

Ontario. Then coming to a clearing of some two acres in extent, we dimly discerned a group of log buildings, from which a number of men, mostly foreigners, sauntered down to note our arrival. A little to the right on a knoll stood another log edifice, afterward discovered to be the hospital. Then, as night was closing in on us, we disembarked, unloaded our canoe, pitched our tent and, leaving further investigation for the morning, turned in at once.

"On every side
A grim, mysterious presence, vast and old,
The forest stretches leagues on leagues away,
With lonely rivers running dark and cold,
And many a gloomy lake and haunted bay.
The stars above the pines are sharp and still,
The wind scarce moves. An owl hoots from the hill."

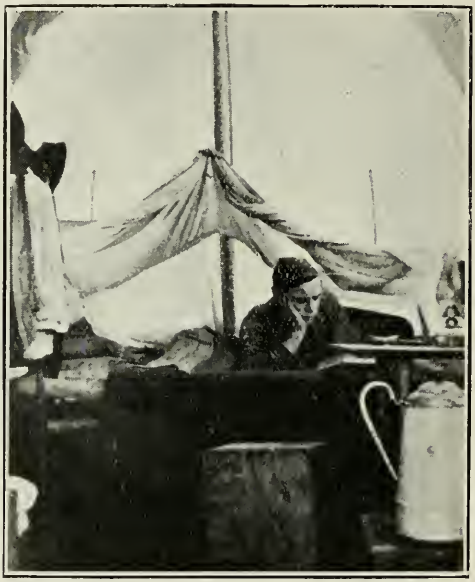
The next morning revealed the fact that behind that knoll lay the most wonderful of little lakes, about a quarter of a mile wide and some five miles long, imprisoned there by irregular cliffs of rock or steep slopes whose rigor was hidden by the forest, which seemed to court destruction at the very brink.

"Dear dark-brown waters full of all the stain
Of sombre spruce woods and the forest fens,
Laden with sound from far-off northern glens,
Where winds and craggy cataracts complain."

Then, where the clearing touched the lake, we selected a spot for our encampment, from which a steep slope led down to a great rock at the edge of the water, where we could bathe or draw our water at will and indiscriminately. Here our work began. With the enthusiasm of pioneers we felled trees and cut them into proper lengths for the foundation of our camp. Harnessing ourselves with straps we dragged them with great difficulty and labor to our selected spot, where we built a wall about three feet high, enclosing a space eight feet wide and sixteen feet long. Over one end of this we set our tent, and then completed the roof by a framework of poles covered with tar paper.

The interior decoration is shown by the cut on the next page. On the right may be seen our stove, which we had brought with us from Toronto, and was of the folding camp variety. Next there are the writing table and a bookcase containing the books we had brought with us. A substantial bunk was built in the rear, made of light birch poles covered with spruce boughs, which made a bed fit for a king. On the other side are an improvised clothes rack, a dining table for rainy days, and a cupboard made of empty dynamite boxes collected along the right-of-way. Finally we added an awning in front, made of old oat sacks stretched on a framework of poles.

Another very important article of furniture was the mosquito netting with which our bunk was covered. How we chuckled to ourselves as we lay beneath its protection listening to the querulous treble of the mosquitoes we had outwitted Without it life would have been unbearable. Before we had



Evening devotions (?)

constructed it how often had our dreams been rudely interrupted much like this—

"Last night, as I lay sleeping,
A 'squito bug so fair
Came waltzing o'er my pillow and landed on my hair;
In dreams I heard him singing.
But one last song he sang,
For as I woke I 'biffed' him one lusty bang!"

The beat which we were to patrol daily lay five miles on each side of our camp. In that ten miles there were six camps

where contractors had gangs of men working on the construction of the roadbed. The camps were very similar, consisting of an office, a cookery, bunkhouse, storehouse, stables, teamsters' shack and blacksmith shop, each of which indicate their uses by their names. Our duty was to walk over this part of the line and extinguish any fire that might have sprung up, if necessary calling in the help of the men at work on the right-of-way.

It was astonishing how easily a fire could be started in that country. A match dropped by a passing smoker would smoulder away in the moss. Then, fanned by the breeze, it would spring up into a flame, which spread rapidly, and on the arrival of the ranger a large stretch would be blazing merrily. It was then necessary, if there was no water near, to dig a trench around the fire and extinguish it by covering it with earth. Fortunately there were few fires in our section last summer, and this rendered our work comparatively easy.

The duties of a game warden comprised another phase of our work. It was contrary to law to fish in any Nepigon waters without a license. Not only were we ourselves denied fish, which would have been a very valuable addition to our larder, but it was our duty to see that all others abstained as well.

Thus time went on, rapidly it seemed, with very little to distinguish one day from another. Wash-day did occur occasionally, as will be seen from the accompanying cut, although this usually happened about once in three weeks, and then only perforce, as by that time everything was dirty and some radical measures had to be taken. The necessary implements were borrowed from the hospital, and the energy with which we worked can be imagined from the picture.

Of those glorious, care-free days many interesting stories might be told. Incidents of that summer's experiences will live long in our memories, and he who kept a diary has therein a stimulus for reminiscence which will fill many a pleasant hour. If this life in the north gave us anything it was an appreciation of Robert W. Service's poetry. Often we sat before our tents in the evening surrounded by all the glory of those northern sunsets and read over and over those poems which we now knew

almost by heart. The unseen sun still bathed the sombre landscape in a wealth of color, touching the few stray clouds high above us, brightening the tops of the dark green spruce and the yellow and golden birch and poplar. At their feet lay the dark,

"An' it all went into the laundry,
But it never came out in the wash."

mysterious lake, reproducing in its depths all the wonder and beauty of the sunset. Mere words fail to describe it. Yet

"If perchance you hear the silence calling,
The frozen music of star-yearning heights,
Or, dreaming, see the seines of silver trawling
Across the sky's abyss on vasty nights,
You may recall that sweep of savage splendor,
That land that measures each man at his worth,
And feel in memory half fierce, half tender,
The brotherhood of men that know the North."

V. Evan Gray, '11.

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VOL. XIX. APRIL, 1910. No. 7

Editorial Notes.

THE expected changes in the staff of THE MONTHLY for the next college year are as follows: Managing Editor, F. W. Waters, '11; Associate Editors, V. E. Gray, '11, Around the Hall; Miss A. Menhennick, '11, Woman's Department; L. W. Smith, '13, Here and There; F. H. Jeffery, '11, Our Graduates; V. W. Price, '11, Athletics; Reportorial Staff, Miss A. Turner, '12; J. Strachan, Theol.; A. Wilson, '11; G. H. Thomas, '12; J. E. Howes, '12; A. R. Quirk, '13. The readers of this college journal may look forward with all confidence to a prosperous voyage through the academic currents of 1910-1911 under the careful pilotage of Mr. Waters, our esteemed successor.

College News.

AROUND THE HALL.

EDITOR: H. H. McGREGOR, '10.

"The unwelcome hour is come,
When thou, transplanted from thy genial home
Must find a colder soil, a bleaker air."

THE Commencement season has been finely described by one of our graduates as "the periodic stirring up of the eagle's nest." The whole brood is thrust forth for a trial of the wing muscles, and often gathered back by the strong pinions of Alma Mater for further nurture. But each year one-fourth of the fledglings migrate from the nest to find for themselves other abiding places.

The graduating classes are thrust forth into the supposedly cold world. It is cold or warm, perhaps, according to the temperature of the individual. Here is the true testing-time. The product must be tried out, must be matched against practical issues. Said Robert Burns of one of his compositions, "Making a poem is like begetting a son; you cannot know whether you have a wise man or a fool until you produce him to the world and try him." The same is true, to an extent, of the University and its product; contact with the actual vital exigencies of life is necessary to reveal the true personality that the University has fostered.

THE GRAND FINALE.—With this number of THE MCMASTER MONTHLY the editor and staff of "Around the Hall" yield up ink-horn and quill. Their task during the year has been a thoroughly enjoyable one. Contributions have not been by any means limited to the staff, and the *littérateurs* who have not been rewarded by the lasting fame (too high for praise) of inclusion in the Board of Publication are hereby publicly thanked.

Mr. V. E. Gray, '11, the Editor-elect of this department for 1910-11, is by no means a novice in the gentle art of ink-slinging. Plastering and combing, constructing and knocking, these are his prerogatives. We wish him as much of happiness in his task as we have had ourselves.

Final Inter-College Debate.—"Hurrah! Hurrah! We're champions again." On Friday evening, March 4th, McMaster men, marshalled by Mr. T. Wearing, '09, proceeded to University Convocation Hall to cheer the contestants in the final inter-college debate. Knox College was the adversary this time, and their supporters turned out in full force. Until the meeting was called to order by the chairman, the opposing forces alternately entertained the audience with renderings of the latest popular songs, with variations.

The subject of debate was: Resolved, That the principle of the referendum as applied in the Swiss constitution should have a place in the legislative system of democratic forms of government.

Mr. Scott of Knox College opened the debate for the affirmative, championing the cause of the referendum. He submitted that Switzerland was a representative democracy of the world and the referendum had been successfully exploited there; that confusion of policies at an election was eliminated by the referendum, since the latter had reference to a particular bill; that the referendum would prevent hasty and ill-advised legislation by establishing a veto power; that it would remove the evils of partyism, the plundering of the people by unscrupulous members of parliament, and the discrimination of class legislation. In manner of presentation Mr. Scott made a very forceful speech, but a weakness in his logic was discovered when Mr. McKechnie presented the rebuttal of the negative.

Mr. N. S. McKechnie of McMaster maintained that the referendum precluded the initiation of legislation and that it struck at the root of the system of representative government in that it robbed the legislature of its duties; that Switzerland and the countries in which the referendum had been tried were not representative and could not be considered as standards for "democratic forms of government"; that the referendum was the essence of pure democracy, which he styled as "The revolutionary negation of all forms of authority"; that representative government, with its inherent virtues, was opposed to the referendum and its attendant evils.

Mr. C. F. McIntosh then rose to repudiate all connection with or interest in the initiative, claiming that it had no part in the discussion of the referendum, nor would the affirmative admit that the referendum was opposed to representative government, but rather contended that they should and would go hand in hand. Herein Mr. McIntosh had a very difficult duty, and it is doubtful whether it was accomplished to the complete satisfaction of all.

Mr. G. S. Jury made a very effective reply on behalf of the negative and averred that a vote balloted in a referendum was not truly representative; that laws were ambiguous and tricky and people could not understand them completely, but were better judges of men than measures; that a referendum was unfair in that it created a prejudice against the law with respect to which it was taken; and that petty interests would each push forward its legislation to the detriment of the common weal.

Mr. Scott replied for the affirmative with a remarkably good speech for an extempore effort, but the position of the negative remained unshaken.

While the judges were coming to a decision Miss Helen Morrow and Mr. Broadus Farmer entertained the audience in a worthy manner with a reading and violin solo respectively.

The judges, Prof. A. H. F. Lefroy, M.A., Rev. S. P. Rose, D.D., and Mr. J. S. Willison, LL.D., after first complimenting the Knox debaters on their good style, awarded the decision to McMaster.

When the cheering had subsided Mr. H. L. Kerr, the donor of the shield, presented this trophy, emblematic of the championship of the I. C. D. U., to Mr. R. C. Crowe, President of the McMaster Literary Society.

The Devil's Domicile.—Student in Philosophy (after a discussion of moral evil)—"But, Professor, how do you explain our relation to a personal devil according to this theory?" Professor—"Well, I suppose you are identified with him."

The Student Volunteer Band.—As the session draws to a close we are able to look back over a very profitable year. The meetings have been helpful, and interest has been maintained. Our leader, Mr. E. J. Chave, B.A., has been successful in getting some of the best speakers available, and most practical talks have been given. The devotional meetings have also proved very helpful. On two occasions the ladies have taken charge of the programme, giving excellent papers on the conditions in Russia and the accomplishments of Christianity in that country.

On March 25th Mr. G. A. Warburton, General Secretary of the Central Y. M. C. A., gave an address on Y. M. C. A. work. His subject was, "The General Secretaryship and the University Graduate." As Mr. Warburton spoke he impressed his hearers with the broadness of the work carried on by the Y. M. C. A. and the great opportunity which such work offers.

. Year Thirteen's Masquerade.—St. Patrick's Day has come to be celebrated by every nation and by all classes of people. Negroes, Hindus, Gypsies, Japs, Swedes, Hebrews, Greeks, Indians and many others assembled at the home of Miss Elsie Ashall, '13, to honor the memory of the blessed Saint. The first part of the evening was spent in getting acquainted, a task made somewhat difficult by the evident desire of the distinguished guests to remain unknown. The ladies especially caused much perplexity, as there were more of them than usually appear at Year Thirteen's gatherings. After many surprising discoveries had been made, all masks were removed and everyone entered with spirit into the games which followed. After refreshments some of the more talented kindly warbled their favorite songs, and "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" "Put On Your Old Gray Bonnet," and many other plaintive melodies delighted the listeners. On the whole a most enjoyable evening was spent, although it was discovered on the car going home that two timid young ladies (?) were unfortunately without escorts. "Shall I go on, or have I said enough?"

An Erratic Exam. Paper.

I. Give the weight of an epigram in English units. Differentiate clearly between a monogram and a gramophone.

II. Do you attribute a Theologue's *shocking* behavior to the *electrifying* nature of his remarks?

III. Prove by reference to Newton's Law that work is *orgsome*.

IV. How many calories does it take to raise a man's temper to the boiling point?

V. Explain by reference to the stars you received at Christmas just why you think the Dead Languages should be buried.

VI. Should your room-mate receive a first in Mathematics, what and how many methods could you make use of to reduce the size of his head? Estimate the cost of broken furniture, doctors' bills, etc., in each case.

VII. Write the equations governing the inevitable proximity in the lecture room of two free mutually attracting parties under the Newtonian law.

VIII. Define couple. Show that two couples in the same amorous planes whose moments are equally valuable will exert equal and opposite pressures.

The Oratorical Contest.—The oratorical contest seems to have become a part of McMaster college life. This year the conflict took place on the evening of March 10 in Castle Memorial Hall. Professors McLay, McCrimmon and Trotter acted as the referees of the combat. The tactics used were various and diverse, and typified a high oratorical standard in McMaster Mr. E. G. Black, the champion of year '13, selected as the crest on his escutcheon a noble character, "Abraham Lincoln." In a conclusive and vivid manner Mr. Black gave us a conception of the "Human Man of Sorrows," whose statesmanship and patriotism have won him so large a place in the hearts of the American people.

Mr. Thomas of Year '12 presented in his speech on "The Problem of the City" a phalanx of pleas and suggestions for the solution of the dangers of urban development.

Mr. Turnbull of Theology entrenched himself behind the important subject of "Popular Government in India." With his volleys of argument and fact, and consistent and convincing method of defence, Mr. Turnbull endangered the supremacy of the two last speakers, Mr. R. J. Gould of '11 and Mr. W. H. Firstbrook of '10.

With his well-directed darts of choice diction and excellent phraseology Mr. Gould merited the praise and applause of the audience. He led us through the mazes of the forest primeval, across the rippling silver lakes, and we entered into all the heroisms of "The Romance of Canadian History."

But it remained for Mr. Firstbrook to take captive his audience. Like a retaurus, he caught us in the meshes of his network of intricate description and thrilled us with rays of light that issued from his optimistic view of the Canadian future. As he spoke of the trials and victories of our forefathers, we were no longer Scotch, Irish or English, but were proud to be descendants of the "Canadian Pioneers."

Mr. Firstbrook's facility of expression, grace of motion, and excellent selection of material combined to make up the totality of excellence that won him victory, which found concrete expression in the Harry Ryrie Medal for Oratory.

During the evening Mr. Percy McKissock gave a humorous reading. A highly enjoyable part of the evening's entertainment was the music furnished by the Violin Quartette, composed of Mr. B. B. Farmer, Misses McKay, Farmer and Ruck.

Final Inter-Year Debate.—The regular meeting of the Literary Society on Friday evening, March 18th, was the

occasion of the final inter-year debating contest. Theology and Year '11 had found their way into the final arena and proceeded to decide the matter in a summary manner, Messrs. Telford and Rutledge being selected to represent Theology and Messrs. E. D. Gray and F. H. Jeffery to represent Year '11. The subject of discussion was: "Resolved, That labor unions, as they at present exist in the United States, are a detriment to the best interests of the American people."

After a selection by the Year '10 Orchestra which was much appreciated, Mr. E. D. Gray opened the debate for the affirmative. Mr. Telford, Mr. Jeffery and Mr. Rutledge followed, all the speeches exhibiting the fact that a great deal of time and labor had been spent in their preparation. Suffice it to say that when the judges, Professors McCrimmon, Hogg and Gilmour, returned their decision it was in favor of Year '11. In the meantime Mr. S. R. Weaver, '10, related a very amusing experience of his while aeromotoring in England with the daughter of the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. Mr. Thomas Wearing, '09, then presented the debating cup on behalf of his year to Mr. V. E. Gray, President of the Junior Year, which class has thus for the second time in their history won the championship in inter-year debating. The meeting then adjourned.

What-Not.—First Soph—"What's a watt?" Second Soph—"A what?" First Soph—"A watt." Second Soph (sadly)—"I wot not what is watt."

The Debating Union.—The subject for discussion on March 5th was: "Resolved, That McMaster Athletic Field should be sold and the proceeds used for the erection and equipment of a gymnasium." The affirmative was contested by A. Haddow, '13, and the negative upheld by H. C. Cline, '13. A. C. Bingham, '12, acted as critic. The judges awarded the decision to the affirmative. On Saturday, March 12th, the subject for debate was: "Resolved, That all persons convicted of felony should be disfranchised." M. R. Hartley, '13, led the affirmative, and P. N. McGregor, '12, the negative. After Dr. Kierstead had given a very helpful criticism, F. W. Waters, '11, announced that the negative had won.

A Modern Lazarus.—(At a Lit. business meeting)—"Mr. President, if I may be allowed to *rise again* . . . ." He was allowed, but unfortunately revealed none of the mysteries of the charnel cave.

RUBAIYAT OF THE SHIFTLESS ONE.

Some moons ago I went to College, bent
On making the first hockey Team at Cent-
Re, so what wonder that fair Wisdom's Lore
Came out by the same Ear wherein it lightly went.

Myself this Term oft felt assured that if
The Morning Lectures weren't so Soporif-
ic or Myself were not so Somnolent,
My Standing had been better. Hang it! What's the diff?

Some for the Crawford Scholarship will sweat
On Earl Grey's medal: though I'm not a bet-
Ting man, I'd like to Wager several Bones
A bunch of Thirds or Plucks will be the Best I'll get.

Ten books to plug, as yet the Leaves uncut,
Three Essays due, Exams. in view,—my flut-
Tering Heart unnerves Me till I can't conceive
How all this Dope will get Crammed into my Caput.

The *d/ds* of Calculus perplexed
My Brain, that strove the Limit to get next—
The Devil, sure, was symbolized by *d*.,
I mused despairingly, and *ds* the deep Sea.

My moving Fingers write, then What I've writ
Scratch out; nor can my Bluff nor yet my Knit-
Ted Brow recall the fugitive Idee.
I meditate that *ex nihilo nihil fit.*

What! Out of senseless Nothing to produce
A serio-comico-pathetic Luc-
Idating Answer to the Question asked!
Alas! What apes the Sage too oft reveals the Goose.

Indeed, indeed, Decisions oft before
I made, to obviate this awful Tor-
Ture of last moment intellectual *Bee*.
Hell gapes! Good-bye, good Friend, good-day, grim
Chapel Door.

Xanthippe Exonerated.—With Prof. G. H. Campbell as critic and Messrs. James and McCaskill on the judges' bench, the last session of the Debating Society was called to order on March 19th by the Vice-President, W. A. Tilley, '10. A. W. Wilson, '11, threw down the glove: "Resolved, That a homely, bad-tempered, neat wife is preferable to a good-looking, slovenly one." Mr. Joseph Wearing, '10, picked up the mitten on behalf of the slovenly one. Mr. Wilson emphasized the gravity of the choice to be made, and dwelt upon the transitory quality of a

pretty face and the unwholesomeness of a wife who was tawdry, yet who might insist on being excessively loving.

Mr. Wearing announced that he would stand by the pretty face ev-ver-ry time, and brought forth statistics to prove that homely features, bad temper and painful scrupulosity in a wife were most fruitful causes of divorce. The pathetic ballad, "O Take That Face Away," given by the Gray-Hodgson duo, was powerful in its sympathetic appeal. The solution of the great problem is not yet, for the judges were unable to come to a unanimous decision.

The Strolling Club.—You see, the Seniors had their Knockers' Club, the Juniors their Delta Society and the Sophs a Skating Club. I might as well take you right into the secret and let you know that I'm a Freshman; and I thought we should have a club too. Well, maybe you know our girls—(and maybe you don't)—they are the ones who inspired the poet's rapture about

> The loveliest girls, and the littlest girls,
> The giddiest girls, and the giggliest girls.

So when I suggested a Strolling Club all were agreeable—except a few acidulous creatures whose arteries pump about ten to the minute. (They are the same as laughed when a Senior called our club the Cradle Roll, or the High-Chair Graduates.)

But I wanted to tell you about our experiences in High Park during our Third Weekly Strolling Party. We had just separated into duets, and as I and my diminutive partner sauntered off (I meanwhile pressing her the second time to the gum-drops) two of those horrid Juniors passed us and talked very loudly about Primary Department and Kindergarten. My aforesaid abbreviated companion seemed to relax her grip on my coat-sleeve, but I reassured her and pointed out an elderly couple who were approaching on the road. As we passed them the old lady adjusted her spectacles and gazed down at my abridged accompanist. Then we heard her saying something about "Such a sweetly-pretty infant." My infantile attendant let go my sleeve; her lachrymal glands seemed on the verge of spilling, so with delicate tact I suggested that we take the next car home.

The Fyfe Missionary Society held its last meeting of the year on March 28. In the afternoon Rev. Jesse Gibson spoke on the work of the British and Foreign Bible Society and the important part it plays in the spreading of the Gospel. During

the last fifty years the Bible Society has made marvellous progress in publishing the Bible, which is now printed in almost every language of the world. Mr. Gibson also spoke of the great opportunity for service in the work of the colporteur. The remainder of the programme was given over to the consideration of the students' summer work on the Home Mission field. Mr. W. Morrow, '13, in a few words told of what he expected to find while Mr. Wm. Raithby, B.A., described some experiences of his summer work. Dr. Trotter, from a broader experience, then gave a few words of advice to those who looked forward to summer mission work. At the evening session Rev. E. T. Fox gave an interesting lecture on South America. Mr. Fox showed some splendid views and was able to give some interesting information about Latin-American life as he had seen it during his recent visit to South America.

Resurrected Humor.

"Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on other's wit."

In perusing some old, dust-laden volumes of The McMaster Monthly a few sporadic attempts at wittieism were discovered. Some will bear repeating:

Student's Class in Poetry. Chairman—"Yes, I think an exquisite sonnet could be written on the song of the rain. Mr. Wag, what do you suppose the rain on a beautiful summer evening says to the dust?" Mr. Wag—"Very probably it whispers. 'Pretty dust, your name is mud.'"

A freshman complained of getting too much advice from a certain senior. "Isn't it sound advice." "Yes, mostly sound."

"Horrid belief, that metempsychosis, isn't it? Just fancy my being a donkey in the next incarnation." Sympathetic Friend—"Monotonous, eh!"

A good story is told of one our Theologs who sometimes preaches at B———. "Mac" was teaching a Sunday School class and making fair progress, but was very much annoyed by the persistent talking of some boys in a class behind him. Finally, unable to stand it any longer, he turned and said "Boys!!!" in a tone that made the youngsters shake as if troubled with ague. The reprimand was distinctly audible throughout all parts of the school-room, and one little girl was heard to remark to her teacher: "My! Hasn't that man got an awful temper? I don't think God will stand for much of that, do you?"

MEN OF THE HOUR. NO. 4.

PRESIDENT OF THE FYFE MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

If the subject of this biographical sketch were to be introduced as Mr. Owen E. Rutledge, B.A., perhaps many of our college readers would have to stop a moment before realizing of whom we were speaking. But the name "Bow-Wow" (to which hangs a tale) calls to mind at once a short, solid, "hail fellow well met," whose first interest in arriving at the Hall in the morning is well known to be the "sporting column" of the latest newspaper (on the side, he thinks Jeffries a winner). Around the Hall, as an unmistakable sign of ready wit and an ample fund of good nature, Rutledge wears a smile once in a while, to give place to a tired expression, which is not, however, a sign of overwork.

Such is "Bow-Wow" to his most casual acquaintance in McMaster. To those who know him more intimately he is still the quick of wit and large of heart; but more than these he is a man who has heard the world's challenge to men to be and do something, and has set his hand to the task, not likely to turn back; it is Rutledge's purpose to serve as a missionary in India.

In the early years of McMaster University was organized the Fyfe Missionary Society, under which are now incorporated the Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A. and the Evangelistic Band. Standing as it does, at once the focusing point for our religious life, and a radiating centre for its activity, it is evident that such a Society must have at its head a man in active sympathy with all the vital interests of our University life and one able to co-ordinate these interests under our University motto. "

Such is the man and such the office. By the philosopher's pre-established harmony Mr. Rutledge was elected President of the Fyfe Missionary Society for the college year 1909-10; results have shown the wisdom of the choice, for in co-operation with a most effective Executive Committee, its President has made the work of the Society this year of lively interest and value. The various meetings held during the year have all proved of great help and inspiration to the life of our college, and we can only wish for the future of the Fyfe Society a leadership which will as carefully and successfully provide for its interests.

WOMAN'S DEPARTMENT.

EDITOR: GLADYS D. JACKSON, '11.

"One more bubble and I vanish;
One last flicker, and whist! out I go."

UR poor little stone, so proud of its ability to successfully "skip" the water seven times in succession, must now sink forever and lie forgotten in the deep; our giddy balloon has burst, and will presently bob from a tree-limb like a forlorn dishrag on a deserted camping-ground; sadder still, the time has come for a woman to have her last word, and, no less unfortunate than a mere man who never knows *what* to say, she is at a loss to know *which* to say. Besides being too much to require of any girl, it is strangely contrary to this one's peculiar nature to die away in silence, to sink without an eddy, yet that were preferable to the shrieks and groans which she fears. Read over the last wills and testaments of previous editors, and see how they floated to *their* editorial graves with swan-like music. Shall we perforce engage a brass band for ours?

We cannot leave, however, without a word of warning to the gay sprinter who next picks up the kerchief in this exciting relay race. It is this: Beware the walking calendar! Beware the black-letter day when he smiles at the sitting-room door! Arm yourself to the teeth, with manuscript, against the last day of the month, or you will see your thermometer rushing suddenly either to forty below or to one hundred and ten in the shade. Tear down your "Do it now" sign and hang huge "HAVE IT DONE" mottoes about your bedroom, study, parlor, piano, sitting-room, class-room, doorways, and on the streets. Fail in this one thing and you will creep guiltily along the corridors,

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And, having once turn'd round, walks on
And turns no more his head:
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread."

Benefit by this advice from one who knows, however, and you will find the editing of a column in this splendid magazine to be one of the most interesting occupations you have ever experienced.

As for poor us, we have indeed reached the end of our tether, pulled back with a jerk just as we were right in the middle of a delightful graze in the nice green meadows. All we can do now is to nibble up the few bits of clover within reach, then sink lazily down on the soft ground and back in the sleepy sun, casting now and then a longing glance at the fluttering, daisy-sprinkled field stretching far out before us, wherein another editor may shortly roam at will, a brand-new rope dangling after.

W. L. S.—On March 25th, a May sun shining gloriously on April sidewalks was simply irresistible to most of these unattached to Mrs. Jarley's wax-works, and several of them might be seen between the hours of four and five strolling leisurely down University Avenue, comparing the spring hats on exhibition there with a certain creation at home in a big box. So the meeting was a queer "Turn-about-you-play-I-perform" arrangement. Vice-President and Secretary passed along business items to Mrs. Arnton, Miss Gladys Jackson, and the wax-works; Miss Gladys Jackson sang to the vice-president, secretary, Mrs. Arnton, and the wax-works, and finally, the wax-works gave their little play before what remained. Can you figure it out?

Y. W. C. A.—The Y. W. C. A., following the example set by other departments, has been settling down to ordinary sober existence. Mission study classes have been the order of the month, with good attendance and visible interest. On Wednesday, March 30th, the members awoke to the fact that nominations were due, and accordingly the names of the officers for 1910-1911 will soon be announced.

Tea-Parties.—Even assidnous cultivation of the intellect does not root out of a girl her innate love for those delightful formal affairs known as "teas"; McMaster girls were fortunate in being entertained *en masse* at two such affairs, which will long be remembered as particularly bright spots in the spring term. Mrs. Gilmour's afternoon tea and an evening reception given by Dr. and Mrs. Keirstead were very much appreciated and enjoyed. The pretty tables, with their flowers and shaded candles, formed popular centres of attraction. In both cases the presence of a number of gentlemen who went over from the Hall increased the pleasure of the events.

Old Maids' At Home.—On Tuesday evening Miss Etta Pugsley, '10, invited the girls of her year to an exciting "Old

Maids' '' party given in honor of their ex-vice-president, Miss Winnifred Dengate. Strange whispers are abroad concerning what took place in a certain upstairs room where those gracious but mighty beings gathered in select conclave to discuss great questions of state. Freshettes, sophettes, juniors and seniors all but one are to have a boss, it is said, and woe betide the impudent lass who fails to shrivel up completely under the gaze of her supreme dignity.

But have we not yet said good-bye? How *can* a woman stop talking? What task can equal that of putting the brakes on her tongue? For one of us we fear it must be good-bye indeed. Thank you for your kind attention.

ATHLETICS.

Editor: F. W. Waters, '11.

"Thus far, with rough and all unable pen,
Our bending author hath pursued the story;
In little room confining mighty men,
Mangling by starts the full course of their glory."

THIS WAY OUT.—The way in seemed strewn with roses as we took up this pen with best wishes for the blessing of the muses upon, and fond dreams of cups within, our head. But it was a rough tramp behind our forces, for the year's campaign was a hard one in various respects. Although we were unable to reach the city of championships and silver mugs, nevertheless we are wiser for our experiences. *Fas est ab hoste doceri.* Then all honor to our teams, and may Mr. Price, to whose lot it will fall to chronicle their deeds next year, have the pleasure of recording their triumphal career past every enemy and on through those shining silver gates.

Athletic Banquet.—About one hundred and twenty-five students and guests sat down to the annual banquet of the Athletic Association in the College dining hall on Tuesday evening, March 22. What was termed the "in-turn" by the President, Mr. W. H. Firstbrook, '10, on rising to propose the toast to the King, put everyone into the best of humor for listening to

Part II. of the evening's entertainment. After drinking the health of Britain's royal sportsman, the President called on Mr. Caleb Harris, B.A., to lead off on the "out-turn." In his characteristically humorous style Mr. Harris realized the hope that he expressed, "That I may pluck the feathers out of the wings of my imagination and stick them in the tail of my judgment." He laid considerable emphasis on McMaster's need of a Rugby coach. In responding Prof. Matthews left three things prominently before the notice of the Association: that athletics is not an end in itself, and there is a danger of overdoing it; that our athletic life ought to touch all the student life—here he emphasized the necessity of physical work done under competent instruction; and lastly a word of advice, that athletes of the future learn from the experience of the past. After a vocal solo by Mr. N. S. McKechnie, B.A., the distribution of the cups, medals and badges won during the year was proceeded with. The Chancellor read a telegram from Mr. R. C. Matthews, B.A., donor of the Matthews Cup, expressing his regret at being unable to attend the banquet. In his absence Prof. McLay presented the cup to the seniors, who are this year's champions, and on whose behalf it was received by their President, Mr. J. Wearing. The Chancellor then presented Mr. W. J. Haydon, B.A., with the McNaught Cup and Chancellor's Medal won on Field Day. The first and second Association medals were presented to Mr. H. F. Veals, '10, and Mr. G. M. Goodfellow, '13, respectively, by Prof. Findlay. Emblems were granted to the following: G. P. McKay, H. F. Veals, C. S. Robertson, E. J. Wham, R. C. Crowe, W. L. Iveson, H. H. McGregor. The speech-making was then resumed and Mr. V. E. Gray, '11, proposed "Our Teams." He expressed what seemed to be the firm conviction of each of the speakers, that McMaster needs a Rugby coach, and that definite steps ought to be taken at once to secure one for next fall. In replying, Mr. L. R. McCrimmon, '11, captain of the Rugby team, also advocated the securing of a Rugby coach, showing that "our teams lack that snap and concentrated team play of our well-coached opponents." This matter furnished a subject for some vigorous discussions among the fellows after the banquet. The following is from the toast proposed to "Our Teams":

A Rugby Coach.—"We have not given up hope of championships . . . . We are still out to win, and in that endeavor may not a change of policy be advantageous? Has not our cultivation of athletics been too extensive to admit of intensity? We

have tried to do too much. Why not concentrate our forces along one line and make that line a success? Of the two lines, of course, Rugby should be made the specialty, since it accommodates more of our men and we have more material for it. For our size this school has produced a Rugby team of exceptional strength and efficiency, but we lack in organization and assured ambition. My suggestion, then, bluntly is this—let us have a Rugby coach; let us reduce our expenditure on our hockey material if necessary and devote it to securing a Rugby coach for our team. Everyone recognizes the need of a coach. No one man can be at once a truly efficient captain and trainer. As for the hockey team, I believe that $100 is too much to spend on the material which we have at the present time. Let us reduce that amount until such time as our prospects warrant the further expenditure. That the proposition involves a sacrifice in hockey we recognize. The hockey team shudders at the possibility of its hockey practices being confined to 'Little Vic.' But let us screw up our courage to the sticking point. We have a worthy example in our country, for has she not resolved to launch a navy? . . . That my suggestion is open to criticism and amendment I am well aware, but it is at least worthy of your careful consideration." It is not our intention to discuss here the matter of the remuneration of such a coach. Our aim is to point out how sadly we are in need of a man to fill such a position, in the hope that definite action will be taken along this line immediately. It is not because we have not the material for a Rugby team that we lose. We have had championship material year after year. It is not only the large universities that can produce championship teams. To what is the success of Ottawa College in the senior C. I. R. F. U. due? To the splendid and untiring coaching of Father Staunton. We understand that this matter will be brought before the Association for consideration this spring. Let us support this move in the right direction.

Wind-up of Hockey.—On March 8 'Ten beat 'Thirteen 1—0. Theology defaulted to 'Ten. Thus the seniors win first place in hockey and the Matthews Cup with 71 points. This is the second time that year 'Ten has won the Cup. They won it before in their sophomore year. 'Ten line-up: Goal, McGregor (captain); point, Robertson; cover, Sayles; rover, Firstbrook; centre, McKay; right, Curtis; left, Iveson. The freshmen won second place from the juniors on March 10, in a game which resulted in a score of 7—0 in favor of the freshmen. 'Thirteen line-up: Goal, Cook; point, B. McCrimmon; cover, McEnteer; rover, Ryrie;

centre, Postill; right, Cline (captain); left, Matthews. The seniors asserted their superiority in hockey again on March 15, when they defeated a team chosen from the rest of the school by a score of 11—6. Final standings of the years in points towards the Matthews Cup: 'Ten, 71; 'Thirteen, 55; 'Eleven, 31; 'Twelve, 31; Theology, 19.

New Officers.—Next year's executive of the Athletic Association is composed of the following members: Hon. President, Prof. McLay; President, V. E. Gray; Vice-President, L. R. McCrimmon; Secretary-Treasurer, V. W. Price; Business Manager, A. W. Wilson; Rugby Captain, L. R. McCrimmon; Hockey Captain, H. R. H. Silcox.

OUR GRADUATES.

Editor: K. A. Clark, '10.

AGAIN there approaches the end of another college term. The examinations safely over, the student body will soon disperse, each member going his way with the happy sense of relief that a year's work with its trials and problems has been surmounted. But to some will come the realization that more than a year has passed; they will be graduates. How quickly the time has gone, and now the seniors, despite their successful career, find themselves being shouldered off the scene to make room for others.

Thus it is that, year by year, the McMaster Alumni has been increased to its present goodly size. Their undergraduate course over, the classes break up, some coming back for further studies or following work in other universities, and some stepping directly into the world of activity to find their place in its development. A little while and notices begin appearing in the Graduate column. So-and-so has obtained his Ph.D., has been appointed to a high position in industrial work. Another has married, has accepted a call to such and such a church, and is now the Rev. ———. For so it has been in the past. McMaster men have been working and competing and have succeeded; they may be found wherever one may choose to look, holding positions of responsibility and honor in every worthy occupation of life.

Next year this department will be edited by F. H. Jeffery.

'11, who has been doing excellent service on the reportorial staff of The Monthly. In resigning to Mr. Jeffrey the charge of this column we assure him that he is undertaking a most pleasant and interesting task in watching and recording the progress of Our Graduates.

The following few items of news have come to our notice:

S. J. Bates, '07, has been granted a Fellowship in Physical Chemistry at the University of Illinois.

Rev. J. B. Warnicker, '93, has been made acting pastor of Jarvis Street Baptist Church, Toronto, and is now engaged in his duties there.

Rev. C. J. Cameron, '94, is announced in "Service" as Transportation Leader for Ontario and Quebec for the International B. Y. P. U. convention to be held at Saratoga Springs in July.

E. C. Jordan, '05, left Arcola, Sask., last February and is now teaching mathematics at Moose Jaw Collegiate.

D. A. McKerricher, '02, is teaching school at Strathcona. Mr. McKerricher was married recently, and is making his home in Lethbridge.

Rev. A. B. Cohoe, '98, of Brussels Street Baptist Church, St. John, N.B., has been called to the First Baptist Church, Halifax, N.S.

Rev. G. H. Clarke, '95, has now an appointment in connection with the University of Nashville, Tenn.

We have much pleasure in noting the success which has attended Mr. E. C. Fox, '06, in his business career. Mr. Fox is now assistant business manager of The Wm. Davies Co., Toronto.

J. Dixon Craig, '07, is in Edmonton, where he is assistant city editor of the *Daily Capital.*

Here and There.

EDITOR: N. ST. CLAIR MCKECHNIE, '08.

I don't suppose you'll see us again for months and months and months,
I don't suppose you'll see us again for months and months and months;
We've had our little quarrels and you've cursed us more than once,
But now you'll not get the chance again for months and months and months.

—*Neil Kenyon, in G. U. M.*

WE notice that the management of the *Acadia Athenaeum* has been conducting a prize poem contest. The idea, we think, is worthy of our serious consideration. We have had prize story contests for some years, which have each year brought out productions of considerable merit. Our own impression is that the spirit of poetry needs some encouragement of a similar nature. A prize contest might tempt into song "some mute, inglorious Milton!" The following poem, which shows a good deal of ability on the part of its author, is one of the *Athenaeum's* prize poems:

THE SPINNING SONG OF LOVE.

"All day long 'mid roses red
Love sits spinning a golden thread,
Spinning when the shadows fall;
Spinning e'er the cock-crow's call;
Spinning forever, spinning for aye;
Spinning the love threads night and day.

"She's spinning the beautiful, soft and true,
Spinning the love threads ever new;
Spinning through sorrow and spinning through sin;
Spinning the love thread's joyance in,
Spinning for broken hearts and gay;
Ending not with the night nor the day.

"On a wonderful pattern she's spinning away;
Of the rich and the poor, the grave and the gay;
Spinning the weak into the strong;
Spinning the right around the wrong;
Spinning past loves with a broken thread,
Spinning old passions never dead.

"She's spinning for all and spinning for each;
None so far but her threads may reach.
She's spinning for me and spinning for you,
Spinning our love in a web that's true,
She's spinning the golden locks and grey,
Love makes the world go round they say.

—*Arthur Hunt Chute.* '10.

We wish to publicly acknowledge the assistance we have received during the year from Mr. Caleb Harris, '09. In order to leave the editor free to do other work Mr. Harris edited this column for the months of December and March. His work was a credit to himself and to The Monthly. We extend our thanks.

Scottish phraseology differs slightly from the Canadian, but we feel that the spirit of the lines given below will find an echo in the hearts of those who "rinked" at Victoria rink during the season just past.

I.

Ah, there she passes again,
I really must learn to rink.
You feel a bit out of it when,
Ah, there she passes again,
The floor's almost covered with men
And you stand alone on the brink.
Ah, there she passes again,
I really must learn to rink.

II.

There's no use getting wild,
All that's wanted is practice.
Though she certainly smiled
There's no use getting wild;
Wear the look that is mild
When you trip, for the fact is
There's no use getting wild,
All that's wanted is practice.

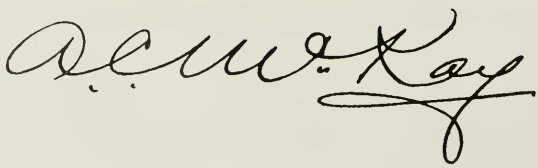
III.

Don't you think, Rosalie,
I will do for a partner?
Yes, I *can* skate. Just see!
Don't you think, Rosalie,
You'd be quite safe with me?
Come, or we'll make a start ne'er.

. . . . .

Don't you think, Rosalie,
I will do for a partner.

—*Knoku, in Glasgow University Magazine.*



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MALCOLM SINCLAIR CLARK, M.A.
Professor of German.

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Professor of Political Economy, Education and Sociology.

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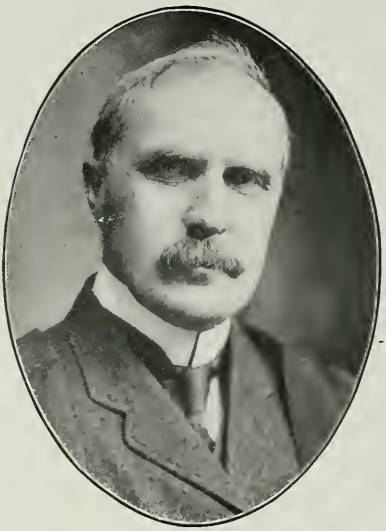

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Lecturer in Geology and Mineralogy.

Elven John Bengough, B A.
Registrar.

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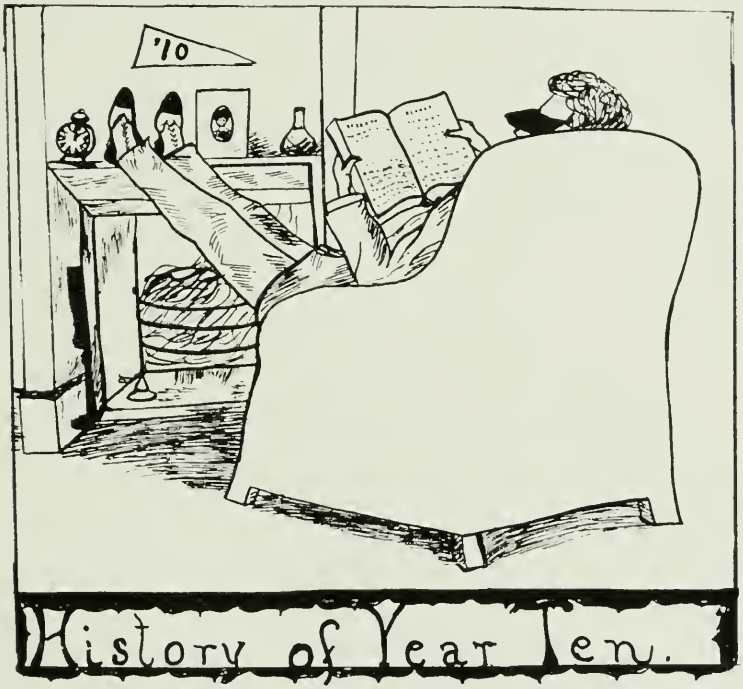


Written and Illustrated by Annie Grierson.

"Soon this rhyming volume, if you learn with proper speed,
Little under-grads., will be given you to read."

From ocean unto ocean, the world o'er,
Thy praise, McMaster, we proclaim once more!
The classes past have glorified thy name,
And wondrous deeds have magnified thy fame;
Yet though past years may boast of brilliant men,
They fade to darkness beside "Upper Ten."
Even at the first our power was clearly seen,
Though veiled, of course, beneath the freshman green.
True, that first day we to thy halls did start
With timid footsteps and with throbbing heart,
Not knowing what dread troubles were in store,
But fearing most the barbarous sophomore.
Such fears were vain; for when we reached the place,

And joined the other members of our race;
To our delight, but to the sophs' dismay,
We found we had a larger year than they.
Besides, from every clime our men came forth,
The dreamy Orient and the frozen North;
The sunny South and prairies of the West
Granted us, too, their brightest and their best.
Intrepid, then, around the halls we flew;
Others we saw—and others saw us, too.
At length, excitement o'er, we settled down,
Purchased the books prescribed, and donned the gown.
We found we needs must have—to insure ease—
Some guides to pilot us through stormy seas.
The class assembled, and we made our choice,
Richards as president, Miss Pugsley, vice.
To help defend our honor and our rights
We then elected various lesser lights.
We hoped unchecked to strengthen, then, our sway;
And tread in gladness Learning's thorny way.
Vain fancies these! How soon we did awake
To find we'd rested on a burning lake!
The cruel sophs initiated all,
And steeped us in the colors of the Hall.
Rumor doth whisper of a dire fight,
In "the dead vast and middle of the night."
Howe'er it be, the sad results were few—
Just some "game legs," and a black eye or two.
'Twas soon forgot. Then our attention fell
On loftier themes—a banner and a yell.
Field Day came next. This, we knew, was the hour
When, once for all, Year Ten must show her power.
'Twas whispered that the sophs thought they would crush
Our ardor in the far-famed "Freshman Rush."
Deceived again! For when the scrap was o'er,
The haughty sophs were wounded by the score.
The more unlucky ones were 'bout half dead,
Sprawled on the earth, with freshmen on their head.
Ours was the victory; and after it was done,
With joy and lampblack our men's faces shone.
In rugby, too, our fellows showed their skill;
And often won—as freshies seldom will.
But the joys of Founder's Night did these excel,
Year Ten adorned a room, and it was "swell."
None but admitted the result was fine—
It 'most eclipsed the effort of Naught-Nine.

But dreadful news did soon our rapture shake,
Bringing distress and sorrow in its wake.
Mid-year exams. were held!!! Could it be true?
It stunned us like a "bolt from out the blue!"

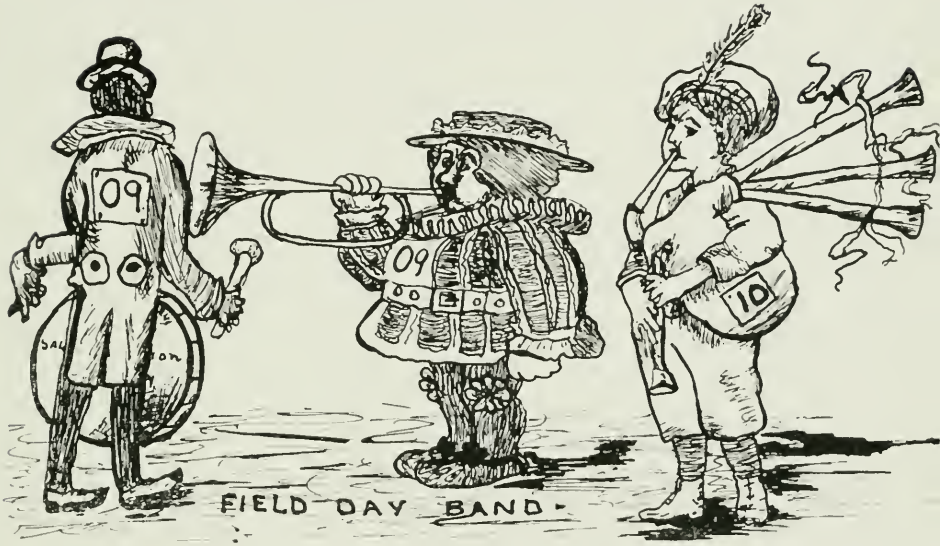
We bore, though, with philosophic calm,
And cheerfully prepared for each exam.
Soon they were over, and our troubles past;
For e'en mid-year exams. will see their last.
Now that we'd learned the arts of war with ease,
We thought we'd cultivate the arts of peace.
And since with freshies sleigh-rides are the fad,
A sleigh-ride we must have—and so we had.
The date was fixed; and a few days before,
The freshmen lined up at the ladies' door,
With frightened looks, the damsels to invite
To be their partners for the joyful night.
We drove around from eight till nearly morn,
Shouting our yell, and tooting a tin-horn.
The peaceful citizens were much in doubt
Whether the whole of Bedlam was let out,
Or just some college students. Little we cared,
Supposing the whole city should get scared.
Nor was it just for sleigh-rides we were known,
Our peerless worth in other lines was shown.
In hockey our men proved that they could skate;
And "licked" the lordly seniors in debate.
But the jolliest time we had, by a long way,
Was at our rally on St. Patrick's Day.
Before our smiles had faded, we went down
And "had our picture took" somewhere in town.
The dear, kind artist, carefully and slow,
Arranged us all, excepting the front row—

The gods did that. But soon the word "exam."
Made us forget such joys and start to "cram."
Each fellow for the time forgot his lass,
Dusted his text-books, burned his midnight gas.
Two weeks of darkness and appalling fear,
Then the results—and many stars appear.
After some farewell strolls out to the Humber,
We said "Good-bye," and parted for the summer.

* * * * * * *

In autumn, when we met, we missed a few;
But new recruits kept us from feeling blue.
But who were these? A wild and savage race
Rushed in, to push our heroes off the place.
Rude creatures these! They needed to be taught;
"Initiate them!" was our instant thought.
But why relate what happened to each man?
They may as well forget it—if they can.
On Field Day, with our bright banner afloat,
And a chrysanthemum on each girl's coat,
We started to the field, happy and gay,
Haverstock and Miss Simpson led the way.
Our athletes in the sports won second place,
The theologues came first, by "means of grace."
Of course, we might have beaten if we would;
But we must show respect toward the good.
No "Freshman Rush" this year. 'Twould not be right
With such a weak year as Eleven to fight.
A nobler course was ours. A feast we laid;
In honor of the freshies it was made.
Another rugby season came and went;
And by our team 'twas gloriously spent.
Another Founder's Night arrived and passed;
Our room was better this year even than last.
Again the dark exam.-cloud gathered round;
But through the blackness still the stars were found.
Another siege of inter-year debates,
And one more round of "rivalry on skates."
Year Ten's athletic fame was brightening up;
She drank her victories in the Matthews Cup.
Nor were our childish things all put away;
We still were capable of being gay.
A sleigh-ride and a spelling-match we had,
And nothing but the spelling was "half-bad."
Time fled apace, as Time is wont to fly,
Especially when exam.-season is nigh.

Again our faces took on gloomy looks,
And we renewed acquaintance with our books.
Once more we wildly rued our scanty knowledge;
And wondered why we'd ever come to college.
Exams. soon ended, and the term was o'er,
And we were doomed to separate once more;



This time 'twas harder still, and glad were all,
When autumn summoned us back to the Hall.

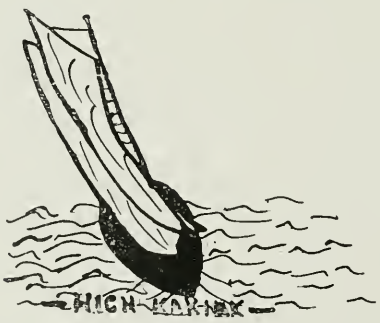
* * * * * * *

It was as jolly juniors now we met,
Determined to make this year the best yet.
A success 'twould be, we couldn't help but feel,
With Ronson and Miss Dengate at the wheel.
The freshies now were in our tender charge,
To shield and guide these "innocents at large."
Field Day soon showed our splendor hadn't waned;
The victor's palm—and fifty points—we gained.
But our thirst for fame in sports was soon assuaged;
And grander themes our talents then engaged.
Sages of old, we learned, did all accord
That tongue and pen are mightier than the sword;
So Greek philosophy, somewhat against our will,
Urged us to quit the field, and show our skill
In loftier spheres. Our minds we then made up
To capture the Nought-Nine debating cup.
Ere long that "emblem dear" of victories sweet
Was humbly placed before our haughty feet.

Having drunk the wine of glory to the lees,
We turned to "bowers of innocence and ease."
"The Angel of Mirth appeared, to scatter round
Her magic charms o'er all unclassic ground."
A rally we must have; so one evening after dark
We filed into the home of Mr. Clark,
In ark-like line; and had a gay old time
Playing new games, or making up a rhyme
On such themes as the fellows' future fate,
Or "what makes —— stay out at night so late?"
We still retained athletic powers, though,
As the last hockey-match with '09 will show.
An oyster supper this time was in view;
And 'twould be paid for by the losers, too.
Supplied with chiclets, and with spirits gay,
Our players won; so the seniors had to pay.
As our third year was drawing to its close,
A sad, though pleasant, duty there arose,
That proved us peerless in another line—
'Twas the graduation dinner for Nought-Nine.
The class we knew was worthy of the best,
And we gave it—menu, toasts and all the rest.
Now our last vacation time had come.
Again we separated; some going home,
Some out to preach, or out West to teach school,
Where they "combed their nobbles with a three-legged stool."

* * * * * * *

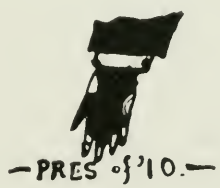
As staid and grand old seniors we returned,
To be worshipped by the freshies as "the learned."
New honors now were ours; for from Year Ten,



The "Lit." and campus chose their leading men.
Our fame grew brighter yet, and still more bright,
We captured almost every prize in sight.

On Field Day we upheld our glorious name;
And Founder's Night still added to our fame.
Our poppy-room, with seats within its shade,
"For talking age and whispering lovers made,"
Delighted all. In sports, too, we held sway.
In rugby, so to speak, "things came our way."
In hockey, too, our heroes took the lead—
Defeated the school team in both, indeed.
Still greater conquests did our pride inflate;

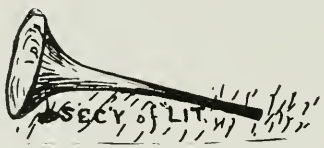
Wearing and Weaver won the "Vic." debate.
All things combined the victory to enhance,
The men came with their "sisters" and their "aunts."
Joy and mirth reigned; and loudly from the back,
There sounded the old cry of "Boom-on-Mac."
A few weeks afterward we met once more
(The fellows brought their ladies as before),
We gathered in Castle Memorial Hall,
To hear a contest oratorical.
Each year had chosen its most brilliant man,
And made him vow, "I'll do the best I can!"
Needless to say, Year Ten captured the prize;



And "Hurrah for Ten and Fuzzie," came the cries.
The Matthews Cup and Ryrie Fob we'd won,
And were content—what more could we have done?
Even at our fourth year dignity and age,
We hadn't passed the "fun and frolic" stage;
For at our rally we'd a merry time,
Jollier even than in our freshman prime.
But our last siege of exams. is drawing near,
And our hearts are seized with grim and ghastly fear.
A few more weeks are left to "plug" and "grind,"

With joy and mirth and pleasure left behind.
Too late again we rue our idle ways,
"And days are lost lamenting o'er lost days."

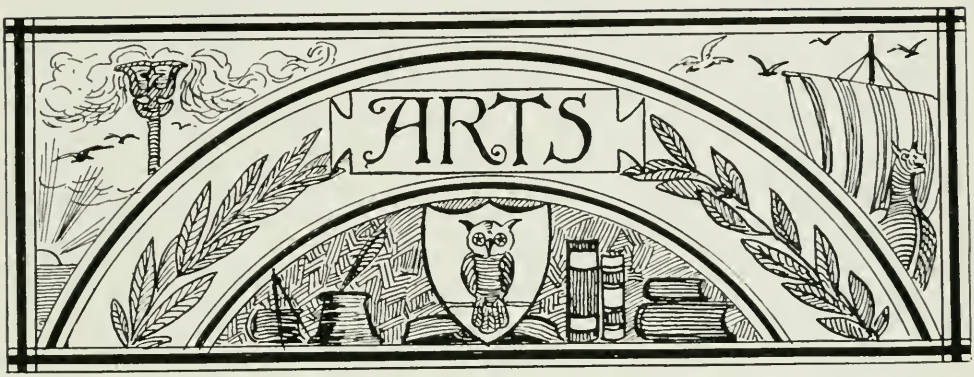
But looking back over the past four years,
Despite our present awful doubts and fears,
Gladly we view our days of fun and mirth
And all they've brought of wisdom or of worth.
For we've learned much. New ties have been made,
And friendships formed that will not quickly fade.
So not without regret we leave the Hall;



Its profs. and students have grown dear to all.
But we must go—since it is our turn next—
So exeunt the Champions of "Brekety-Kex."

* * * * * * *

"But here's to our next meeting; and oh! when we shall meet,
May our hearts be as light, and our memories as sweet!"



Proclamation! Know ye that here beginneth the sage and marvellous recitation of the lives, achievements and ambitions of forty-eight valiant gentlemen and fair ladies. Would ye learn the biographies of great and illustrious celebrities, advance and read, all ye who cast your eyes upon these pages; and, in after years, when their names are borne aloft upon the four winds, neglect not to remind yourselves that these have gone forth from McMaster University as the undauntable and famous year of Nineteen Hundred and Ten.

Walter Lloyd Blackadar.

When on a certain frosty morn

Loud cried a lusty infant boy
Little we knew the genius born
Or wist the world's triumphant joy.
Yet 'twas our "Black" by Ottawa's stream
Dwelt several years then went to school,

Burst oft his buttons (broad of beam),
Laughed, played nor feared a master's rule.
At length with happy cherub face
Came to our Alma Mater's halls.
Kept early hours, held a high place,
And firsts galore; won due applause.
Dread calculus he most enjoyed;
Athletics oft his hours employed:
Repeat ye echoes farewell Lloyd.

G. H. C.

Frederick George Burrell.

"Flower o' the clove,
All the Latin I construe is "Amo" I love!"

The Elves held a solemn court by the shadows of moonlight. "Life sentence!" thundered the judge to the mischievous sprite that was in disgrace. The prisoner grinned, ran his fingers through his hair and to the horror of the court exclaimed, "Fudge: that's easy!" This explains how Fred landed "over the Don." In due time "Chubbie" entered a public school in Toronto and soon earned notoriety among the boys by his enthusiasm for baseball and his aversion for hard labor. His next venture was his apprenticeship as a saddle-maker, but "Ambition mocked his humble toil" and he determined to follow the example of his two brothers and enter the Baptist ministry. After attending East Toronto High School he entered McMaster. Fearlessly he entered upon the thorny path of Special Classies and, strange to relate, he still retained his merry countenance. He has also made his weight felt on the rugby and soccer teams of the year. Fred has accepted the church at Acton and will be back next year to strengthen the "ministerial ranks" of the College.

J. T. C.

Karl Adolf Clark.

"One science only will one genius fit,
So vast is art, so narrow human wit."

Four years of McMaster life have evolved a chemist. The compound on which the various reagents of college life have acted, was first synthesized in 1888 in Georgetown. The first evidence of Karl's scientific nature was when he fell out of his cradle and experimented with not only the sound of his voice, but also the force of gravity. Later, his scientific character found expression in the plucking of dandelions for his mother and the testing of his father's patience by prying into the mysteries of the electric door-bell. In Harbord Collegiate he displayed certain absorbent qualities which have been further demonstrated in McMaster. In college he has been weighed in the balance and not found wanting. He soon learned that to move forward is to turn energy into work, a fact that is amply illustrated by his many achievements, for instance the winning of the General Proficiency Scholarship of the First Year, and the Second Year Science Scholarship. During its course, the original "unknown" has been examined by quantitative analysis and found to contain the following elements: energy, ability, congeniality and worth in every way. McMaster looks now upon her creation and behold it is very good.

W. J. A. D.

John Thomas Cowan.

"A tender heart, a will inflexible."

Whether there was a quarrel in one of Toronto's kitten camps or not the neighbors were not quite sure, until it was announced to them that a son had arrived. It was Jack. Within a few years he was a "whining school boy, with his satchel and shining morning-face creeping like snail unwillingly to school." High school work opened its doors to him at Uxbridge, where success lightened his path and where the town felt his strength as an athlete. Two years of successful business life in the Queen City followed this. But after all he is a preacher "of ministerial blood" and when the call came to him from McMaster in '06 he accepted it. *Vidit,* with this result: Soccer goal-tender, track captain, class bard, Welton Scholarship in Hebrew. *Vicit!* and with History and Economics as his specials we look for still greater things. We will hear of him first as a pastor, brightening the lives of men, then as a professor of History. *Valebit.*

F. G. B.

Laura Josephine Craig.

In a Cocanada Mission, near some tinkling temple bells,
A forlorn young Anglo-Indian once set up her infant yells.
Early years, from one to seven, passed amid the palms and rice,
Where a good black Hindu *ayah* kept her out of heath'nish vice.

Then she came across the seas,
Came to learn her A B C's,
And at Harbord Street Collegiate captured first class marks with ease.
To McMaster now she flees,
Pays the registrar her fees,
A bunch of firsts in Classics, with a modest air to seize.

Her ready fingers stories write, as clever as can be,
Or can decorate a table for a Woman's Lit. pink tea.
She was head of our Y. W.; o'er a council board she pores,
Making plans in solemn conclave for the heathen she adores.
Other things to her are trifles; this next line her future tells—
"She has 'eard the East a-callin' and she can't 'eed nothin' else."

E. W. D.

Roland C. Crowe.

"A few short years and we behold him stand
To ask a blessing with his bride in hand."

"Corvus" was as versatile in his choice of early residence as in his later attainments. Born in Halifax in 1887, he is a true blue-nose. Two years after this important event, to Rolly, he removed to the far West. 'Tis said that during the sixteen years of his life among the "Sourdoughs" he acquired some learning at the New Westminster High School. In 1906 he "'eard the East a-callin'" and joined the Class of 1910. Little did we think as we gazed upon the flaxen haired boy that he would once fill the chair of our Literary Society, still less would we have been inclined to prophesy that the stammering hopeful would one day cleverly win inter-year struggles in the "Home of Debaters." How could we know that this blushing youth would in time attain the polish and ease of Beau Brummel? Verily doth the freshman resemble the senior as the caterpillar the butterfly. Corbeau has a future interest along the line of combinations: of the industrial sort.

Charles Norman Curtis.

"To dazzle let the vain design,
To raise the thought and touch the heart be thine"

Philosophers are no respecters of places. From the rolling prairies and silent woodlands they come; but the trembling waters of Fenelon Falls, Ontario, greeted with their roar the advent of a philosopher keen and true in the person of our friend Norman. The music of the waters, the odors of the pine trees and the labor of the farm contributed much toward the formation of his personality. At an early age he entered Harbord Collegiate, Toronto, taking the full matriculation course and then coming to McMaster for Arts—especially Philosophy. During his sojourn within these halls he has established a good record in scholarship, has represented his Year on the track, and in many ways has gained a large place in the estimation of his fellows. The great world of men with its crying needs appeals strongly to him and his decision is to make further preparation and enter the Christian ministry. We expect to hear much of him, not only as a disciple of Kant but as a leader in the various walks of life.

J. S.

Percival Egerton Deeth.

"For friends and truth are both dear to us, but it is a sacred duty to prefer the truth."

When, in the class one day, a student talked profoundly of "the man who deliberately misplaced his ontological predicates" everyone looked up and asked, "Who is he?" Percy was born in York Township. There, in the public schools, he received a good elementary education which, by life on the farm, was substantially supplemented by a sturdy body and a healthy appetite. Later, in commercial pursuits, he developed the suave manner now so characteristic. In the fall of 1905 he entered Varsity and in his three years there successfully specialized in Philosophy. But whether wisely or otherwise, Percy reversed a favorite doctrine of his Church by falling *to* Grace. As a result, he took his final year at McMaster. There he has proved himself a good student and a congenial classmate. Upon graduation Percy goes to Ottawa where, between times spent in looking after the legislators, he will perform the duties falling to him as a result of his appointment as Y.M.C.A. Secretary. His sterling character, broad sympathy, sound sense and thorough equipment predict for him a life of influence and usefulness.

R. M. D.

Esther Winnifred Dengate.

A girl ther was of Branteford also,
That unto parties haddè longe y-go.
Winnifred hight this mayden faire, I wene,
That is so smyling al the day, and shene.*
To scole went she in tounè Hamilton,
And ther to Normal also had y-yon,
For gladly wolde she lerne, and gladly teche.
Sowninge in sotil witte is al her speche,
Wel can she sing and maken melodye,
And speke to gladden al the compaignye.
To McMaster cam she then by aventure,
Called was she by the lerninge and the lure
Of college lyf in which she wolde share,
Vice-president of Yeerè Ten so faire.
Heygh office held she in the Lit., I gesse,
And ther y-provèd has hir worthinesse.
Loketh she so trew out of her eyen tweye,
This speketh for itself; ther needs no more to seye.

L. J. C. and A. G. P.

*Bright

Violet Irene Dickens.

"Rare compound of wisdom, frolic and fun,
To relish a joke, or rejoice in a pun."

Violet started life with the idea that she could and would make things go. With this as her aim she left Brighton, her native town, and passed rapidly through the Toronto public and high schools till she found herself one September morning a meek freshette in McMaster. It did not take Vi. long to accustom herself to the endless round of professors, lectures and essays. She chose English and History as her special but still found time to cheer the men in rugby, to skate the last band on little Vic., and in her final year to be a most efficient leader of a Mission Study Class. She was one of the Y. W. representatives at the Summer Conference last July and has been an energetic worker on reception committees. The bulletin board has been brightened by her clever posters and the sketch of the Old Crier won first place in the Lit. Bulletin Contest. Violet expects to attend Faculty in the fall and we are sure she will prove herself a successful and worthy daughter of her Alma Mater.

B. C. D.

Robert McCahon Dickey.

"With honest pride he scorned each selfish end.
His dearest, a friend's esteem and praise."

Robert first turned his eyes to the light in good old Ireland. His early days were spent under the careful direction of the Manse, from which influence he has never been able to get away. After having exhausted the source of available knowledge, transmitted largely through the business end of the parental rod, Robert looked elsewhere for more verdant patstures, with the following results: Three years in Manitoba College, two years in Theology, winning a scholarship, two years in the Yukon as the first missionary of the Presbyterian Church. Still following the glittering star of knowledge he pursued special theological work at Edinburgh and Belfast, but had to come to McMaster to get the finishing touch in Arts. He has combined with his aptitude for study a kindly, sympathetic spirit, which endears him to all those who know him. We speak for him a very bright and prosperous future.

P. E. D.

William John Alexander Donald.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
How one small head could carry all he knew."

1890—Red Letter Day—he was born—the greatest event of his life. 1891—the first tooth. 1893—he was dipped in the orthodox Scotch fashion—in the well. 1894—first lessons in agriculture. 1896—his first sweetheart. 1896—first experience in the lecture room. 1899—appeared in court for "swiping" apples in a neighbor's orchard, where he made the acquaintance of a small but tenacious pup (it wasn't muzzled). 1902—found worthy of Latin and Geometry. 1904—a love escapade. 1906—sweet sixteen and bashful—meeting many future friends—McMaster highly honored by his presence—First "longs." A brilliant freshman to add to the verdure of '10. Won the German prize. 1902—first speech in a class meeting. 1908—a trifle blue for various reasons and decides to live a hermit's life—Acadia pennant wandering—standing a row of firsts and the Scholarship in Political Economy. 1909—flushed with victory he rushed headlong—Whither? to destruction. Result—the hospital and loving nurses. 1910—Scholarship in Political Economy at Chicago University. 1920—enjoying sweet Grecian "Peace."

E. L. C.

Barbara C. Duncan.

"Still unassuming are thy ways
And kindly words thou hast for all."

"Barrie" first trod life's pathway in Stratford, and that she might more easily overcome its obstacles she entered school. Stratford, St. Catharines and one year in Moulton prepared her to enter McMaster with Naught-Nine. However, Jordan claimed her services, and its future statesmen hailed her as teacher for a year. She then transferred her allegiance and lecture-cards to Year Ten—a specialist in English. A loyal and energetic member of her class, she was ever ready to do her share, being Vice-President in the Senior Year. She was a delegate to the Muskoka Conference in July, and as Y. W. Minister of Finance successfully raised funds, though oft "her tears fell with the dues at even." Always keenly interested in both work and fun, in college life her abilities found ample scope for activity. The literary societies ever found her an able and willing worker, often lending assistance on the programmes and efficiently filling her rôles in the Shakespearean readings.

E. M. P.

William Harold Firstbrook.

"When afar
You rise, remember one man saw you,
Knew you, and named a star!"

It wasn't Halley's comet that was responsible for the radiance that illuminated the home at 30 Wilton Crescent, Toronto, on the night of January 29th, 1888; it was just W. H. Firstbrook who was making his first appearance as a member of our human society. His periodical visits to McMaster during the last four years have been quite as phenomenal, however, as we could have expected of the celestial dereliet itself. Just enough study to keep his mind in good shape for rugby and hockey, and participation in every phase of college life to the end of a complete development of his personality, has been his platform. To testify to his popularity among his fellow students, he occupied the chair of the President of the Athletic Association in his senior year. Fuzzy is to be congratulated on winning the oratorieal contest this year, for which he is the proud possessor of the Harry Ryrie gold medal watch fob. His qualifications as a "higgler of the market" will be of great serviee to him in the business world which he enters this summer.

R. C. C.

Martha Fitch.

"Self unconscious and sweetly unable to guess
How more lovely by far is the grace you possess."

Martha learned to read and write and do "rithmetic" at Kingsville. When she had worked all the problems in the books she decided to leave town in search of new worlds to conquer. Port Rowan presented sufficient interesting difficulties so she set out for this town. There she found the teacher ideal and when he moved to Watford, Martha followed. While there she obtained her teacher's certificate and then she paused in her pursuit of knowledge to lead by gentle means the wandering youth of Essex County through the mystic numbers and around the angles of geometry. But Higher Mathematics shone like a beacon on its height and guided Martha to McMaster in time for the Christmas examinations of 1907. Here she has shown a weakness for Firsts and has indulged very freely.

V. I. D.

Edmund Deloss Ford.

"No man is so envious of his health."

This Delos rose over a score of years ago in a farmhouse on one of the sideroads of Elgin County, near the village of Staffordville. Edmund at an early age scampered off to a country school where he learned some things that made lasting impressions upon him. When the rural school failed to solve some of the youth's problems he straightway hied him to the Waterford High School. After completing a five years' course there he decided to teach for a time, practicing arts upon his pupils similar to those applied to him about a decade before. He completed his second year Art's work extra-murally. In the autumn of 1908 he entered McMaster University in his third year and helped to swell the numbers of Class 1910. Ed. believes in taking walks before breakfast, plugging for exams, and in preaching experimental sermons. He intends to take Theology and preach.

L. S. H.

Annie Belle Fraser.

"Let the world slide, let the world go;
A fig for care, and a fig for woe!"

Upon a bonnie winter day,
She cam' tae auld Kenmair;
An' syne began tae laugh an' play,
An' fashed her mither sair.
A blythesome lass in her bairn-days,
She gar'd her teachers rue;
But syne she turned frae warldly ways,
An' was a teacher, too—
But no' for lang.

She lippen'd tae McMaster's call,
(She maunna call in vain),
An' sae she's noo at the auld Hall;
An' fain wad she remain.
Her days are all fu' blythe an' gay;
Her spirits never fall;
An' all the ither lassies say,
They'll lo'e her best o' all,
Her whole life lang.

A. I. G.
E. M. P.

Annie Irene Grierson.

I come from Walkerton, a town
  Of wondrous fame and learning,
And there I won some great renown,
  A scholarship well earning.

To Queen's the "Sisters Three" said, "Go,"
  In that college life to share.
My loyal Baptist heart said, "No,
  To McMaster I'll repair."

Of offices I've held a score,
  Y. W. work has claimed my time,
Historian of my Year, and more,
  To poetic heights I climb.

Domestic arts, all arts I know,
  As now my ties I sever,
And men may come and men may go,
  But I go on forever.

C. P. McD.

Herbert Milton Hainer.

"His heart was one of those which most enamour us,
Wax to receive, and marble to retain."

In 1890 Herb. first began to leave his footprints on the sands of time in the town of Newmarket. Seven brothers have preceded him, following in the footsteps of their father, Reverend Charles H. Hainer, as Herb. intends to do. Heredity is a strong factor in life; combined with environment as in the present case it becomes exceedingly strong. With his usual artistic fastidiousness Herb. has chosen the best spots in which to gain knowledge. Stepping from the public school of Stouffville into the Markham High School, that well-known producer of illustrious sons and daughters, he, with his accustomed keenness of vision, saw the opportunities presented by McMaster. Accordingly he came, and stepped into the limelight of college life with Year Ten. During his career Herb. has specialized in Philosophy, and the philosophic transcendentalism imbibed has caused that abstract look you see o'erspreading his pleasant countenance.

A. T. M.

Robert Stacy Hambleton.

"Wise to Resolve, Patient to Perform."

Amid the strange, but usual, commingling of excitement, pleasure and much noise, "Hammey" launched out into life's deep sea at Norfolk County. Being fragile and timid he hugged the shore until his public school days were over; but, when his heart grew bold and his arm strong, he turned his little bark from his mother's eye and steered for other shores. Here is an account of his journey: Fair weather and calm seas through Belleville Business College; skies cloudy, waves beginning to roll and the small skiff hard to manage in Toronto business life. Now a terrible sea, sunless days, howling winds and a storm of iron hail-stones ere he entered the war in Africa. But it ceased when he began, by a year in the O.A.C. and by Matriculation at McMaster, to set his sails for the fair waters of Architecture. His course in Arts has been quiet—April weather—of "sunshine and shadow." By his sea-dog determination to reach that gulf, he has weathered the gales and won our admiration. We expect big things from him.

F. G. B.

Lester Stuart Haverstock.

"On Bible stilts I don't affect to stalk;
Nor lard with Scripture my familiar talk."

"There's a fellow who is pure gold." "Who is he?" "That's Haverstock." These are the short but conclusive words which described Lester to a noisy bunch of inquisitors when in the fall of '06 he first appeared as a freshman. Was the first statement true? You may judge from this: He made his way to Woodstock College, won the favor of the students, joined the triumvirate of "Hind, Haverstock and Doan," graduated in '05, and carried away with him the honors of the S. J. Moore Scholarship. What has he been doing here? Look in the records of the "Lit." and you will see that his work is being handed down to posterity; on the Y.M.C.A. he served as Bill Raithby's secretary; when a sophomore his class chose him as their president and made him the guardian of their tattered but honored ensign; and during his spare time he has been following Kant in search for a "thing-in-itself." Men who ought to know say he has never told her name. Nevertheless, during the ensuing year, which he expects to devote to the services of the people at Pape Avenue, he will probably remain single.

E. E. S.

Ernest Wesley Hinkson.

"Kind hearts are more than coronets
And simple faith than Norman blood."

Wearied with its journey, and seeing a prosperous farm, a stork once 'lighted and left a child free at last from harm. The stork sailed on, the babe awoke with joy on every hand; the child became a youth and grew on the old Ontario strand. It was "Ernie"! South Oshawa was his place of birth, has been his home always; he attended the little red school-house, received his blame and praise, and at length launched out into the work at the Oshawa High School: his genial manner won him friends, faithfully he learned each rule. After his graduation Uncle Sam did call; away went the boy to the Empire State, earnest still in all. But the saying's true, "No place like home," whatever be the brand, so his wandering footsteps home he turned to the old Ontario strand. Immediately on returning he came to dear old Mac and joined Year Ten, worked faithfully—at nothing was he slack. He specialized in History, helped Mac at every turn. He's going to be a minister is this intensely earnest Ern.

A. T. M.

William Edward Hodgson.

"By my troth, Sir Toby, you must come in earlier o' nights."

William Edward Hodgson struck this globe in '81 and soon let all the family know he was his father's son. At home and school he early learned to "welcome each rebuff" and the teacher says she never knew him play a game of bluff. In pleasant Arthur Township he spent a long decade in various kinds of exercise with axe and hoe and spade. To Woodstock with Class Nineteen-Six he bent his youthful way and the boys nicknamed him "Toby" on the first class meeting day. In nineteen-six he hiked with '10 for the campus at McMac and every rugby game has put old Toby on the rack. He always hit the line up in his place at inside right and gaily sang "We're out for gore" in many a Year '10 fight. In matters more pacific he has likewise used his strength by preaching at Jones Avenue with learning, power and length. The office of Vice-Kakiak he filled with easy grace and on the Lit. his services have gained important place. Theology will next year claim this gentleman of parts and some say he has been punctured by one of Cupid's darts.

T. W.

Walter Lawton Iveson.

"I do admire
Of womankind but one."

Victoria had reigned just fifty-three years and the constellation Aries was in the ascendant when a great void in the world was filled by the opportune arrival of one who was destined to play so important a part in the history of his class. Having early drained the cup of knowledge afforded by the pedagagues of Metcalfe he timed his advent into McMaster so as to join Class 1910. Lawton's energies have never been cribbed, cabined nor confined to the narrow limits of a Science course. His untiring and versatile mind continually reached forth and embraced things not on the curriculum. He has been one of the most popular athletes and is well known in all college activities not only for his efficiency but also for his gallantry. As an untiring investigator with test tube and alembic he has made a name in the Lab. which is surpassed only by his reputation as a hockey forward. He expects to return next year for M.A. work in Chemistry.

W. L. B.

Arthur Edwin Kelly.

"As Irish as Paddy's pig."

"Tim" first began to fight for "Home Rule" about twenty-five years ago in Holbrook, Oxford County. His early days were spent in the woods and fields and in the little red school-house. Here he learned things and composed "Irish Melodies." After spending some time in Woodstock Collegiate he moved to Woodstock College and joined the star Class of '06. Here at his initiation he was christened "Tim." At the College he distinguished himself, capturing scholarships each year. These successes only served to increase his thirst for knowledge, so he hiked for McMaster and joined Year '10. As freshman and senior he captained the year football team; as a sophomore was year secretary and served on The Monthly Board and for two years has been the efficient pastor of Jarvis Street Mission. His specials are History and Philosophy. He has been a constant worshipper at the shrine of an Eastern Star and under the guidance of the same expects to have a bright course through the ministry.

W. E. H.

Florence Winnifred Livingston.

"Fair she was and full of grace
While her modest cheeks disclose.
Blushes sweeter than the rose."

Florence has always lived in Toronto because no other city had any charms for her. After graduating from "Westbourne" she became tired of the "unchartered freedom" of her days and decided to continue her studies. The University Course proved sufficiently attractive to her and in order to fill in her spare time she entered Toronto University as a "freshette." There she studied for three years. But our ivy-mantled towers looked very attractive to Florence as she passed them every day and she finally decided to come to McMaster. Although she came late and has missed many of the eventful days of Year Ten, she has shown an interest in all that includes the "Seniors.' Except when Florence is sighing over essays she wears the bright smile that "greets you still," and there is not a man in Year Ten but what has said with regard to her coming to McMaster: "Better late than never."

V. I. D.

Harold Hossack McGregor.

"I cannot say one thing and mean another."

Dear Mr. Editor:—You asked me, some time ago, to look up the records of one H. H. McGregor. I find that he was born in New Edinburgh, a suburb of Ottawa, several years ago. After passing through the public schools he spent a couple of years in the Collegiate. At that time, however, the Ottawa Electric Railway was in rather a bad way so Hal. had to quit school and help the company out. Later the C.P.R. secured his services for a time. In '04 he entered McMaster with '08 and remained for two years. Then Regina was made the capital of Saskatchewan and the City Engineer of that place called Hal. in to help in some of the big problems confronting him. He returned to McMaster in the autumn of '08 and has been pretty busy since then. Both last year and this he captained the second rugby team. This year he played goal for the first hockey team, edited "Around the Hall" and was Secretary of the Athletic Association. He has specialized in Science and, I think, will teach. He holds the esteem and good-will of the fellows and if he keeps up the pace will make good.

N. S. Mc.

Gordon Price McKay.

"Happy am I, from care I'm free,
Why aren't they all contented like me."

The Past. This period of Gordon's career has, for the most part, been passed in his native city, Toronto. There, in public school and Collegiate Institute, he received his preparatory training. Yet, strange to relate, Gordon was first introduced into the realm of study at no less pretentious a scholastic centre than Cambridge, England. With such a start, what wonder that he has been able so easily to brave the times of examination that have periodically beset him. The Present. And now Gordon is Bachelor of Arts. During his four years at McMaster he has been successful in keeping abreast with his course and yet notably distinguishing himself in the sports. He has been Year Ten's sure support in every interyear rugby and hockey game, has been captain of the year rugby team and of the second school hockey team. In his senior year also he was the Vice-President of the Athletic Association. The Future. In future years we will, no doubt, have occasion to see a Mr. McKay, Jr., eldest son of G. P. McKay, prosperous merchant of the Canadian West, standing at the registrar's office and applying for entrance into the freshman year of Old McMaster.

K. A. C.

James B. McKendry.

"No sweeter soul e're trod earth's ways."

"Jim" first breathed the gentle zephyrs in Osgoode Township. His public career began at the old Swale school-house. However, before he had made very rapid strides in scholastic attainments, the family removed to South Gower, Grenville County, for the purpose of securing better school and church privileges. After graduating from the frame school-house of South Gower, he spent four years at Kemptville High School. In the fall of 1905 he entered McMaster. The first year he pursued Theological studies and the next year he selected subjects in both Arts and Theology. During the past three years, in addition to his University Course, he has devoted much time to evangelistic work—having aided in conducting more than a thousand services. Genial in spirit, sympathetic in nature, the possessor of meekness and purity to a marked degree, he ever strives to be true to his ideal—that ideal being Christ. He contemplates laboring in Japan.

A. A. K.

William Clarke McKendry.

"Gentle, liberal minded; great, consistent."

William Clarke McKendry was born in Osgoode Township, Carleton County, Ont., May 19th, 18—. He was educated in the Kemptville High School, where he obtained a first-class certificate with honors, and later attended the Normal College at Hamilton. He received his early training and experience as a public school teacher. Then there came to him a call to a higher service, and we next find him as a "Sky Pilot" in the Northland, where he labored for two years with enduring success. He then decided to take his Arts. Hence he turned towards McMaster in the fall of '07, and enrolled with the already famous Year '10 in his second year. He entered with zeal into the spirit of the University and proved a valuable addition to the sophomore year. In his third year he secured the Scholarship in Introductory Greek. As a student he has been a credit to himself, his Year and his Alma Mater. In manner he is reserved, in appearance dignified. Truly he is a scholar and gentleman. We predict for him a bright future.

J. A. M.

George Arthur McLean.

"The saint, the father, and the husband."

In spite of the head tax, and high tariff, there floated into the State of Maine some years ago a visitor from the "regions beyond." For many years George tried to put on the American "Constitootion," but found that it was made for smaller boys, so at the age of eleven he moved to the "Land of the Maple," bringing his father and mother with him. The next few years found him creating problems for the pedagogue in Wallaceburg. A few more were spent in solving the problems of "Distribution and Consumption" in his father's store. Then Woodstock College won his affections, from which he graduated with Class '04. The strange mixture of "dog collars" and "still small voices" during this time resolved itself into a two years' pastorate at Blenheim. In the fall of 1906 he heard of the advent of Year '10, so he straightway joined their ranks. In June, 1907, the "still small voice" returned and George "took unto himself a wife." He expects to come back next year and "straighten out his Theology."

A. W.

Alfred Tennyson Mercer.

"Tall men, sun-crowned, who live above the fog,
In public duty and in private thinking."

The smallest State in the Union lays claim to Alfred Tennyson Mercer, as it was there, in the late eighties, that he first appeared. Being of a roving disposition, he spent some years wandering through the Eastern and Southern States. His three years' sojourn in Virginia has stamped him a typical Yankee. He finally located in Fall River, Mass., where he took his collegiate course. "The Call of the Wild" could not go unanswered and the following year found him at Queen's University. Neither was Horace Greeley's advice to be neglected, so West he came, in time, we are glad to say, to join Year Ten. His keen interest in sport, his musical talent, his cheerful disposition, and many other admirable traits have made him a valuable asset to the Year. For the last two years "Alf" has been pastor of the Stouffville Christian Church, which position he has capably filled. We have good reason to surmise that his graduation, ordination, and amalgamation will follow each other in rapid succession.

E. W. H.

John A. Moe.

"A big broad man, whose face bespoke
An honest heart within."

This genial Irishman was born in Kent County, Ont., far back in the eighties, but Essex County has the distinction of being his boyhood home. There he attended the public school, where his thirst for knowledge was by no means quenched. But it was not to be gratified at once; John's brawn was needed on the homestead, where he remained for a number of years. Nor would he consider this a misfortune which has always been a passport to greatness. His thirst increased. With a vision of larger things luring him on he attended Albert College, Belleville, for a year. Then he joined '06 Class at Woodstock College. He entered McMaster with Class '10 and has had a creditable career, specializing in Political Economy. He has won some distinction as an after-dinner speaker. He says he will "settle down" in the West and further cultivate his gift as a preacher. Wherever John goes we may be sure he will still be "A man to all the country dear."

W. C. Mc.

Edna L. Morton.

"And gladly wolds she lerne, and gladly teche."

'Neath country skies, she spent her childhood days,
Thus near to Nature's heart, she learned her ways.
The old proverbial village school-house red
Performed its part in fixing up her head.
Newmarket High School, where she went to train,
Did well its work, developing her brain.
Then to McMaster, in the fall of naught-six,
She came with resolution stern to fix
Attention on Mathematics and Heat,
Where her classmates found her difficult to beat.
The functions, trigonometric and exponential,
The Calculus, Integral and Differential,
The volts and amperes, and Polarized Light,
Induced no terrors in this mind so bright.
And she in all herself did distinguish
And yet found time for Latin and for English.
But the higher learning doesn't fill the heart,
She has heard the voice of duty, "Do thy part."
With a cheery manner and a smiling face
She scatters seeds of kindness with winsome grace.

M. A. F.

Wilfred Perkins.

"Vestigia nulla retrorsum."

A sharp, determined step, a figure bent slightly forward, disorderly hair, eyes directed straight before him in the direction of the library, time 7.30 o'clock,—there, you have Wilfred C. Perkins, most affectionately known as "Dutch." When our friend is "soaring on pinions of song" English mixed with a little Scotch is quite sufficient, but cross him and he rebukes you in Greek; pinch him and he objects in Latin; bump against him and the German overflows. No wonder he has won with such ease two scholarships in his beloved languages. Born in Petrolea, Ontario, the next eighteen years were spent in Europe, chiefly in Austria. During this time Fred. was graduated with more or less distinction from the Gymnasium of Graz Styria. This was followed by a sharp struggle with the problems of law in the University of Vienna; then the commercial world claimed him for two years, during which he returned to the land of his birth. He entered McMaster as a junior, joining Year 10, and his supreme aim is to introduce many young Canadians to the glories of the Classics.

J. S.

Etta M. Pugsley.

"A blithe bonne faiden and a daintie was she."

This merrie maiden opened her brown eyes to the summer sunshine in Dunnville. The hand of destiny leading her into devious pathways, she attended Huron Street, Toronto, and Port Dover schools. In the High School she gracefully emerged from daily pranks entered into, to prove her theory, "Variety is the spice of life." After attending Moulton a year she joined "old Naught-Nine" as a special but decided to graduate with "Upper Ten." Naturally sunny of disposition, with that delightful mixture of humor and deep sympathy, she won for herself a place in college distinctly her own. She served as Vice-President of her Year, Representative to general "Lit," social convenor for Y. W., delegate to Muir Muskoka Conference, secretary and president of the Woman's Literary Society. She contributed generously to Lit. programmes, was a successful debater, and gracefully interpreted Celia, Narcissa and the Japanese Maiden at open meetings, but on decorative committees and at social functions she found her native element. She specialized in Moderns and History.

Lucy May Plant Rankin.

"Here majesty and love and beauty dwelt."

Having graduated from the Parkdale Collegiate Lucy entered the General Course in Arts at Varsity. After three years spent there she decided she preferred a McMaster degree, so in November, 1909, she entered McMaster for her final year. During her entire university course Lucy has taken an active interest in all academic functions, receptions and rugby matches. Her sweet, generous qualities have made her a favorite with her classmates and she will not soon be forgotten. What the Fates have in store for her we cannot say; the friendships formed at both Varsity and McMaster will probably result in a bad dilemma. However, let us hope that the best man wins.

F. L.

Thomas Elmar Richards.

"But now your brow is bold, Tom."

Other things besides flagstones have made St. Marys a notable Canadian town. It was the birthplace of Thomas E. Richards. In a roughcast cottage by the river side, Tom had his first hearty laugh. His laughing ended, however, when at the earliest possible moment he was sent to school. On completing his public school work he spent two years in St. Marys Collegiate Institute, then decided upon a trade. During these years Tom was the sole male member of the B.Y.P.U in his home church, so he decided to enter the ministry. He graduated from Woodstock College with the Class of '06 and the fall of the same year entered McMaster. He was chosen President of his Year, and while he had trying times and narrow escapes he proved himself a wise and capable leader. Tom expects to return next year for Theology and upon completing his course with "settle" with some good Baptist church. Next year he will fill the office of Vice-President of the Fyfe Missionary Society.

O. E. R.

Charles Stanley Robertson.

"He cometh unto us with a tale which holdeth
Children from play and old men from the chimney-corners."

Mohawk P. O. (near Brantford) is the address which ensures the safe arrival of Stanley's letters at his home. Yes, the name "Mohawk" suggests Indian habitation, but Stanley never was a papoose. Still he had "bred in his bones" the instinct to wander. At Waterford High School he matriculated, learned how to play soccer, and added a few significant expressions to the English language. In '06 this youth joined the ranks of '10 at McMaster. Since then more than once he has let loose his physical dynamics and invoked the muse of prophecy in order to uphold the banner of his Class. Every year he has won a place on the University track team, for two years his "runs" have been characteristic features of our senior rugby games. During his graduating year Stanley has done efficient work as Business Manager of the Athletic Association, for which he has been dubbed "the B. M." Some say "Stan. is *coming* to Vancouver"; others say "no." In any case he hopes to "come back" to do M.A. work in Physics.

E. E. S.

Walter Clifton Ronson.

"I know not too well how I found my way home in the night."

"Cliff," the kicker-up of awful rows, after living at home for a few years landed in Woodstock College in 1902. During his stay at this knowledge dispensary he studied "some," completing his four years' work in time to graduate. Then followed McMaster, with full time to study. Like a few others, he knew that he knew not, accordingly he became a fit subject upon which to operate. At times his life has been among the clouds, while at other times it has been full of *gayety*. During the close of his sophomore year "a royal planet rules the Southern sky," consequently he became the Nabob of his Class for the following year. He was centre scrimmager for the Year rugby team and between the other two men the ball got out in good shape. In debating he has often been able to say "Victory is ours," as he snatched the laurels. Osgoode Hall is in the limelight for Clif.

W. H. F.

Ernest Ernshal Sayles.

"His sole diet was Metaphysics."

"Light, more light," exclaimed Ernie as he left the region of transcendental realism and descended to Brantford some twenty odd years ago to make an inductive study of psychic phenomena as represented in mundane experience. Experiments quickly proved that pleasure is inevitably followed by pain, and his mother still shows the magic wand which modified *a posteriori* the Hedonistic theory he at first held. Going to Brantford Collegiate Ernie laid down the thesis: "All things are possible," but coming later to McMaster he deduced the antithesis: "Nothing is possible." Since then the synthesis has been formulated: "Some things are quite possible." An empirical knowledge of athletics was gained while representing "Ten" on the track, and in rugby, soccer and hockey, and while playing on the College rugby team; the science of logic was worked out in inter-year debate; a doctrine of right was promulgated while officiating as High Kakiak; and the virtue of Benevolence was actualized by sharing with his room-mate the Scholarship in Philosophy. The Social Sciences and Philosophy contain for Ernie the common good and he proposes to investigate further the principles of Christian Sociology.

J. W.

Bertha Hope Simpson.

"There was place and to spare for the frank young smile,
And the red young mouth, and the hair's young gold."

With spirits gay and eyes so gray,
Hope tripped to Drumbo school one day.
Here, over books, she long would pore,
Each night, for homework, she'd implore.
But all they knew she quickly learned
And from their care, to Moulton turned,
To Stamford High School next she went,
To be a fair matriculant.
This victory won but stirred her soul
To make McMaster Hall her goal.
Here, once again, she's made a name,
In Special English winning fame.
Chaucer's spelling to her is no mystery,
She delights in French and History.
In Y. W. work she puts her heart,
In all Class functions does her part.
"Castles in Spain" she has built, as all may,
Though of "Norman architecture," strange to say.

M. A. F.

William Albert Tilley.

"O 'E's little but 'E's wise,
'E's a terror for 'is size."

This man of whom I write is a friend of mine, so you will overlook it if I use no red ink in the outline of his achievements thus far. Billy tells me that he was born at Galt during that very dry summer some twenty odd years ago and that he is the loser by three good inches because of the poor start he got. Shortly after taking up with his family they persuaded him to accompany them to Monck in the interests of the landed gentry around those parts. Here he pleased the gentle shepherd so much that after taking his Junior Leaving and his Model training at Mt. Forest he was installed as the village schoolmaster with *jus flagelli* over the children of the countryside. The knowledge gained at High School lasted just three years and by that time Year Ten was ready to visit the fountain, and so Billy came along in time to be Vice-President of the Debating Society, Secretary-Treasurer of the Student Body and one of the inter-year debaters. The special he cleaves to is History and the star of his hope shines above some famous pulpit.

J. W.

Herbert Frederick Veals.

"He had acquired a discretion and prudence very uncommon in one of his lively parts."

In eighty-three Foghorn appeared with patronymic "Veals" and never since has hurt or ill disturbed his daily meals. In Cavan, County Durham, he called the school-ma'am "dear," who sent him on to high school within a single year, and when the "Junior Leaving" came his way in nineteen-two he became a "Model" student with all kinds of work to do. From nineteen-three to nineteen-six he learned to wield the birch and in the fall a freshman green he gaily joined the search. Year '10 inaugurated for some Bachelor's degrees—and any other prize it might be worth his while to seize. In the four years at McMaster *his* has been "the strength of *Ten*," which will instantly inform you that he is the best of men. Rugby football and the ladies are his pet themes, by the way, and his knowledge of these subjects is increasing every day. History is his special, but to see old Foghorn shine, the feminine of *ο βάρβαρος* request him to decline.

T. W.

Archibald Ward.

"Hear how he clears the points o' faith,
Wi' rattlin' an' wi' thumpin!

To have been reared in Scotland is the boast of many; to have been born in England is the pride of more. Archie had this two-fold distinction. There was a restlessness in his heart which the monotonous duties of life in one of Scotland's foundries only served to accentuate. Confident that there was only a screen-door between him and a life of fame, he began to cast his eye about, if perchance he might find a place where he could help to mould the lives of men. With many projects in his head and little money in his pocket, he turned toward Canada. He entered McMaster for a theological training but his giant intellect could only be subdued by wrestling with the problems of philosophy. Consequently he took the full Arts course, specializing in Philosophy. He has never rowed his boat with one oar, but in addition to preaching in the Schomberg Church for three years he has taken an active interest in school life. He is one of the School's champion debaters. He will go to the Brampton Church, where, with all the tenacity peculiar to his race, he will endeavor to become their "Defender of the Faith."

C. H.

Joseph Wearing.

"E'en though vanquish'd he could argue still."

Joseph, alias Joe, alias Stalky, alias—well, the legend above Room 29, the quarters of Ernie Sayles and the Wearing boys, readeth thusly: "The World, The Flesh, and the Devil," and on his appearance "lang syne" at 36, Hey Green Road, Wavertree, Liverpool, England, the nurse exclaimed, *on dit*, "He looks like a little North American Indian, good gracious me!" Joseph's career is full of many wanderings and great labors. Kindergarten at three, business at twelve, Canada and *res agricolarum* at fourteen, the "tall timbers" at twenty-one, Woodstock College, Napanee Collegiate and a Junior Leaving Diploma a year or two later. At McMaster the French prize came to him as a freshman and in Philosophy of the third year he tied with Sayles for the Scholarship. The past year the University has known him as a championship debater and wing man in intercollege rugby, The Monthly as Business Manager, Year Ten as President, magazine readers as a contributor to *The Westminster, Busyman's* and *The Canadian Magazine*, and his vacation friends as Western Secretary of the Reading Camp Association. In the fall he enters Osgoode to study Law and overcome a marked diffidence (?) in private and public speech.

T. W.

S. Roy Weaver.

"His words flow like a torrent."

Away back in September, 1906, this biographer looked across the lecture room at a bright little fellow and wondered how he had escaped his nursemaid. Since then Roy has gone some, and then some more. To be strictly accurate, it cannot be said that he loomed large on the public eye during his first year; that is to say, till after the result of exams. proclaimed him the winner of the prize in Mathematics. After that, this same eye was kept busy adjusting itself to his development. His record speaks for itself: He helped to win the Naught-Nine Debating Cup; he took a hand at budging the Budget in intercollege debate; he kindly assisted Miss Fitch to carry the Scholarship in Third Year Bible; and he goes this fall to Chicago with a Scholarship in Political Economy. It is rumored that George E. Foster will drop out as soon as Weaver is ready for the fray and already he has a hankering to lock horns with Laurier. Roy is a top-notcher any way you take him and his friends overlook the fact that he is such a rank Tory.

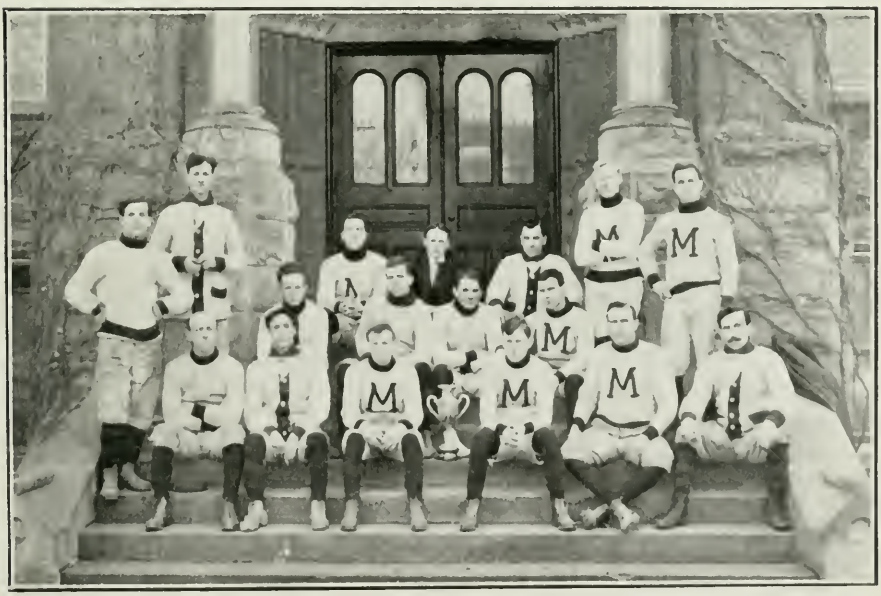
J. W.

Leslie Clarence Whitelaw.

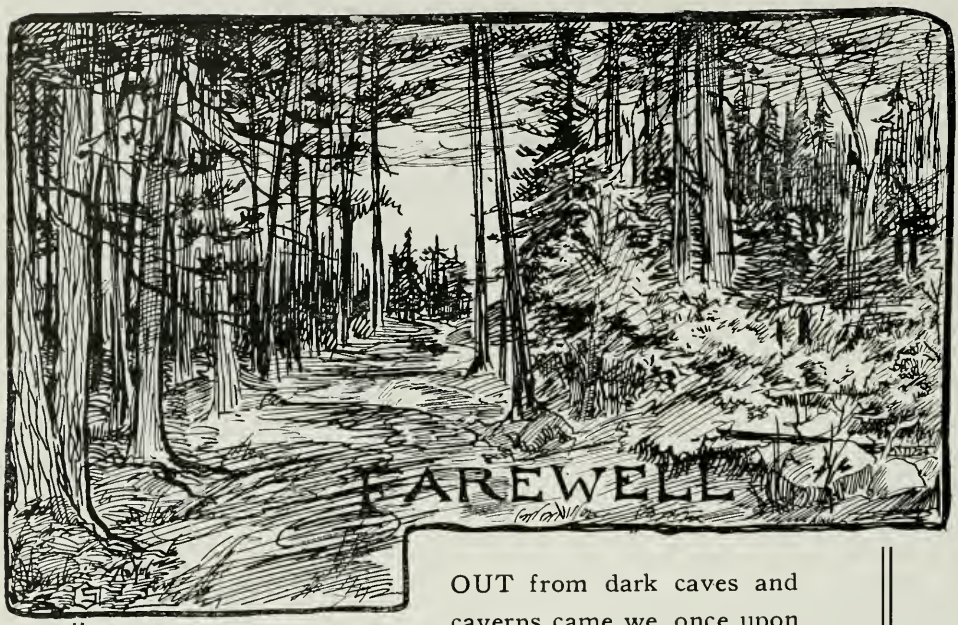
"Hoot mon! ye canna' find a better."

Woodstock, the Industrial City of Ontario, claims the honor of being the birthplace of Leslie. Here he received his primary and one year of collegiate education. He then turned his attention to the building of steam engines and persevered for six years and succeeded. But becoming restless for more knowledge he hied him to Brandon College, from which institution he matriculated in time to catch Year Ten. With high motives and genial disposition he has played his part well. He has represented his Class in debate and in executives. He has been Mission Study Leader and President of the Student Volunteer Band. Next year he will hold the honored position of President of the Y.M.C.A. His specials have been Philosophy and Education. Leslie hopes to settle in the Orient. Next year will probably see him in Theology. Wherever he locates he will prove his mettle, and all will be happier and their lives the more uplifted because they have known him. The horoscope does not tell us whether he will come back alone next fall or not.

T. E. R.



YEAR TEN RUGBY TEAM, INTER-YEAR AND SCHOOL CHAMPIONS 1909-10.



OUT from dark caves and caverns came we, once upon a time, long ago. In the fields we played and laughed and gathered flowers. Then we stopped in our play and ran across the plains, the hills, and the valleys, until we all met at the entrance of a great wood. The darkness and blackness of the forest was appalling, but the cool green of the towering trees reassured us, and we entered, timid but happy. We found there many before us, and they made us welcome, each in his own way.

And so we soon grew accustomed to the ways of the forest. Some of us have followed the sines of mathematics; others have often tripped and stumbled over treacherous Latin and Greek roots; some were lured by the brilliant lights and golden gleams of science; a few have stopped to gather the blue German cornflower and the royal French fleur-de-lis; and some, drawn by the din and clash of arms, have watched great battles and the destinies of nations; while others have wandered dreamily in the beautiful garden of English roses

which they found in their path through the woods.

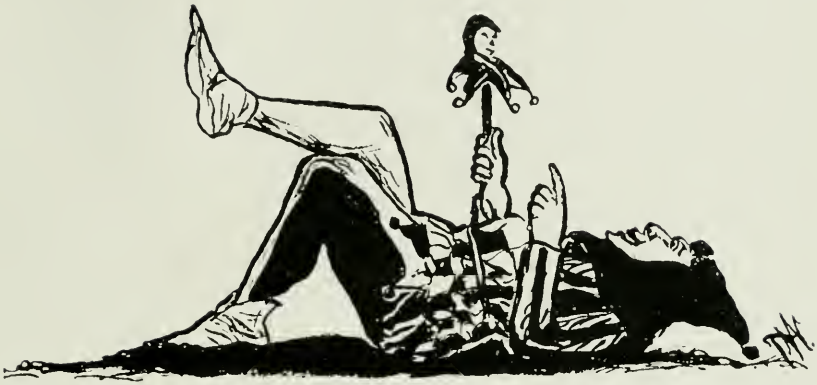
At first the forest seemed very, very green—like summer in its beautiful verdure. But as we went on, the leaves on the trees turned yellow, for summer seemed to be passing, and autumn coming in its fullness. And then, one day, a blue haze hung over all things, and lifted only many days later, when the whole forest flamed forth in red—the autumn glory. Joyfully, we passed along them, and, lest winter should overtake us, we have hastened forth to the sea-shore. But some care not as yet to launch forth on the wide blue sea, but love still to linger in the forest. Through the second entrance they will go, and there they will walk softly, for the ground will be covered with white, white snow. Some day they will come forth from the woods, and we shall meet them again, on the boundless deep. Out on the ocean we shall be, for our vessels are already launched, and the master pilot of each craft is only waiting for the command to push off. Some will sail easily, quietly, over a mirror-sea. Others will have to do much tacking, for the wind may often be contrary. Some will be borne joyfully in the light canoe on the happy, dancing waves, and no harm befall the dainty craft on so great a sea. And others, again, will have hard rowing against the adverse winds and swelling billows. Yet the sailors will never forget one another, and, perhaps, sometimes, a signal may beckon to a boat unexpectedly, and the answer flash back, "Year Ten, McMaster."

> Still like old friends, glad to have met, and leave
> Behind a wholesome memory.

LAURA J. CRAIG.

YEAR TEN DEBATING TEAM, INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS 1908-09, AND FIRST WINNERS OF THE NOUGHT-NINE CUP.

YEAR TEN TRACK TEAM, INTER-YEAR CHAMPIONS 1907-09.



IMPROBABLE PROBABILITIES

The following clippings will or will not appear in the scrap-book (kept for the purpose) by the permanent secretary of Year Ten:—

Sunday World, June 26, 1910:—Mr. E. D. Ford, who has been in an alarming condition of somnolency for some time suddenly wakened up yesterday, to the great surprise of his friends.

Family Herald and Weekly Star, August, 1910:—Under the caption, "Why be Bald?"—

Dear Sirs,—A month ago my hair was quite thin; but after only three applications of your Harlene Hair-Drill, I have now a most luxuriant growth.

Sincerely yours,
T. E. Richards.

Ottawa Dipper, June 21, 1913:—Mr. and Mrs. Iveson are both graduates of McMaster University, Toronto. (First part of clipping unfortunately torn off.)

Vienna Neue Freie Presse, Sept. 1, 1914 (translated):—C. W. Perkins, M.A., of Bielitz, Silicia, has accepted a lectureship in German at the University of Calcutta, India.

Journal of Sociology, Jan., 1918 (½ page ad.):—"Economic Causes of Divorce," by W. J. Donald, Ph.D., F.S.S., in 15 vols., with 14 vols. additional containing authorities.

Ottawa Free Press, March 9, 1918:—A most unusual scene took place in the House to-day when the new member for West Toronto, Mr. S. R. Weaver, deliberately shook his fist in the face of the Prime Minister.

Toronto News, May, 1920:—Summer boarding. Heart of fruit district. Lake breezes. Fresh buttermilk. New-laid eggs. Terms reasonable. Apply, H. F. Veals, Jordan Harbor.

Buffalo Courier, June, 1920:—One hundred chorus girls wanted for new Extravaganza. Must be beauties. Apply, W. C. Ronson, Box 29.

Vancouver Province, Sept. 10, 1922:—Rev. R. C. Crowe, D.D., a native of this city, has been offered the chair of Pastoral Theology in McMaster Theological Seminary, Toronto. He will accept.

Toronto World, Feb., 1923:—Under "Professional Cards." C. N. Curtis. Colleges, residences, stables, kennels, henroosts, etc., properly ventilated. Draughts furnished as required.

Report of Ontario Bar Association, April 9, 1926. The discussion lasted several hours, and although Mr. Joseph Wearing, K.C., was repeatedly asked to express his opinion on the matter he maintained his usual attitude of extreme reticence.

Canadian Baptist, July 15, 1926:—Rev. W. C. McKendry, B.A., S.T.D., the popular pastor of Walmer Road Church, is perhaps the most powerful preacher in the city. The passionate flow of his eloquence is irresistible, and is comparable only to a surging torrent.

Edmonton Times, Dec. 27, 1927:—Mr. C. S. Robertson, Principal of the Collegiate Institute, who is running for alderman, has already canvassed most of the city on his own behalf.

Toronto Star, Jan. 5, 1928:—Steam Laundry. Parcels called for and delivered. Repairs neatly done. We solicit trade now going to heathen Chinese. Phone N. 3117. Hodgson & Tilley.

Minutes of Alumni Association, May 15, 1929:—H. H. McGregor, D.Sc., took a most active part in the proceedings, opposing every motion made during the session.

Hibbert Journal, Jan., 1931:—"Empirical Realities of Love," being a course of lectures delivered at Whitby College by E. E. Sayles, Ph.D., $2.00 net. (The lectures are prefaced by a historical introduction by Rev. L. C. Whitelaw, B.D.)

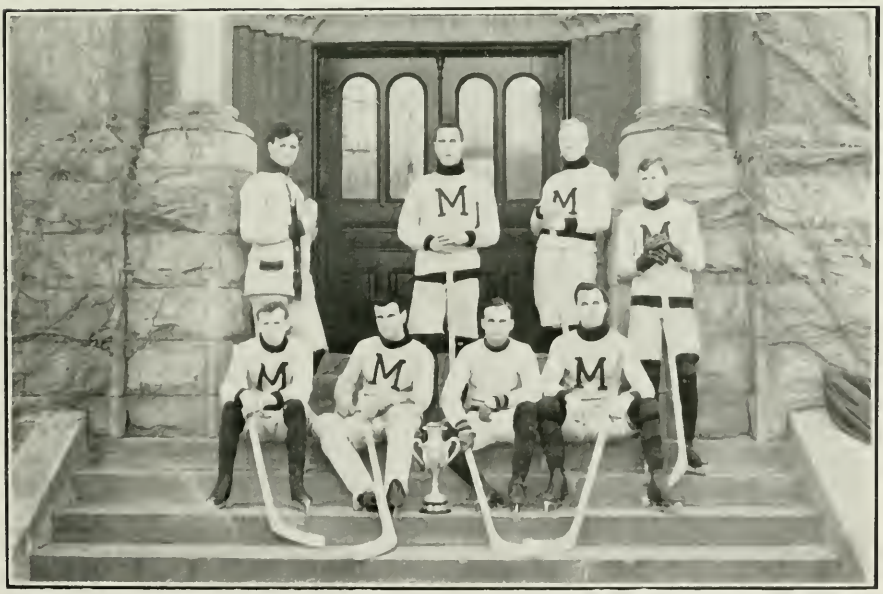
Toronto Telegram, March 11, 1932. Under "Vaudeville Houses":—The headline act next week at Shea's Theatre will be that old-time favorite Jack Moe, in his burlesques on the leading dramatic rôles of the day.

Toronto Globe, Oct. 8, 1947:—Dr. G. P. McKay, the celebrated chemist, who was yesterday installed as Chancellor of McMaster University, is the son of a former Chancellor.

McMaster Monthly, Oct., 1948. Under "Our Graduates." Word has just been received that Prof. Karl Clark, of the University of Brandon, has made his fourth visit to Hymen's altar. Congratulations.

Success, June, 1950:—Mr. W. Harold Firstbrook, the Canadian multi-millionaire, on being asked to what he attributed his remarkable success, replied that it was a habit contracted while at college of buying articles for less than half price and selling them again for rather more than the original selling price.

JOSEPH WEARING.



YEAR TEN HOCKEY TEAM, INTER-YEAR AND SCHOOL CHAMPIONS 1909-10.

THEOLOGY

Dearly Beloved Brethren: Upon these pages are inscribed the records of the works and efforts of fifteen grave and learned Theologians. When their voices shall be heard throughout the land, even from the icy fastnesses of the Frozen North to the sunny plains of the gorgeous South, know that these once assembled in solemn conclave as the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Ten of McMaster University.

William Arthurs.

"No solemn sanctimonious face I pull,
Nor think I'm pious when I'm only bilious."

The subject of our sketch first saw the light of day in Avoca, a settlement of Scotch and Irish farmers, the first of whom came to Canada in the early years of the 19th century and settled among the Laurentian Hills, not far from the great Ottawa River. When Bill had grown too big for doing chores about the farm, and his wandering spirit rebelled against the confinement of the old log schoolhouse, he "took to the woods" and followed the life of a lumber Jack. Bill has been "head boss cook shaintee" for many years, in the woods during the winter and along the river with the drivers during the summer. After his conversion Bill was convinced that he had been called to preach the gospel, and the fall of 1903 found him at Woodstock. With his keen sense of humor and ready wit this Irishman soon became a favorite among the boys and from that time has been best known as Pat. In 1907 Pat registered in Theology at McMaster and during his course has been student pastor at Keewatin in the West and at Dempsey in the Ottawa Valley. He has lately accepted a call to serve the churches at Sunderland and Manilla, where he has served so acceptably during the past term.

C. R. D.

George Stocks Brodie.

"And truth divine came mingled from that tongue."

On April-fool day, 1882, George became numbered among the inhabitants of Dundee, Scotland. He obtained his primary education and also a course in electrical engineering in his native country. He laid the foundation of his ministerial career by preaching in the slums of Glasgow. In 1904 he came to Canada and spent two years as an electrician. Believing that he could illuminate Toronto better from the pulpit than from the poles, he entered McMaster in 1906. George supplied Highfield for one year, then went to Fort Francis. Returning to Toronto in 1908 he found the infant mission at Wychwood in need of pastoral care and immediately assumed the responsibility. Under his ministry the mission has developed into an organized and progressive church. George holds a diploma in electrical engineering from the American School of Correspondence. He will graduate in Theology this spring and expects to then become the "settled" pastor of Wychwood Baptist Church.

W. R.

Awdrey Lawren Brown.

"He was ambitious; all his powers of mind
Were to one end controll'd, improved, combined."

When Brown struck Brownsville, in the very early spring of 1880, things began to stir immediately. A passion for scientific investigation has since led him into many ramifications of human experience. Public school, Woodstock and Ingersoll Collegiates, business college, business life, matrimony, 1901; McMaster Arts, 1905-09, with Scholarships in Bible and Political Economy, Managership of The Monthly, Special Course in Philosophy, Pastorates at Jarvis St. Church, Schomberg and Beamsville, teaching at Moulton College; all these any many other realms of activity have so engaged his versatile genius that Morpheus embraces him but four hours out of every twenty-four. He is one of the most brilliant among the constellations appearing in the McMaster Theological firmament of this year of our Lord, nineteen hundred and ten. The Canadian Baptist pastorate will be enriched by his sterling worth, ripe scholarship and untiring zeal.

T. W.

Ernest John Chave.

"Straight got by heart that book to its last page."

When Chave tucked his Bachelor of Arts diploma under his arm and with a broad smile of satisfaction left the precincts of the Hall in May, 1906, he supposed (and so did we) that was through with McMaster forever. He intended to devote a year or two to the pursuit of the elusive dollar and then to take a course in Science. Some months were spent in business in Montreal and then eighteen months in Nelson, B.C., in the real estate business. However, the moves of Fate can never be anticipated. The autumn of 1908 found Ernie pounding on the portals of McMaster and demanding admission to the Theological course. When he had solemnly promised he would never preach in this country but would go to the foreign field, he was finally admitted. In the last two years he has been Secretary of the Theological Society, Leader of the Volunteers' Band, Vice-President of the Y.M.C.A. Greek, Hebrew and Homiletics all look alike to him so he is an "all-first" man. For recreation he dips into all sports.

N. S. M.

Henry Crickington.

"An honest man * * * Broadcloth without and a warm heart within."

This is the "obituary" of Henry Crickington. We write it at his own request but beg leave to express the hope that he will not need it for many years. Henry is the name his parents gave him, but they might have saved themselves that trouble because everybody else calls him "Crick." Toronto was the scene of his birth and Toronto public schools gave him his early education. In later years he attended the Toronto Bible Training School, "got his theology settled" and graduated in 1900. For three years, business life engaged him and then in 1903 he entered Woodstock College. The last seven years have therefore been spent in study, as he came to McMaster in 1907 and this year completes the English Theological course. He will serve the church to which he goes quietly and unobtrusively, perhaps, but nevertheless faithfully and well.

N. S. M.

Benjamin Jacob Davies.

"A jovial youth who thinks his Sunday's task
As much as God or man can fairly ask."

In October, 18—, Benjamin Davies landed on one of the Alleghany Hills, in New York State, and began at once to talk Welsh fluently. He soon obtained a teacher's certificate and for five years lured young learners to brighter worlds and led the way. We next see him a graduate of the High School in Arcade, New York. This was in 1904. In 1907 he entered McMaster. He blushes when asked what he did in the meantime, but the fact that in the Empire State there is a damsel who turns her eyes northward wistfully wondering how fares it with the young lad Benjamin, may serve to explain somewhat. Davies is a promising theologue. His serious and saintly cast of countenance, backed by the mental and temperamental characteristics of the Welsh nation, will no doubt serve him in good stead. He has taken the pastorate at Maxville. We wish him success.

T. M. D.

Charles R. Duncan.

"Come weel, come woe, I care na by,
I'll tak what Heav'n will send me, O."

In eighteen eighty-tae, havin' naethin' else to dae, oor Charlie cam to mak his mither glad in the Yorkshire toon o' Hull, an' he found it michty dull, so back to Aberdeen they took the lad. After seven snows had come o'er the lan' o' heather bloom they brocht the sonsie bairnie 'cross the brine, an' it wasna lang ava till he went to schule an' a', but never ance forgot the auld lang syne. It used to gar him greet in clutterin' on the street at Montreal wi' lassies blithe an' gay wha in French wad speer the lad juist to hae him unco' mad when he couldna understan' a word o' what they'd say. In the year o' nineteen-three,—I'm no tellin' ony lee,—he left his hame an' cam to Mac, awa', on erudition bent an' owre sax years he's spent wi Kant and Green an' muckle mair ava. Nae doot he's got a ca' to sing an' preach an' a', tae win puir sauls from everlastin' wae, for he's happy only when he is helpin' ither men an' his voice is gude for preachin' ilka day. Wi' Theology an' Airts, he's the noo a man of pairts an'forbye his teachin's orthodox an' soun'. The best Kirk in a' the lan's nane tae gude for oor man who wull gie them grace and truth the whole year roun'.

T. W.

Norman McCausland.

"For brevity is very good,
Where we are, or are not, understood."

At the foot of the beautiful Blue Mountain, just where it boldly meets the waters of the Georgian Bay, is situated the pretty little town of Thornbury. Near this inviting spot, and somewhat up on the hillside, in a secluded little dell overlooking the spacious bay, lies a quiet farm—the birth place of this McMaster theologue. As manhood dawned, Norman, quietly considering the many ways in which his life might be spent, decided to enter the ministry. Accordingly in 1903 he entered Woodstock College, was graduated in due time and entered McMaster University. The problems of theology with this young preacher are the most enticing things on earth—particularly that of the Doctrine of Election. We are happy that McMaster is privileged to send forth men of Norman's type—strong, upright, clear, forceful and deeply convinced that his business is to preach a gospel that will evangelize the world. Our best wishes and fondest hopes follow our friend as he leaves us to mingle in the fight.

J. S.

Neil St. Clair McKechnie.

"I knew thee strong and quiet like the hills,
In peace and war a Roman full equipt."

In the fourth year of the reign of Chancellor McKay did N. S. McKechnie return to McMaster to take a whirl at original sin, total depravity and Yiddish. And because he had accomplished mighty things during his undergraduate days as President of Class '08 and later as President of the Student Body, therefore did the Theological Society call him to the dizzy eminence of their Presidency during 1909-10. McKech. was strongly possessed of a spirit of argumentation. Then the debaters of Varsity and Osgoode and Knox successively came up against us to bind our Samson, and he took the *job on of ass*iduous application to the task of defeating the shield-hunters, and he slew them. What shall I more say? for the time will fail me if I tell of his judicious editing of "Here and There," of his four years service on the first rugby and soccer teams, of his bronchobusting experiences while preaching in Western Canada, of his (and this is *sub rosa*) intensive cultivation of certain culinary interests in Mount Forest. Clair has accepted the invitation of the Baptist community at Fonthill, Ont., to become their sky pilot.

H. H. M.

Harry Strachan Mullowney.

"A wise good man contented to be poor."

He was a babe at birth—he kicked and squalled and thus grew in stature and in voice. An Irish babe, whereof he bears the name and image. An innocent Irish babe—but it was only his first appearance. Approaching the years of maturity he bade farewell to his friends, put his name on his luggage and a volume of Spurgeon's sermons in his pocket, sailed from Liverpool, landed at Montreal, and took up his abode in Carman, Man. His mental evolution starts at this point. By hard and diligent work he matriculated from Carman High School. At Brandon, by systematically developing his natural gift, this son of O'Connell carried off the gold medal for oratory. At McMaster, by assiduous application (for he's a plugger), he not only cleaned up his Arts during his four years with '09, but at the time of graduation had written off a good portion of his Theology. This year he completes the studies for B.Th. During his whole course his infectious enthusiasm and faithfulness to all trusts and duties have won for him the friendship and respect of his fellows. He goes to his assistant pastorship in Pittsfield, Mass., with the best wishes of McMaster.

C. R. D.

William Raithby.

"Noble by birth, yet nobler by great deeds."

"Bill" Raithby graduated from Woodstock College in '03, where he had won the Calvin Scholarship and the Governor-General's Medal. The fall of the same year found him in McMaster, where he continued to make further conquests in athletics, in debating, as President of the Y.M.C.A., as well as in Special Philosophy. He graduated with '08. Not yet, however, was it necessary for him to weep, for the fields of Theology and Sociology still lay before him unconquered. Upon these he bent his profound philosophic mind, with the result that he has solved all theological problems and has learned all about hospitals, asylums, the "housing problem," as well as marriage and divorce. Moreover, for two summers he took up Domestic Science in a tent on Humber Bay. Now that he has conquered the theoretical world, he goes out to fight the world's only real enemy, which may be found even in the beautiful little town of St. Marys, where William's real history begins.

N. M.

Ernest Hendrach Shanks.

"The force of his own merit makes his way."

Ernest Hendrach Shanks was born among the farmers of Indiana on the banks of the Wabash. Filled with Western hominy he grew and grew big. Then being trained at Findlay College, Ohio, he was ordained to the gospel ministry at the early age of seventeen. He preached for several years in the Western States and then made an extended evangelistic tour. During his visit to Australia he met and won his wife. Returning to America, this time north of the 49th parallel, he settled down in British Columbia, and at Nelson held a very successful pastorate for several years. But he had heard of the wonders wrought on preachers at McMaster and he knew his homilies were fast becoming diffuse and decrepit. So in 1908 Shanks entered McMaster and this year he graduates, having received some inspiring knowledge of what and how to preach. During his course he has also been pastor of Roncesvalles Ave. Church, where he will remain for the present.

E. J. C.

Herbert Dixon Smith.

"Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfin'd;
A knowledge both of books and human kind."

Friend Smith liketh not the play-house but hath laughed merrily over the quips and cranks of Will Shakespeare. Wherefore it beseemeth us to give this life-story after the fashion of the immortal Will:

ACT I.

SCENE 1.—Village in Staffordshire, England.

Midwife, emerging from the Smith home and carrying a mysterious bandbox, to enquiring neighbor: "A lad. Bonny one, weighs eleven pounds."

SCENE 2.—Private School in "Little Poppice."

Teacher: Smith, if I catch you whispering again I'll give you two hundred lines of Virgil."

SCENE 3.—Shop.

Employer: That apprentice Smith is a bright chap. He'll do something yet."

ACT II.

SCENE 1.—Canada Foundry, Toronto, Canada.

Smith: "That infernal brazing is enough to drive one crazy."

SCENE 2.—McMaster University.

Chancellor: "Mr. Smith? ah yes, glad to welcome you to our University."

SCENE 3.—Mission House, Toronto.

Good Old Soul: "'E do speak beautiful, do Mister Smith. It's for all the world like being over 'ome to listen to 'im."

ACT III.

SCENE 1.—Toronto.

Graduate hears loud and insistent call, "Aux Armes." He responds.

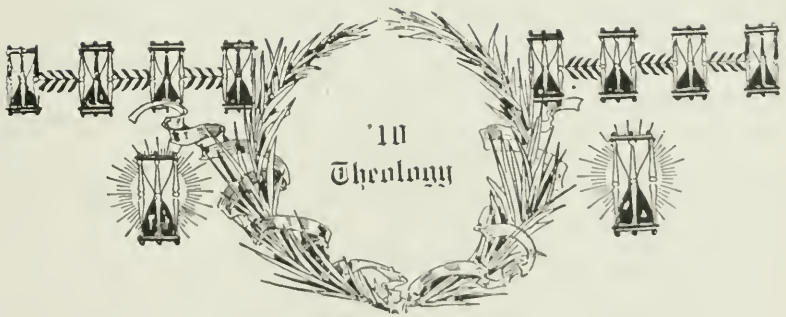
T. W.

John M. Telford.

"His armor is his honest thought
And simple truth his utmost skill."

John was born on a farm in Wellington County, but he failed to see the many advantages and beauties of farm life, so in 1894 he left the old farm as far behind as he could by going to British Columbia. The five years he spent in that Province contributed in no small degree to its present prosperity. In 1899 he came east to enter Woodstock College, where he spent two years. Then the lure of the West seized him again and for two years he did pioneer misisonary work in Vancouver Island. He joined '07 as a McMaster freshman, but owing to a trip to England and the Continent in '07 he graduated with the class of '08. John has appeared as a post-prandial orator, an inter-year debater (we regret to report that the judges did him out of two victories!), and Business Manager of The Monthly for '06, '07, '08 and '09, a position filled exceedingly successfully. He goes to Roland, Manitoba, to preach. Regarding the future we dare not prophesy. But he is going to be ordained, and then—?

N. S. M.



"THIS HITTETH YE NAILE ON YE HED."

Name	*Characteristic*	*Failing*	*Occupation*	*Future*	*Motto*
LAURA CRAIG	Sweet, sleeply maiden	Fondness for Dutch art	Digging for Greek roots	Oriental research	Better late than never.
WINNIFRED DENGATE	Ye gods, what dignity!	The latest gossip	Cutting classes	Novelist	Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow.
VIOLET DICKENS	Happy-go-lucky	Abbreviations	Avoiding theological questions	Practical designing	Barkis is willin'.
BARRIE DUNCAN	A pendulum betwixt a tear and smile	"Great" aspirations	Pathfinder	Pastoral calling	Two heads are better than one.
MARTHA FITCH	Touch me not	The unknown quantity	Solving problems	Looking for a "sine"	Do it now.
ANNIE FRASER	Scotch wit	The latest novel	Thinking	The Cynics' Corner	I care for naebody.
ANNIE GRIERSON	The oracle	Puns	Sleep, gentle sleep	Poetess and editor	Satire's my weapon
FLORENCE LIVINGSTONE	Buxom, blithe, and débonaire	Five o'clock tea	*Coups d'éclat*	Queen at *bals-parés*	Merrily, merrily shall I live now.
EDNA MORTON	The mathematician	Work	Studying English	Settlement work	*Labor omnia vincit.*
ETTA PUGSLEY	What many men desire	Hymns, ancient and modern	Man—ual training	Household economics	No rest for the wicked.
LUCY RANKIN	Wise, fair, and true	Sociology	Running for the street car	There will come a Christian by, Will be worth a maiden's eye.	The gods give us joy.
HOPE SIMPSON	Natural m gic	Magical nature	Meeting at night	By the fireside	Love is best.

The McMaster University Monthly

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Vol. XIX. May, 1910. No. 8

Editorial Notes.

The Monthly has had so far a career of steady progress as an exponent of undergraduate life in McMaster University. Present indications point to expansion in the early future. Many graduates are anxious that our craft essay wider reaches of literary endeavor and expression. They look forward to The Monthly becoming a university organ *par excellence*, the pages of which will represent the best thought of graduates and undergraduates, and consequently will receive wider and more interested reading from all who come into touch with the ever-increasing activity of McMaster University. This is as it should be and we feel very hopeful for a speedy consummation of plans that have already been suggested.

This issue of The Monthly has been entirely in the hands of the graduating years, who appointed as a general publication committee: Messrs. J. Wearing, N. S. McKechnie, H. H. McGregor, W. L. Iveson, S. R. Weaver and H. F. Veals. The members of the graduating years in Arts and Theology wish to take this opportunity of expressing their indebtedness to Prof. G. H. Campbell for his kindness in illustrating the biographies and also Miss Craig's article, "Farewell."

Commencement Exercises

JUNIOR COLLATION.

Once more the commencement exercises have been introduced to us through the medium of the Annual Collation. On this occasion the Juniors of '10 departed from a time-worn custom and entertained the graduating classes in the banqueting hall of Williams' Café. Perhaps we have never witnessed a university function at which there has been so clearly evidenced the appreciation of the genuine friendship developed within our "ivy mantled" walls as when we gathered as guests in convivial fellowship about the board of our fellow students.

After all were convinced that they had partaken to their full from the ample menu, chairs were pushed back in preparation for the elaborate toast list. Mr. V. E. Gray, President of the Junior Year in Arts and toast-master for the evening, rose to welcome the guests of the evening, and in proposing the health of the King referred in an impressive manner to the serious illness of King Edward VII. Mr. F. H. Jefferies was then called upon to toast the graduating classes. In a few well-chosen remarks he said that while precedent had been established it was genuine friendship which had led the Juniors to take the part of hosts at this time, and to the members of the graduating classes he extended the good wishes of his year. In responding on behalf of the Arts class, Mr. Joseph Wearing referred to the pleasant years spent as undergraduates and said that the members of his class had had imprinted upon their life an ideal which he felt assured would not soon be lost. Mr. N. S. McKechnie represented Theology. In speaking of the self-conseiousness of graduating classes, he drew attention to Halley's comet. As the eyes of the world were upon it, so the eyes of the world are upon them, and we think that, like it, years will pass before there will be another such class. Nevertheless, coupled with their efficiency of learning, he said they had entered into new fields from which they had caught a new vision.

Mr. Broadus Farmer rendered a violin solo which was well received.

The toast to Alma Mater, which the students are always ready to drink, was proposed by Mr. T. Wearing. As the proposer of this toast spoke in glowing terms of the love we have for Alma Mater there was

not the ready response usually evinced, and when we drank our enthusiasm had fled. Any disinterested onlooker must have seen that something was wrong. The sudden change was the outcome of the single message, "The King is dead," but it was sufficient to fill our banqueting hall with the sense of an irretrievable loss. Almost in an instant the pleasureable had given way to gloom. When Mr. Gray arose again it was to ask the company to depart as quietly as possible. Thus we left the splendid toast list unfinished. The silence and the evident feeling manifested in that departure will not soon be forgotten by those present. It was not that we loved our Alma Mater less, but that we loved our country more.

THE BACCALAUREATE SERMON.

The graduating class of McMaster had signal honor paid to them in the choice by the University authorities of Dr. Wayland Hoyt, of Philadelphia, as preacher of the Baccalaureate Sermon. With the touch of a master hand and the sympathy of a true heart he voiced the sympathy of the sister States in the death of our beloved King Edward. Taking his text from Deut. 29: 29 he set before his hearers the great aims of life—quest, obedience and trust. He laid his foundation strong and solid by showing that in the realm of nature there were things mysterious but waiting to be revealed to the ardent seeker. And yet God held some things secret in His own infinite wisdom, the truth of which we could not doubt though the why and how of them we could not understand. The speaker showed that in the spiritual realm there were like revelations and mysteries. But, since in nature the law reigned that the higher the species the more differentiated the structure, we need not fear but that in the infinity of God all the mysteries had an adequate explanation. On this foundation he reared the simple but beautiful structure, that life should be ruled by the spirit of ceaseless quest, which obeyed the revelations as received, and with simplicity of faith trusted what was held secret in the Divine mind.

Some Gems to be Remembered.—Keep up the quest. Questlessness is growthlessness. Despise the commonplace. In proportion as life rises it differentiates and this is true of the great Infinite which differentiates into the three great expressions of Father, Son and Holy Spirit. The sacrifice of Jesus was soaringly supereminent. Deity in infinity. Humanity is finite. If humanity passed through a thousand aeons of culture it would still be in the realms of finiteness; God would still be ahead of us. There is only one girlhood, one boyhood, one life, one death. Do not miss your opportunity to do your best. Rather pursue your journey with quest, obedience and truth and you shall find the branches of your life laden with the golden fruits of achievement.

CONVOCATION.

The Annual Convocation, held on Wednesday evening, May 11th, in Castle Memorial Hall, was attended by a large number of people. Chancellor McKay presided over the exercises of the evening. After the invocation by Rev. Albert Cohoe, pastor-elect of First Baptist Church, Halifax, the following names were presented for the honorary degree of LL.D: Rev. John Clifford, of London, England, by Rev. John MacNeill; President Creelman, of the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph, by Prof. McCrimmon; and Ex-President Loudon, of Toronto University, by Prof. M. S. Clark. Those presented for the honorary degree of D.D. were Rev. W. T. Graham, of Toronto, by Prof. Trotter; and Rev. James Grant, of Dundas, by Prof. Farmer.

After the granting of degrees, Professor Matthews gave some sound advice in his address to the graduating classes. The recipients of honorary degrees were called upon for short addresses, and were followed by President Falconer of Toronto University and Principal O'Meara of Wycliffe College, both of whom spoke very briefly.

In closing, the Chancellor referred to the death of our late Sovereign King Edward VII., and the singing of the national anthem brought the Convocation to a close.

ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

The Alumni Association held sessions on May 9th, 10th, and 11th. The most important addresses were those delivered by Rev. Dr. S. P. Rose, of Sherbourne Street Methodist Church, on "The Outlook for the Pulpit of To-morrow," and Rev. Prof. Law, of Knox College, on "Christ's Conception of the Kingdom of God." A resolution was passed by the Association to the effect that the time had come when the University building should be sold and the University moved to the suburbs. It was decided, too, that $30,000 be raised to provide an Alumni Lecturer in English.

CLASS ELECTIONS.

At the final class meeting Year Ten elected Mr. W. H. Firstbrook as permanent President and Mr. H. H. McGregor as Secretary. It was unanimously decided to donate one hundred dollars worth of books to the library within the next two years.

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The McMaster University monthly

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